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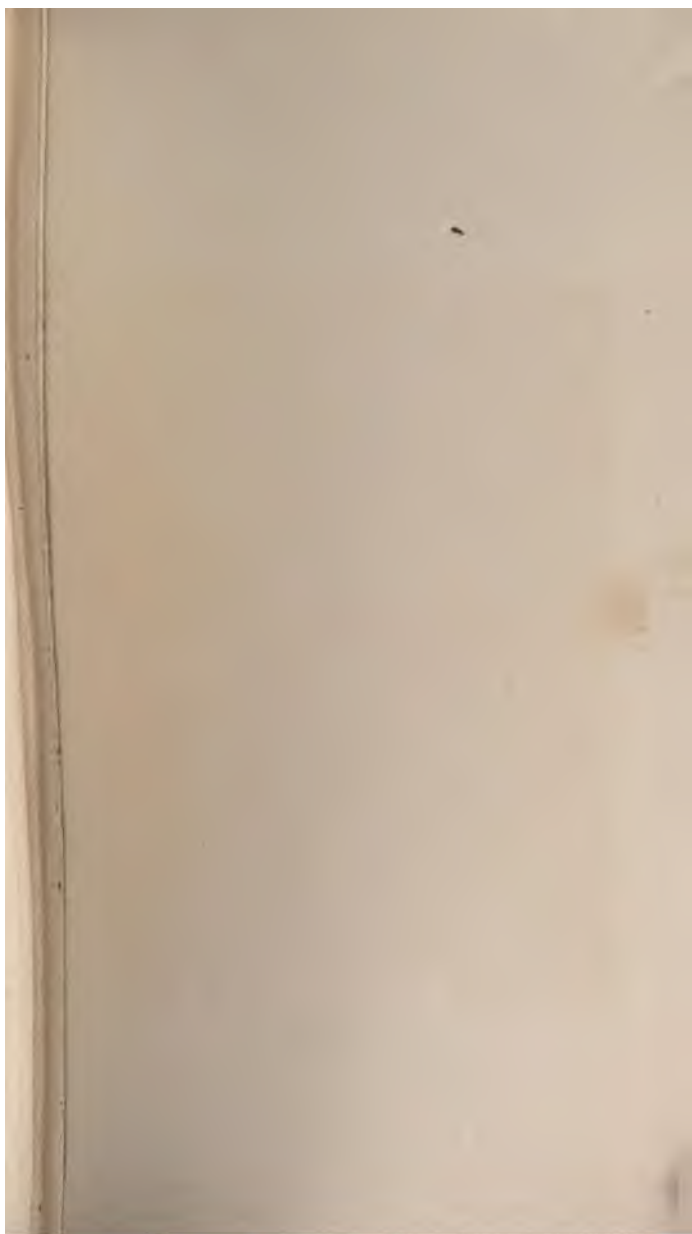


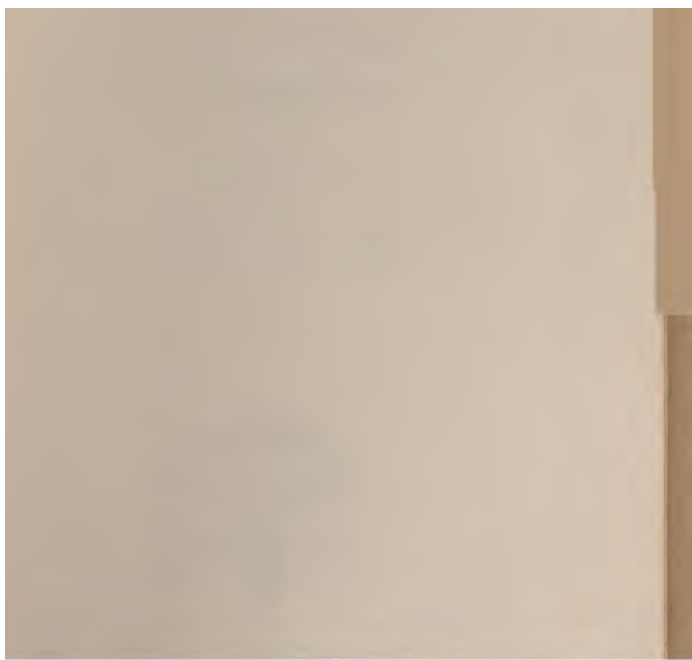
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LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

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NORTH-VVARD
H O E.

*undry times Acted by the Children
of Paules.*

By Thomas Decker, and
Iohn Webfter.



Imprinted at London by G. ELD.
1607.





NORTH-WARD HOE.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-shield with Fetherstone booted.

Feth. **A**RT fure old *Maybery* Innes here to night.

Gree. Tis certaine the honest knaue Chamberleine that hath bin my Informer, my baud, euer since I knew *Ware* assures me of it, and more being a *Londoner* though altogether vnacquainted, I haue requested his company at supper.

Feth. Excellent occasion : how wee shall carry our selues in this busines is onely to be thought vpon.

Gree. Be that my vndertaking : if I do not take a full reuenge of his wiues puritanicall coynesse.

Feth. Suppose it she should be chaste.

Gree. O hang her : this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sonnes and heires in the Citty, looke so like our prentises,—Chamberlaine.

Cha. Heare Sir.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gree. This honest knaue is call'd *Innocence*, ist not a good name for a Chamberlaine? he dwelt at *Dunstable* not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butchers Daughters there to interuiew twenty times & not so little I protest; how chance you left dunstable Sirra?

Cha. Faith Sir the towne droopt euer since the peace in *Ireland*, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their *London* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at *Dunstable*: the next morning when they had broke their fast together the wenches brought them to Hockly 'ith hole, & so the one for *London* the other for *Westchester*, your onely rode now Sir is *Yorke Yorke* Sir.

Gree. True, but yet it comes scant of the Prophecy; *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* shall-be.

Cha. Yes, Sir, tis fullfild, *Yorke* shalbe, that is, it shalbe *Yorke* still, surely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue some Cray-fish, and a Spitch-cocke.

Enter Maybery with Bellamont.

Feth. And a fat Trout.

Cham. You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of.

Green. Most kindly welcome—I beseech you hold our bouldnesse excused Sir.

Bella. Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company: will you walke.

Feth. Whether Trauaile you I beseech you.

May. To *London* Sir we came from *Sturbridge*.

Bel. I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with being at *sturbridge*; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length of fise lattin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yeoman ful but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pretty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardnesse of her husbands forehead, in the goose markt number of freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate:

like cloues with great heads in a gammon of bacon : here two gentlemen making a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack ; there a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lispingly ; here two in one corner of a shop : Londoners selling their wares, & other Gentlemen courting their wiues ; where they take vp petticoates you shold finde schollers & townsmens wiues crouding together while their husbands weare in another market busie amongst the Oxen ; twas like a campe for in other Countries so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent discription of it in a Comedy ; but whether are you trauailyng Gentlemen ?

Feth. Faith Sir we purposed a dangerous voiage, but vpon better consideration we alterd our course.

May. May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

Green. Tis altogether triuial in-sooth : but to passe away the time till supper, Ile deliuer it to you, with protestation before hand, I seeke not to publish euery gentle-womans dishonor, only by the passage of my discourse to haue you censure the state of our quarrel.

Bel. Forth Sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many marchants wiues in the Citty, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the fairest but with al the falsest creature that euer affection swoopt to.

May. Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

Feth. Vpon your promise of secreisie.

Bel. You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Green. She was and by report still is wife to a most graue and well reputed Cittizen.

May. And entertaind your loue.

Green. As Meddowes do Aprill : the violence as it seemed of her affection—but alas it proued her dissembling, would at my comming and departing be-dew

her eyes with loue dropps ; O she could the art of woman most feelingly.

Bel. Most feelingly.

May. I should not haue lik'd that feelingly had she bee my wife, giue us some sack heare and in faith—we are all friends ; & in priuate—what was her husbands name—Ile giue you a carouse by and by.

Green. O you shall pardon mee his name, it seemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee discourse inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night should I tell his name.

Bel. Your modesty in this wiues commendation ; on fir.

Green. In the passage of our loues, (amongst other fauours of greater vawle) she bestowed vpon me this ringe which she protested was her husbands gift.

May. The poesie, the poesie—O my heart, that ring good infaith :

Green. Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her.

May. Kissing and so forth.

Green. I Sir.

Ma. And talking to her feelingly.

Gre. Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good infaith, you are of a good complexion.

Green. Lying with her as I say : and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

May. In my wiues bed.

Feth. How do you Sir.

May. Nothing : lettes haue a fire chamberlaine ; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue such a shudering : ith' bed you say ;

Green. Right Sir, in Mistris Maiberies sheetes.

May. Was her name *Maybery*.

Green. Beshrew my tongue for blabbing, I presume vpon your secrefy.

May. O God Sir, but where did you find your loosing.

Green. Where I found her falsnesse: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confession pertaking the like inioyment; found this ring the same morning on her pillowe, and sham'd not in my sight to weare it.

May. What did shee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her husband was forth a Towne all this while, and he poore man trauaild with hard Egges in's pocket, to saue the charge of a baite, whilst she was at home with her Plouers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that *Maibery*.

Feth. No more then by name.

May. Hee's a wondrous honest man; lets be merry; will not your mistrisse?—gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

Feth. Gree. Yes.

May. Will not your Mistresse make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such leger-demaine had bin acted.

Green. Yes she hath reason for't, for in some countries, where men and women haue good trauailing stomackes, they begin with porredge; then they fall to Capon or so-forth: but if Capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, tis their only course, so for our women in *England*.

May. This wit taking of long iourneys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and sailing to Westminster makes a number of Cuckolds.

Bell. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

Green. Her ring Sir.

May. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't.

Feth. Green. Mony fir.

May. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Troth 'tis of no great valew, and considering the losse, and finding of this ring made breach into

your friendship, Gentlemen, with this trifle purch his loue, I can tell you he keepes a good Table.

Green. What my Mistris gift?

Feth. Faith you are a merry old Gentleman; giue you my part in't.

Green. Troth and mine, with your promise to ceale it from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet?

Green. No Sir.

May. He shall neuer then I protest: looke y this ring doth fitte me passing well.

Feth. I am glad we haue fitted you.

May. This walking is wholefome, I was a ceuen now, now I sweat for't.

Feth. Shalls walke into the Garden *Luke.* Gent men weelee downe and hasten supper.

May. Looke you, we must be better acquaint that's all.

Exeunt Green. and Feth.

Green. Most willingly; Excellent, hee's heat the prooffe, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to ra a little.

May. Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Bell. How now man?

May. I am foolish old *Maybery*, and yet I can wife *Maybery* too; Ile to London presently, beg Sir.

Bell. How, how?

May. Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe mistal mee Maister *Bellamont*; I am not distempered, for know a mans wife is a whore, is to be resolu'd of and to be resolu'd of it, is to make no question of and when a case is out of question; what was saying?

Bell. Why looke you, what a distraction are yo falne into?

May. If a man be deuorſt, do you ſee, deuorſt *forma Iuris*, whether may he haue an action or no, gainſt thoſe that make hornes at him?

Bell. O madneſſe! that the frailty of a woman ſhould make a wiſe man thus idle! yet I proteſt to my vnderſtanding, this report ſeemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wiſe and I liſt too: what ſayes my wedding ring?

Bell. Indeed that breeds ſome ſuſpition: for the reſt moſt groſe and open, for two men, both to loue your wiſe, both to inioy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occaſion in the world, to thruſt vpon you a diſcourſe of a quarrell, with circumſtance ſo diſhoneſt, that not any Gentleman but of the cuntry bluſhing, would haue publiſht. I and to name you: doe you know them?

May. Faith now I remember, I haue ſeene them walke muſſed by my ſhop.

Bell. Like enough; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt *Ware* and *London*: come ſtriae to blow ouer theſe clowdes.

May. Not a clowd, you ſhall haue cleane Mooneſhine, they haue good ſmooth lookes the fellowes.

Bell. As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee truſted; will you be merry?

May. Wonderous merry; lets haue ſome Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a fooliſh tradesman, and yet Ile be a wiſe tradesman. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-poole, and Chartley, after them Philip arreſted.

Phil. Arreſt me? at whoſe ſute? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuerpoole, ſtay, Ime arreſted.*

Omn. Arreſted?

1. Ser. Gentlemen breake not the head of the

peace; its to no purpose, for hee's in the law clutches, you see hee's fangd.

Doll. Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em? p one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nose varlets.

Phil. Hold *Doll*, thrust not a weapon vpon a married woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, ye might ha tane mee ith flecte, and not ith' Tauerne entire, you Cannibals.

Ser. Wee did it for your credit Sir.

Chart. How much is the debt? Drawer, some wine.

Enter Drawer.

1. *Ser.* Foure score pound: can you fend for Bail Sir? or what will you doe? wee cannot stay.

Doll. You cannot, you pasty-footed Rascalls, ye will stay one day in hell.

Phil. Foure score pounds drawes deepe; farewe *Doll*, come Serieants, Ile step to mine Vncle not far off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he shall baile mee if not, *Chartly* you shall finde me playing at Spade counter, and so farewell. Send mee some Tobacco.

1. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his hands.

2. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his legges.

Exeun

Doll. Ime as melancholy now?

Chart. Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my li some of these sawtie Drawers betrayd him.

Draw. Wee sir! no by Gad Sir, wee scorne haue a *Iudas* in our company.

Leuer. No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end all dycing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. Drawer, tye my shoe pry thee: the new knot as thou seeft this: *Philip* is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him becaufe heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace

es following him in a coach, I told him hee
run out, hast done boy?

aw. Yes forsooth: by my troth you haue a
legge.

ll. How now good-man rogue.

aw. Nay sweete Mistresse *Doll*.

ll. *Doll*! you reprobate! out you Bawd for
yeares by the custome of the Citty.

aw. Good Mistris *Dorothy*; the pox take mee,
ought your legge but to a good intent.

ll. Prate you: the rotten toothd rascall, will for
ence fetch any whore to his maisters customers:
euery one that swims in a Taffatie gowne Lettis
ur lippes? vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen
Drawers, must suck at one Spiggot: Doe you
you vnseasonable puck-fist? doe you grin?

art. Away Drawer: hold pry thee good rogue,
my sweete *Doll*, a pox a this swaggering.

ll. Pox a your gutts, your kidneys; mew: hang
ooke: I'me as melancholy now as Fleet-freete
ong vacation.

er. Melancholy? come weele ha some muld

ll. When begins the terme?

art. Why? hast any suites to be tryed at West-
er?

ll. My Sutes you base ruffian haue beene tryed
 Westminster already: so soone as euer the terme
s, Ile change my lodging, it stands out a the way;
e about Charing-crosse, for if there be any stir-
there we shall haue 'em: or if some Dutch-man
come from the States! oh! these *Flemmings*
boundly for what they take.

er. If thou't haue a lodging West-ward *Doll*,
te thee.

ll. At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your
ling? to bee cal'd a Lieutenants, or a Captaines
! oh! I scorne to bee one of your Low-country
odities, I; is this body made to bee mainteined

with Prouant and dead pay? no: the Mercer must bee paid, and Sattin gownes must bee tane vp.

Chart. And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

Doll. Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—Are all the Quest-houses broken vp?

Leuer. Yes, long since: what then?

Doll. What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for those poore wenches that before Christ masse fled West-ward with bag and baggage, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly winde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light, sneakingly.

Chart. But *Doll*, whats the plot thou spakst off?

Doll. Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-sinckers, and such like are still buzzing where sweete meates are (like Flyes) but they make any flesh stinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue those fellows therefore in the hands of their Landresses: Siluer is the Kings stampe, man Gods stampe, and a woman is mans stampe, wee are not currant till wee passe from one man to another.

Both. Very good.

Doll. I will therefore take a faire house in the City: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maister: it shall be in trade still, for I know diuerse Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-house. It shall then bee giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, haue had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such a carriage, and such qualities, and so forth: to set it off the better, old *Jack Hornet* shall take vpon him to bee my Father.

Leuer. Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and so forth.

Doll. For that, Saint *Martins* and wee will talke: I know we shall haue Gudgions bite presently: if they doe boyes, you shall liue like Knights fellows; as occasion serues, you shall weare liueries and waite, but

en Gulls are my winde-falls, you shall be Gentle-
n, and keepe them company : seeke out *Jack Hornet*
continently.

Leuer. Wee will : come *Charely*, wee le playe our
rties I warrant.

Dell. Doe so :—

ie world's a flage, from which strange shapes we
borrow :

day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow.

Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Bellamont, and a Prentice.

May. Where is your Mistris, villaine ? when went
abroad ?

Pren. Abroad Sir, why asfoone as she was vp Sir.

May. Vp Sir, downe Sir, so fir : Maister *Bellamont*,
will tell you a strange secreet in Nature, this boy is
r wiues bawd.

Bell. O fie fir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like
Bawde, he has no double chin,

Pren. No fir, nor my breath does not flinke, I
ell not of Garlick or *Aqua-vitæ* : I vse not to bee
unke with Sack and Sugar : I fweare not God dam
e, if I know where the party is, when 'tis a lye and
doe know : I was neuer Carted (but in haruest)
uer whipt but at Schoole : neuer had the Grin-
ms : neuer sold one Maiden-head ten feuerall times,
st to an *Englishman*, then to a *Welshman*, then to a
utchman, then to a pockie *Frenchman*, I hope Sir I
n no Bawd then.

May. Thou art a *Baboune*, and holdst me with
ckes, whilst my Wife grafts grafts, away, trudge, run,
arch her out by land, and by water.

Pren. Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that
e search her by water, for it may be shees gone to
rainford.

Exit.

Mayb. Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

Bell. One of your Aunts, are you mad ?

Mayb. Yea, as many of the twelue companies are troubled, troubled.

Bel. Ile chide you : goe to, Ile chide you soundly

May. Oh maister *Bellamont* !

Bel. Oh Maister *Maybery* ! before your Seruant daunce a Lancashire Horne-pipe : it shewes worfe to mee, then dancing does to a deafe man that fees not the fiddles : Sfoot you talke like a Player.

Mayb. If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Ass, and knowes not what hee talkes, then Ime one : you are a Poet Maister *Bellamont*, I will bestow a piece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor please Gentlemen.

Bella. I thinke it would : yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles : I wud giue two peeces of Plate, to haue you stand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part : Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither : you weare yellow hose without cause.

May. With-out cause, when my Mare beares double : without cause ?

Bell. And without wit.

May. When two Virginall Iacks skip vp, as the ke of my instrumēt goes downe !

Bel. They are two wicked elders.

May. When my wiues ring does smoake for't.

Bell. Your wiues ring may deceive you.

May. O Maister *Bellamont* ! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it should neuer haue greued mee.

Bel. You wrong her vpon my foule.

Mai. No, she wrongs me vpon her body.

Enter a Seruingman.

Bel. Now blew-bottle ? what flutter you for Sea pye ?

Ser. Not to catch fish Sir, my young Maister, your sonne maister *Philip* is taken prisoner.

Bel. By the *Dunkirks*.

Ser. Worfe : by Catch-polls : hee's encountred.

Bel. Shall I neuer see that prodigall come home.

Ser. Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calfe for him.

Bel. For how much lyes he?

Ser. The debt is foure score pound, marry he chargde mee to tell you it was foure score and ten, so that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.

Bel. His child's part shal now be paid, this mony shalbe his last, & this vexation the last of mine : if you had such a sonne maister *Maiberie*.

Mai. To such a wife, twere an excellent couple.

Bel. Release him, and release me of much sorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more : goe redeeme him.

Enter Prentice and Maiberie's wife.

Prent. Here's the party Sir.

Mai. Hence, and lock fast the dores, now is my prize.

Prent. If she beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exit.*

Bel. I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

Mai. No, I will like a Iustice of peace, grow to the point : are not you a whore : neuer start : thou art a Cloth-worker, and hast turnd me.

Wife. How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?

May. Into a Ciuill Suite : into a sober beast : a Land-rat, a Cuckold : thou art a common bed-fellow, art not? art not?

Wife. Sir this Language, to me is strange, I vnderstand it not.

May. O ! you studie the french now.

Wife. Good Sir, lend me patience.

May. I made a fallade of that herbe : doest see these flesh-hookes, I could teare out those false eyes, those Cats eyes, that can see in the night : punck I could.

Bel. Heare her answer for her selfe.

Wif. Good Maister *Bellamont*,
Let him not do me violence: deere Sir,
Should any but your selfe shoote out these names,
I would put off all female modesty,
To be reueng'd on him.

May. Know'st thou this ring? there has bin old
running at the ring since I went.

Wife. Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,
That stole it from my hand: he was a villayne:
That put it into yours.

May. They were no villaynes,
When they stood stoutly for me: tooke your part:
And stead of collours fought vnder my sheetes.

Wife. I know not what you meane.

May. They lay with thee: I meane plaine dealing.

Wife. With me! if euer I had thought vncleane,
In detestation of your nuptiall pillow:
Let *Sulpher* drop from Heauen, and naile my body
Dead to this earth: that slaue, that damned fury
(Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me)
Casting an eye vnlawfull on my cheeke,
Haunted your thre-shold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baytes which lust and credulous youth,
Apply to our fraile sex: but those being weake
The second seige he layd was in sweete wordes.

Mai. And then the breach was made.

Bel. Nay, nay, heare all.

Wife. At last he takes me sitting at your dore,
Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes
(Back to restore it straight) he won my hand,
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.
I did demand it, but he mad with rage
And with desires vnbrideled, fled and vow'd,
That ring should mee vndo: and now belike
His spells haue wrought on you. But I beseech you,
To dare him to my face, and in meane time
Deny me bed-roome, driue me from your board,
Disgrace me in the habit of your slaue,

odge me in some discomfutable vault
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my sight,
Till of this slander I my foule acquite.

Bel. Guiltlesse vpon my foule.

May. Troth so thinke I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppos'd they drew in mine: my streame of ielozy,
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horle
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now spy my error:
Villaines you haue abui'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads: driue in your
teares

I take your word ya're honest, which good men,
Very good men will scarce do to their wiues.
I will bring home these serpents and allow them,
The heate of mine owne bosome: wife I charge you
Set out your hauiours towards them in such collours,
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it so,
Ile candy o're my words, and sleeke my brow,
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile embrace 'em

And with this—go too.

Wife. Oh we shall haue murder—you kill my heart.

May. No: I will shed no bloud,
But I will be reueng'd, they that do wrong
Teach others way to right: Ile fetch my blow
Faire and a far off and as Fencers vse
Tho at the foote I strike, the head Ile bruize.

Enter Philip and seruant.

Bel. Ile ioyne with you: lets walke: oh! heres my Sonne.

Welcome a shore Sir: from whence come you pray.

Phil. From the house of praier and fasting—the Counter.

Bel. Art not thou aſham'd to bee ſeene come of a priſon.

Phil. No Gods my Iudge, but I was aſham'd goe into priſon.

Bel. I am told ſir, that you ſpend your credit a your coine vpon a light woman.

Phil. I ha ſeene light gold ſir, paſſe away among Mercers.

Bel. And that you haue layd thirty or forty pounds vpon her back in taſſaty gownes, and fill petticoates.

Phil. None but Taylors will ſay ſo, I nere lay any thing vpon her backe: I confeſſe I tooke vp petticoate and a raiſ'd fore-part for her, but who he to do with that?

May. Mary that has euery body Maiſter *Philip*.

Bel. Leaue her company, or leaue me, for ſhee's woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is *Dorothy* ſir, I hope thats not an ill name.

Bel. What is ſhee? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. Sbloud ſir what does he with her?

Bel. Doeſt meane to marry her? of what birth is ſhee? what are her commings in, what does ſhe liue vpon?

Phillip. Rents ſir, Rents, ſhee liues vpon her Rents, and I can haue her.

Bel. You can.

Phil. Nay father, if deſtiny dogge mee I muſt haue her: you haue often tould mee the nine Muſes are all women, and you deale with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you ſo many? looke you Sir, the Northerne man loues white-meates, the Southerly man Sallades, the Eſſex man a Calfe, the Kentiſhman a Wag-taile, the Lancashire man an Egg-pie, the Welſhman Leekes and Cheeſe, and your Londoners rawe Mutton, ſo Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

Bella. Stay, looke you Sir, as hee that liues vpon

allades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, (for hee
ates grasse you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an
Ass, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will
have leane cheekes, so, thou foolish Londoner, if
nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue
like a foole and a flauie, and to die like a begger and
a knaue, come Maister *Maiberie*, farewell boy.

Phil. Farewell father Snot . . . Sir if I haue her,
He spend more in mustard & vineger in a yeare, then
both you in beefe.

Both. More faucy knaue thou.

Exeunt.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

*Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole and Chartly like
feruingmen.*

Horn. AM I like a fidders base violl (new set
vp,) in a good case boies? ist neate,
is it terse! am I handsome? ha!

Omn. Admirable, excellent.

Dol. An vnder sheriffe cannot couer a knaue more
cunningly.

Leuer. Sfoot if he should come before a Church-
warden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords
steward at least.

Horn. If I had but a staffe in my hand, fooles
wud thinke I were one of *Simon* and *Iudes* gentlemen
whers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they say three
Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but Ime sure
I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of
me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuast well, yet tis
no law-suite, for twas dispatcht sooner than a possiet on
a wedding night.

Dol. Why I tel thee Jack *Hornet*, if the Diuel and
all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob,
they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted
thee thus.

Horn. Punck, I shall bee a simple father for y
how does my chaine show now I walke.

Dol. If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldest not show better.

Chart. But how fit our blew-coates on our backs

Dol. As they do vpon banckrout retainers back at Saint *Georges* feast in *London* : but at *Westminster* It makes 'em scorne the badge of their occupation there the bragging velure-caniond hobbi-horshes, prauing vp and downe as if some of the Tilters had ridden 'em.

Hor. Nay Sfoot, if they be banckrouts, tis some haue ridden 'em : and there-vpon the Cittie Prouerbe rises, when hee sayes ; he trusts to a broken staffe.

Doll. *Hornet*, now you play my Father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.

Horn. I will looke grauely *Doll*, (doe you boyes) like the fore-man of a Iury : and speake wile like a Lattin Schoole-maister, and be furly and dog and proud like the Keeper of a prison.

Leuer. You must lie horribly, when you talk of your lands.

Horn. No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay Fencer : when I hem boyes, you shall duck : when cough and spit gobbets *Doll*.

Doll. The pox shall be in your lungs *Hornet*.

Hor. No *Doll*, these with their high shoes tread me out.

Doll. All the lessons that I haue prickt out for is when the Wether-cock of my body turnes toward them, to stand bare.

Horn. And not to be sawcie as Seruing-men are

Char. Come, come, we are no such creature you take vs for.

Dol. If we haue but good draughts in my pipe boate, fresh Salmon you sweete villaines shall be meate with vs.

Horn. Sfoot nothing mooues my choller, but that my chaine is Copper: but tis no matter, better men than old *Jack Hornet* haue rode vp *Holburne*, with as bad a thing about their neckes as this: your right whiffler indeed hangs himselfe in *Saint Martins*, and not in *Cheape-side*.

Doll. Peace, some-body rings: run both, whilst he has the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.

Horn. But what ghosts (hold vp my fine Girle) what ghosts haunts thy house?

Doll. Oh! why diuerse: I haue a Clothiers Factor or two; a Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a *Welsh* Gaptaine that laies hard feege, a *Dutch* Marchant, that would spend al that he's able to make ith' low countries, but to take measure of my *Holland* sheetes when I lye in 'em: I heare trampling: 'tis my *Flemish* Hoy.

Enter *Leuerpoole*, *Chartly*, and *Hans van Belch*.

Hans. Dar is vor you, and vor you: een, twea, drie, vier, and blue skilling, drinke *Skellum* bpsie freeze: nempt, dats b drinck gelt.

Leuer. Till our crownes crack agen Maister *Hans van Belch*.

Hans. How ist met you, how ist bro? brolick?

Doll. Eek bare well God danke you: Nay Ime an apt scholler and can take.

Hans. Datt is good, dott is good: Eek can neet stay long: for Eek heb en skip come now vpon de bater: O mine

Schoonen bro, wee shall dance lanteera, teera, and sing Ick drinke to you min here, van :—wat man is dat bro.

Hor. Nay pray fir on.

Hans. What honds foot is dat Dorothy.

Doll. Tis my father.

Hans. Gotts Sacrament ! your bader ! why seyghen gou niet so to me ! mine heart tis mine all great desire, to call you mine bader ta for Ick loue dis schonen bro your dochterkin.

Hor. Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

Hans. Ick bedanck you : Ick heb so ghe founden bader.

Horn. Whats your name I pray.

Hans. Mun nom bin Hans van Belch.

Horn. Hans Van Belch !

Hans. Pau, pau, tis so, tis so, de drunken man is alteet remember me.

Horn. Doe you play the marchant, sonne Belch.

Hans. Pau bader : Ick heb de skip swim now vpon de bader if you endoutp, goe bp in de little Skip dat goe so, and bee puld bp to Wapping, Ick sal beare you on my backe, and hang you about min neck into min groet Skip.

Horn. He Sayes *Doll*, he would haue thee to Wapping and hang thee.

Doll. No Father I vnderstand him, but maister *Hans*, I would not be seene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his Iewell, for any gold.

Horn. Is your father liuing Maister *Hans*.

Hans. *Hau, pau, min vader heb scho-
non husen in Ausburgh groet mine heare
is mine vaders broder, mine vader heb
land, and bin full of see, dat is beests,
cattell.*

Char. He's lowzy be-like.

Hans. *Min vader bin de grotest fooker
in all Ausbrough.*

Dol. The greatest what ?

Leuer. Fooker he saies.

Dol. Out vpon him.

Hans. *Haw paw, fooker is en groet
min here hees en elderman bane Citty,
gots sacrament, wat is de clock ? Eek niet
stay.*

A watch.

Hor. Call his watch before you, if you can.

Doll. Her's a pretty thing : do these wheelles spin
vp the houres ! whats a clock.

Hans. *Acht : paw tis acht.*

Doll. We can heare neither clock, nor Iack going,
wee dwell in such a place that I feare I shall neuer
finde the way to Church, because the bells hang so
farre ; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe
with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

Hans. *Seghen you so, dor it to.*

Doll. O fie : I doe but iest, for in trueth I could
neuer abide a watch.

Hans. **Gotts sacrament, Eek niet heb it any more.**

Exeunt Leuer-poole and Chartly.

Dol. An other peale ! good father lanch out this hollander.

Horn. Come Maister *Belch*, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

Hans. **Eek bedanck you vader.** *Exit.*

Doll. They say Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelue houres so deerely, and then bee begd out of 'em so easly ? heele be out at heeles shortly sure for he's out about the clockes already : O foolish young man how doest thou spend thy time ?

Enter Leuer-poole first, then Allom and Chartly.

Leuer. Your grocer.

Dol. Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune : I may cause such leaden-heeld rascalls ; out of my sight : a knife, a knife I say : O Maister *Allom*, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me, vndo me.

Allo. Sweete mistris *Dorothy*, what should you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters ! knife God bleffe vs.

Leu. Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

Do. Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace : I'me so vext ! my father hee's ridde to Court : one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight ; and one of his men (like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee showes not his head ; sure he's run away, or robd & run thorough ; and here was a scriue-ner but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom*. Such crosse fortune !

Allo. How much is the bond?

Chart. O rare little villaine.

Dol. My father could take vp, vpon the barenesse of his word fise hundred pound : and fise toe.

Allom. What is the debt?

Dol. But hee scorne to bee . . . and I scorne to bee . . .

Allom. Pree thee sweete Mistris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

Dol. Alas Maister *Allom*, tis but poore fifty pound.

Allo. If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me : another time ile run as far in your bookes.

Dol. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindnesse : but when my father——

All. Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking : Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

Dol. Betweene one and two.

Leue. That's wee thre.

Allom. Let one of your men goe along, and Ile send fifty pound!

Dol. You so bind mee fir, . . . goe firra : Maister

Allom, I ha some quinces brought from our house ith Country to preferue, when shall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Suger at such an excesssiue rate; you pay sweetely now warrant, fir do you not.

Al. You shal haue a whole chest of Suger if you please.

Dol. Nay by my faith foure or fise loaves wil-be nough, and Ile pay you at my first child Maister *Allom*.

Allom. Content ifaith, your man shall bring all under one, ile borrow a kisse of you at parting.

Enter Captaine Iynkins.

Dol. You shall fir, I borrow more of you.

Ex. Allo. & Leu.

Chart. Saue you Captaine.

Dol. Welcome good captaine *Fynkins*.

Captaine. What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that d
your lippes so.

Dol. A Barber! hee's may Taylor; I bid
him measure how hie, hee would make the stand
coller of my new Taffatie Gowne before, and hee
Tailors wilbe sawcie and lickerish, laid mee ore
lippes.

Captaine. Vds bloud ile laie him crosse vpon
coxcomb next daie.

Dol. You know tis not for a Gentlewoman
stand with a knaue, for a small matter, and so I
not strue with him, onelie to be rid of him.

Capt. If I take Maister prick-louse ramping fo
again, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell)
make him know how to kisse your blind chee
fooner: mistris *Dorothy* Horner, I wud not haue
bee a hornet, to licke at Cowherds, but to sting
shreds of rascallity: will you sing a Tailor shall
mee my ioy?

Dol. Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any th
a Taylor! foh.

Capt. Of what stature or sife haue you a ston
to haue your husband now?

Dol. Of the meanest stature Captaine, not a
longer than your selfe, nor shorter.

Cap. By god, tis wel said all your best Captain
the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of
pitch Mistris Dol?

Dol. Because your smallest Arrowes flie farth
ah you little hard-fauord villaine, but sweete vill
I loue thee beecaufe thou't draw a my side, hang
roague that will not fight for a woman.

Cap. Vds blould, and hang him for vrse th
roague that will slash and cut for an oman, if she
whore.

Dol. Pree the good Captaine *Fynkins*, teach

ake some welch, mee thinkes a Welchmans
is the neatest tongue!—

As any tongue in the wrld, vnlesse *Cra ma*
that's vrse.

How do you say, I loue you with all my

Mi cara whee, en hellon.

Mi cara whee, en hel-hound.

Hel-hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.

O, my cara whee en hellon.

Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty
yeare in *Wales*, by Sefu, you cannot haue better
nce, for welch.

Come tit mee, come tat me, come throw a
at me, how is that?

By gad I know not, what your tit mees, and
ees are, but *mee uatha*—Sbloud I know what
be, aswel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will
lowne with Shropsheere cariers, you shal haue
enough in your pellies forty weekes.

Say Captaine that I should follow your col-
into your Country how should I fare there?

Fare? by Sefu, O there is the most abomi-
seere? and wider filuer pots to drinck in, and
pedes to lie vpon & do our necessary pufines, and
houses and parkes, & holes for Conies, and
money, besides tosted Sees and butter-milke in
wales diggon: besides, harpes & Welch Freeze,
Goates, and Cowheelles, and Metheglin, ouh, it
e fet in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

Not with your Shrop-sheire cariers, Cap-

Will you go with Captaine *Ienkin* and see
ouzen *Maddoc* vpon *Ienkin* there, and ile run
ags by and by, & batter away money for a new
to iolt you in.

Bestow you Coach vpon me, & two young
Mares, and you shal see how Ile ride.

Will you? by all the leekes that are worne

on Saint Daues daie I will buy not on
with foure wheelles, but also a white Mare
horſe too, becauſe they ſhal traw you, ve
if the diuill were in their arſes.

How now, more Tailors——*Meetes Phil.*

Phil. How fir ; Taylors.

Dol. O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

Enter Leuerpoole at another dore.

Cap. Is he, I will Couzen you then ſir
day.

Phil. I hope fir then to Couzen you too.

Cap. By gad I hobe ſo, fare-well *Sidanie*.

Leuer. Her's both money, and fuger.

Dol. O ſweete villaine, ſet it vp.

Exit, and Enter

Phil. Sfoot, what tame ſuaggerer was t
Doll.

Dol. A Captaine, a Captaine : but haſt t
Dunkerks honeſt *Philip* ? *Philip* ryalls are n
welcome : did thy father pay the ſhot ?

Phil. He pai'd that ſhot, and then ſhot
into my pockets : harke wench : chinck
makes the punck wanton and the Baud to win.

Chart. O rare muſick.

Leuer. Heauenly conſort, better than old *M*.

Phil. But why ? why *Dol*, goe theſe tw
Beadells in blew ? ha ?

Doll. Theres a morrall in that : flea off your
you pretious Caniballs : O that the welch *Ca*
were here againe, and a drum with him, I could
now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan, tan, firra *Phil*
thy father any plate in's houſe.

Phil. Enough to-ſet vp a Gold-smithes ſhop.

Dol. Canſt not borrow ſome of it ? we
haue gueſts to morrow or next day, and I wud

ingry rag-a-muffins in plate, tho twere none of
owne.

Al. I shall hardly borrow it of him but I could
ne of mine Aunts, to beate the bush for mee,
he might get the bird.

Al. Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts,
doe it for me then. As Ime vertuous and a
lewoman ile restore.

hil. Say no more tis don.

Al. What manner of man is thy father? Sfoote
aine see the witty Monky because thou sayst he's
bet: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Leuer-poole* or
rtly, shall like my Gentleman vsher goe to him,
say such a Lady sends for him, about a sonnet or
pitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some
ce about a maske or so: if he comes you shall
d in a corner, and see in what State ile beare my
: he does not know me, nor my lodging.

hil. No, no.

oll. Ist a match Sirs? shalls be mery with him
his muse.

nn. Agreed, any scaffold to execute knauery
i.

oll. Ile send then my vant-currer presently: in
neanetime, marche after the Captaine, fcountreels,
e hold me vp:

ke how *Sabrina* funck ith' riuer *Seuerne*,

ill we foure be drunke ith' ship-wrack *Tauerne*.

Exeunt.

ter Bellamont, Maybery, and *Mistresse* Maybery.

ay. Come Wife, our two gallants will be here
ntly: I haue promist them the best of entertain-
t, with protestation neuer to reueale to thee their
ler: I will haue thee beare thy selfe, as if thou
est a feast vpon *Simon* and *Judes* day, to country
lewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them
amly welcome, though thou wist their throats
'tis in fashon.

Wife. O God I shall neuer indure them.

Bell. Indure them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it may be many womens of the Freedome: that you had a friend in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands backs turnd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to *Greensfield* as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely, not taking any notice of his iourney: theile put more tricks vpon you: you told me *Greensfield* meanes to bring his Sister to your house, to haue her boord here.

May. Right, thee's some crackt demy-culuerin, that hath miscaried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not.

Wife. Lord was there euer such a husband?

May. Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run at large, in Ordinaries and Cockpits; though the Knaues doe lye, I tell you Maister *Bellamont*, lyes that come from sterne lookes, and Sattin out-fides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp and goe for currant.

Bell. Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull womans discredit.

May. I will therefore vse them like informing knaues, in this kinde, make up their mouthes with siluer, and after bee reuenged vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: and it were not for law suites: and feare of our wiues, we rich men should grow out of all compasse: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiues colour rises already.

Green. You haue not made her acquainted with the discouery.

May. O by no meanes: yee see Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new

stance, your lips wife, any woman may lend
s without her husbands priuity tis allowable.

2. You are very welcome, I thinke it be neere
time Gentlemen : Ile will the maide to couer,
turne presently.

3. Gods pretious why doth she leaue them ?

Exit.

y. O I know her stomack : shee is but retirde
nother chamber, to ease her heart with crying a
it hath euer bin her humor, she hath done it 5.
times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene
if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet
returne laught and bin as merry : & how is it
emen, you are well acquainted with this roome,
ou not ?

ee. I had a delicate banquet once on that

y. In good time : but you are better ac-
ted with my bed chamber.

4. Were the cloath of gold Cushins fet forth at
entertainment ?

4. Yes Sir.

y. And the cloath of Tiffew Valance.

4. They are very rich ones.

y. God refuse me, they are lying Rascals, I haue
ch furniture.

een. I protest it was the strangest, and yet with-
e happiest fortune that wee should meete you two
are, that euer redeemed such desolate actions : I
I not wrong you agen for a million of *Lon-*

y. No, do you want any money ? or if you be
bt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subsidie, com-
mee.

4. Alas good Gentleman ; did you euer read
e like pacience in any of your ancient *Ro-*
?

4. You see what a sweet face in a Veluet cap

can do, your citizens wiues are like Partridges, the hens are better then the cocks.

Feth. I beleeeue it in troth, Sir you did obserue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her selfe, when she saw vs enter.

Bell. Right.

Feth. For thus much I must speake in allowance of her modestie, when I had her most priuate she would blush extreemely.

Bell. I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife.

Feth. Introth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiously giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to husbands though gentlemen gaue the first onfet.

Feth. You are a merry ould gentlemen infaith Sir: much like to this was her language.

Bell. And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bosome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuels: and inuited you by letter to her lodging.

Feth. Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

May. Ile goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring; and twill quit all suspition.

Exit.

Feth. Dost heare *Luke Greenshield* wil thy wife be here presently.

Green. I left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God prouides; for if this cittisen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sister, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolted; weele make more vse of him, the whoreson rich Inkeeper of *Doncaster* her father shewed himselfe a ranke ostler: to send her vp

at this time a yeare; and by the carier to, twas but a lades trike of him.

Feth. But haue you instructed her to call you brother.

Green. Yes and shele do it, I left her at Bosomes Inne, sheele be here, presently.

Enter Maybery.

May. Maister *Greenesheild* your sister is come; my wife is entertaining her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already. Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greenesheild*, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in Morefeilds where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your feuerall lodgings and Ioint commons (to the poore ability of a cittizen) shal be provided.

Feth. O God Sir.

May. Nay no complement your loues comand it: shalls to dinner Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* he be the Gentleman vther to this faire Lady.

Gree. Here is your ring Mistris; a thousand times,—and would haue willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might haue found you halfe so tractable.

Wif. Sir I am still my selfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpon my husband, he is much deceaued in you I take it: will you go in to dinner—O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husband ide scratch out his eyes presently.

Ex.

Ed. Welcome to London bonny mistris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath past betwene thee & I Kate.

Kate. Noe matter if hee did: he ran away from me like a bafe slaue as he was, out of *Yorke-shire*, and

pretended he would goe the Iland voiage, since neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertayning a friend, that am vsed so like an Infidel?

Fe. I think not, but if your husband knew of it he'd be deuor'd.

Kat. Hee were an asse then, no wisemen shoud deale by their wiues as the sale of ordinance passeth *England*, if it breake the first discharge the workman is at the losse of it, if the second the Marchant, & the third the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, so in our case, if a woman proue false the first yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the second, turne her honour to her father but allow her a portion, but if she hold out pure mettaile two yeare and flie to seuerall peeces, if the third, repaire the ruines of her honesty at your charges, for the best peece of ordinance, may be crackt in the casting, and for women to haue crackes and flawes, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any thing about *London* doth he swagger?

Feth. O as tame as a fray in Fleetestreete, where their are nobody to part them.

Ka. I euer thought so, we haue notable valiant fellows about *Doncaster*, theile giue the lie and the stab both in an instant.

Feth. You like such kind of man-hood be you Kate.

Kat. Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her friend, had rather haue him stand by it than lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why must I be quartered at this Cittizens garden house, say you.

Fe. The discourse of that wil fet thy blood on fire to be reuengd on thy husbands forehead peece.

Ent. Bella & Maijl. Maybe.

Wif. Wil you go in to dinner sir?

Kat. Wil you lead the way forsoth?

Wif. No sweete forsothe weelee follow you.

O Maister *Bellamont*: as euer you tooke pittie vpon the simplicity of a poore abused gentlewoman: wil you tell me one thing.

Bell. Any thing sweet Mistris *Mayberrie*.

Wife. I but will you doe it faithfully?

Bell. As I respect your acquaintance I shall doe

Wife. Tell me then I beseech you, doe not you thinke this minx is some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe under my nose at his garden house.

Bell. No vpon my life is she not.

Wife. O I cannot beleuee it, I know by her eies she is not honest, why should my husband proffer them such kindnes? that haue abused him and me; so intollerable: and will not suffer me to speake; theres the hell ont not to suffer me to speake.

Bell. Fie fie, he doth that like a vsurer, that will vse a man with all kindnes, that he may be carelesse of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after-wards take the extremitie of the forfeiture; your iealousie is idle: say this were true, it lies in the bosome of a sweete wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from Iealousie, from couituousnes from crabbednes, which is the old mans common disease, by her politicke yealding.

Bell. She maye doe it from crabbednes, for example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a fetherbed—come to dinner.

Wife. Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vncl.

Bell. Suspition workes more mischief growes more strong,

To feuer chaste beds then aparant wrongs.

Exit.

ACTVS 3. SÆNA I.

Enter Doll, Chartly, Leuerpoole and Phillip.

Phil. Come my little Punke with thy two Compositors to this vnlawfull painting house, thy pounders a my old poeticall dad wilbe here presently; take vpon thy State in this chayre, and beare thy selfe as if thou wert talking to thy pottecary after the receipt of a purgation: looke scuruiely vpon him: sometimes be merrie and stand vpon thy pantoffles like a new elected scauinger.

Doll. And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his staues foule before his Mistresse.

Phil. Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count: harke vpon my life hee's come.

Doll. See who knocks; thou shalt see mee make a foole of a Poet, that hath made fise hundred fooles.

Leuer. Please your new Lady-ship hee's come.

Doll. Is hee? I should for the more state let him walke some two houres in an vtter roome: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion; but come enter him: Stay, when we are in priuate conference send in my Tayler.

Enter Bellamont brought in by Leuerpoole.

Leuer. Looke you my Ladie's a sleepe, sheele wake presently.

Bell. I come not to teach a Starling fir God-boy-you.

Leuer. Nay in trueth Sir, if my Lady should but dreame you had beene heare.

Doll. Who's that keeps such a prating?

Leuer. 'Tis I Madam.

Doll. Ile haue you preferd to be a Cryer: you

haue an exlent throte for't : pox a the Poet is he not come yet ?

Leuer. Hee's here Madam.

Doll. Crie you mercy : I ha curst my Monkey for shrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worse I protest.

Bel. Tis not in fashon deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, scabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

Dol. So fir : if you haue a sweete breath, and doe not smell of swetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

Bel. I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

Doll. You write the sweeter verse a great deale fir, I haue heard much good of your wit maister Poet : you do many deuises for Cittizens wiues : I care not greatly because I haue a Citty Laundresse already, if I get a Citty Poet too : I haue such a deuise for you, and this it is.

Enter Tayler.

O welcome Tayler : do but waite till I dispatch my Tayler, and Ile discouer my deuice to you.

Bel. Ile take my leaue of your Ladiship.

Doll. No : I pray thee stay : I must haue you sweate for my deuice Maister Poet.

Phil. He sweats already beleue it.

Dol. A cup of wine there : what fashon will make a woman haue the best bodie Taylor.

Tay. A short dutch waist with a round cathern-wheele fardingale : a close sleeue with a cartoofe colour and a pickadell.

Dol. And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maister Poet.

Bel. Fowle madam is the most light, delicate, & witty feeding.

Dol. Fowle sayst thou : I know them that feede of it euery meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are

in a kingdome of my credit : hast thou don Taylo
now to discouer my deuice fir : Ile drinck to yo
fir.

Phil. Gods pretious, wee nere thought of h
deuice before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

Dol. Ile haue you make 12. poesies for a doze
of cheefe trenchers.

Phil. O horrible !

Bel. In welch madam ?

Dol. Why in welch fir.

Bel. Because you will haue them seru'd in with
your cheefe Ladie.

Dol. I will bestow them indeede vpon a welch
Captaine : one that loues cheefe better than venison,
for if you should but get 3. or 4. Cheshire cheeses and
set them a running down Hiegate-hill, he would make
more hast after them than after the best kennell of
hounds in *England* ; what think you of my deuice ?

Bel. Fore-god a very strange deuice and a cunning
one.

Phil. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bel. You should be a kin to the *Bellamonts*, you
giue the same Armes madam.

Dol. Faith I paid sweetely for the cup, as it may
be you and some other Gentleman haue don for their
Armes.

Bel. Ha, the same waight : the same fashion : I
had three nest of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at
the christing of my sonne *Philip*.

Phil. Your sonne is come to full age fir : and hath
tane possession of the gift of his Godfather.

Bel. Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

Phil. No fir, ile kill no Poet least his ghost write
fatires against me.

Bel. Whats she ? a good common welthes woman,
shee was borne.

Phil. For her Country, and has borne her Country

Bel. Heart of vertue ? what make I here ?

Phil. This was the party you rail'd on : I keepe no worfe company than your selfe father, you were wont to say venery is like vferly that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

Bel. Wherefore come I hither.

Dol. To make a deuice for cheefe-trenchers.

Phil. Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your grauity may bee drawne in : white haire may fall into the company of drabs aswell as red beardes into the society of knaues : would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleue she only kept her cabbins for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't.

Dol. Pree the Poet what doest thou think of me.

Bel. I thinke thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

Dol. Nay sir, I was told you would raile : but what doe you thinke of my deuice sir, nay : but you are not to depart yet Maister Poet : wut sup with me ? Ile cashiere all my yong barnicles, & weelee talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wisely.

Bel. Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker ? thou that doest promise nothing but watchet eyes, bumbast calues and false perywigs.

Dol. Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

Bel. O thy vnlucky starre ! I must take my leaue of your worshippe I cannot fit your deuice at this instant : I must desire to borrow a nest of goblets of you : O villanie ! I wud some honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith Citty and cary them into some other Country they'd sell better than Beefes and Calues : what a vertuous Citty would this bee then ! mary I thinke there would bee a few people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheefe-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor ? good, good.

Exit.

Phil. How doest Doll ?

Doll. Scuruie, very scuruie.

Leuer. Where shall suppe wench?

Doll. Ile suppe in my bedde: gette you home to your lodging and come when I send for you, ô filthy roague that I am.

Phil. How! how, mistress *Dorothy*?

Dol. Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish flos: vds life, i'le make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly roague.

Om. We obserue your Ladiship.

Phi. The puncks in her humer—pax. *Exit.*

Dol. Ile humor you and you pox mee: vds life haue I lien with a *Spaniard* of late, that I haue learnt to mingle such water with my Malago, O ther's some scurvie thing or other breeding; how many feuerall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieutenants haue I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes, and now to let bloud when the signe is at the heart? should I send him a letter with some Iewel in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that returne a woodcock pie to their clients, when they send them a Bafon and a Eure, I will instantly go and make my selfe drunke, till I haue lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet? *Exit.*

Enter Lep-frog and Squirill.

Frog. Now *Squirill* wilt thou make vs acquainted with the iest thou promist to tell vs of?

Squir. I will discouer it, not as a Darby-there women discouers her great teeth, in laughter; but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind an Arras: and this it is, yong *Greenesheild* thy Maister with *Greenesheilds* sister lie in my maisters garden-house here in More-fields.

Frog. Right, what of this?

Squir. Mary fir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for Ime sure he lies with her euery night.

Fro. All this I know, but the rest.

Squir. I will tell thee, the most pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree in Cuckolds Hauen in a great snow : and this it is, my mistris makes her husband believe that shee walkes in her sleepe a nights, and to confirme this beleefe in him, fondry times shee hath rizen out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon from Chamber to Chamber, open'd her chests, touz'd among her linnen, & when he hath wak't & mist her, comming to question why she coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary it was Cats sleepe, for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

Frog. Good ; forth.

Squir. I ouer-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she promist him that asloone as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marry shee would do it so puritannically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it.

Frog. Ist possible ?

Squir. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witnesse it.

Frog. O intollerable witte, what hold can any man take of a womans honesty.

Squir. Hold ? no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Staffordshire : stand close I heare her coming.

Enter Kate.

Kate. What a filthy knaue was the shoo-maker, that made my slippers, what a creaking they keepe : O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband sleepe soundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man,

or some-what whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweete *Fetherstone*. *Exit.*

Squir. Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if she do not dub him.

Green. Was there euer any walking spirit, like to my wife? what reason should there bee in nature for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare neither: vdlife, I would laugh if she were in Master *Fetherstones* Chamber, shee would fright him, Maister *Fetherstone*, Maister *Fetherstone*.

Within Fether. Ha, how now who cals?

Green. Did you leaue your doore open last night?

Feth. I know not, I thinke my boy did.

Green. Gods light shee's there then, will you know the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, rise out of your bed, and see and you can feele her.

Squi. He will feel her I warrant you?

Gree. Haue you her fir?

Feth. Not yet fir, shee's here fir.

Enter Fetherstone and Kate in his armes.

Green. So I said euen now to my selfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether softly, for feare of waking her: I neuer knew the like of this before God la, alas poore *Kate*, looke before God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prittie little roague, Ile wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

Feth. O youle make her sicker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou doost, now sweet villaine, *Kate*, *Kate*.

Kate. I longd for the merry thought of a phesant.

Green. She talkes in her sleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it,

& eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my stomack wambled: till I was ready to sound, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the sweetest meate me thought.

Squi. O pollick Mistrisse.

Green. Why *Kate*, *Kate*?

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I beshrew your hart, Lord where am I?

Green. I pray thee be not frighted.

Kate. O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles: oh some of the *Angelica* water, I shal have the Mother presently.

Gre. Hold downe her stomack good maister *Fetherstone*, while I fetch some. *Exit.*

Feth. Well dissembled *Kate*.

Kate. Pish, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when they haue no stomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What mischiuous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to *Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, must as well provide a Closet or Back-doore for him, as a Fether-bed.

Feth. Be my troth I pittie thy husband.

Kate. Pittie him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for [he] weares Sattin: pittie him, he that will pull downe a mans signe, and set vp hornes, there's law for him.

Feth. Be sick againe, your husband comes.

Enter Greeneshield with a broken shin.

Green. I haue the worst luck; I thinke I get more bumps and shrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's shee maister *Fetherstone*.

Feth. Very ill sir, shees troubled with the moother

extreamly, I held downe her belly euen now, and I might feele it rise.

Kate. O lay me in my bed, I beseech you.

Gree. I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Docters in towne can sell it ; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may nere claw off againe, how doost wench ?

Kate. A little recouerd : alas I haue so troubled that Gentleman.

Feth. None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

Kate. And I were where I would be in your bed : pray pardon me, wast you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

Squi. Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

Kate. Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thanks for patience.

Green. Good night Sir.

Feth. You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

Green. A scratch, a scratch.

Exit.

Feth. Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me : Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chafe, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then sir he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, wee lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently.

Exit.

Squi. And Ile take the paines to discouer all this to my maister old *Maybery*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, because they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* lookes. sfoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a

Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee instead of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Leap. O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladyes Chamber. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

Enter Bellamont, in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand; his man after him with lights, Standish, and Paper.

Bel. Sirrah, Ile speake with none.

Seru. Not a plaier?

Bel. No, tho a sharer ball;

I'll speake with none, although it be the mouth Of the big company; I'll speake with none: away. Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can in the wryting of a tragedy make *Cæsar* speake better than euer his ambition could; when I write of *Pompey*, I have *Pompey's* soul within me: and when I personate a worthy Poet, I am then truly myself, a poore vnpretterd scholler.

Enter his Man hastily.

Seru. Here's a swaggering fellow, sir, that speakes not like a man of gods making, sweares he must speake with you, and wil speake with you.

Bell. Not of gods making? what is he? a Cuc-kold?

Seru. He's a Gentleman sir, by his clothes.

Bel. Enter him and his clothes: clothes sometimes are better Gentlemen than their Masters.

Enter the Captaine & and the Ser.

Is this he?—Seeke you me, fir.

Cap. I feek, fir, (god plesse) you for a Sentillman that talkes besides to himself when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam; and he's a Poet.

Bel. So, fir, it may bee you seeke mee, for I me sometimes out a my wits.

Cap. You are a Poet, fir, are you.

Bel. I'me haunted with a Fury, fir.

Cap. Pray, Master Poet, shute off this little pot-gun, and I wil coniure your Fury: 'tis well lay you, fir. My desires are to haue some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigall composed by your Fury, see you.

Bell. Are you a louer fir of the nine Muses.

Cap. Ow, by gad, out a cry.

Bell. Y'are, then, a scholler, fir.

Cap. I ha pickt vp my cromes in Sesus colledge in Oxford, one day a gad while agoe.

Bell. Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome. Ile borrow your Iudgement: looke you, fir, I'me writing a Tragedy, the Tragedy of Young *Astianax*.

Cap. *Styanax* Tragedy! is he liuing, can you tell? was not *Styanax* a *Monmouth* man?

Bell. O, no, fir, you mistake; he was a *Troyane* great *Hectors* Son.

Cap. *Hector* was grannam to *Cadwallader*: when shee was great with child, God vdge me, there was one young *Styanax* of *Monmouthsheire* was a madder greek as any is in al *England*.

Bell. This was not he, assure yee. Looke you, fir, I will haue this Tragedy presented in the *French* court by *French* Gallants.

Cap. By God, your *Frenchmen* will doe a Tragedy-enterlude poggy well.

Bell. It shall be, fir, at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans* and *Chatilion* the admiral of *France*, the stage.

Cap. Ud's blood, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France*, now.

Bell. O, fir, no, they are two feuerall marriages. As I was faying, the ftage hung all with black veluet, and while tis acted, myfelf will ftand behind the Duke of *Biron*, or fome other cheefe minion or fo, who fhall, I they fhall take fome occafion, about the mufick of the fourth Act, to ftap to the *French King*, and fay, *Sire voyla, il eft uotre trefhumble feruiteur, le plu fage & diuine efprit, monsieur Bellamont*, all in French thus, poynting at me, or, Yon is the learned old *Engliſh Gentleman*, Maſter *Bellamont*, a very wor-thie man to bee one of your priuy Chamber or Poet Lawreat.

Cap. But are you fure Duke Pepper-noone will giue you fuch good vrds, behind your back to your face.

Bel. O I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there : but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

Cap. God vdge mee, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

Bel. I am now wryting the deſcription of his death.

Cap. Did he die in his ped.

Bel. You fhall heare : ſuſpition is the Mynion of great hearts,
no : I will not begin there : Imagine a great man were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

Cap. As it might bee *Sampſon* or fo, or great *Goliath* that was kild by my Countreiman.

Bel. Right fir, thus I expreſſe it in yong *Aſſianax*.
Now the wilde people greedy of their griefes,
Longing to ſee, that which their thoughts abhord,
Preuented day, and rod on their owne roofes.

Cap. Could the little horſe that ambled on the top of *Paules*, cary all the people ; els how could they ride on the roofes !

Bel. O fir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,
 Rod on their owne roofes,
 Making all Neighboring houfes tilde with men ;
 tilde with men ! ist not good.

Cap. By Sefu, and it were tilde all with naked
 Imen twere better.

Bel. You shall heare no more ; pick your eares,
 they are fowle fir, what are you fir pray ?

Cap. A Captaine fir, and a follower of god *Mars*.

Bel. *Mars*, *Bachus*, and I loue *Apollo* ! a Cap-
 taine ! then I pardon you fir, and Captaine what wud
 you presse me for ?

Cap. For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I
 am falne in with all, ouer head and eares in affections,
 and naturall desires.

Bel. An Acrostick were good vpon her name me
 thinkes.

Cap. Crosse sticks : I wud not be too crosse
 Maister Poet : yet if it bee best to bring her name
 in question, her name is mistris *Dorothy Hornet*.

Bel. The very consumption that wasts my Sonne,
 and the Ayme that hung lately vpon mee : doe you
 loue this Mistris *Dorothy* ?

Cap. Loue her ! there is no Captaines wife in
England, can haue more loue put vpon her, and yet
 Ime fure Captaines wiues, haue their pellies full of
 good mens loues.

Be. And does she loue you ? has there past any
 great matter betweene you ?

Cap. As great a matter, as a whole coach, and
 a horse and his wife are gon too and fro betweene
 vs.

Bel. Is shee ? ifayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell
 trueth, is she honest ?

Cap. Honest ? god vdge me, shee's as honest,
 as a Punck, that cannot abide fornication, and
 lechery.

Bel. Looke you Captaine, Ile shew you why I

aske, I hope you thinke my wenching daies are past,
yet Sir, here's a letter that her father, brought me
from her and inforc'd mee to take this very day.

Enter a Seruant and Whispers.

Cap. Tis for some loue-song to fend to me, I hold
my life.

Bd. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the
party is at my dore, shall she come in Captaine ?

Cap. O I, I, put her in, put her in I pray now.

Exit Seru.

Bd. The letter saies here, that she's exceeding sick,
and intreates me to visit her : Captaine, lie you in
ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall
heare the peece of a Commedy : she comes, she
comes, make your selfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play *Torkin* and cast my
Lucræfies water too in hugger muggers : if he do,
Styanax Tragedy was neuer so horrible bloody-
minded, as his Commedy shalbe,—*Tawfons* Captaine
Fenkins.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Now, master Poet, I sent for you.

Bell. And I came once at your Ladiships call.

Doll. My Ladiship and your Lordship lie both in
one manner ; you have conjur'd up a sweete spirit in
mee, haue you not, Rimer ?

Bell. Why, *Medea* ! what spirit ! wud I were a
young man for thy sake.

Doll. So wud I, for then thou couldst doe mee no
hurt : now thou doest.

Bell. If I were a yonker, it would be no Imodesty
in mee to be seene in thy company ; but to have snow
in the lap of Iune, vile, vile ! yet come ; garlick has a
white head and a greene stalke, then why should not
I ? lets bee merry : what saies the deuill to al the
world ? for Ime sure thou art carnally posselt with
him.

Doll. Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy carriers foote.

Bell. A filthy shooe, but a fine foote ; I stand not upon my foote I.

Cap. What stands he upon then ? with a pox, god blefs us ?

Doll. A legge and a Calfe ! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body !—not worth begging by a Barber-surgeon.

Bell. Very good, you draw me and quarter me : fates keepe me from hanging.

Doll. And which most turnes up a womans stomach, thou art an old hoary man ; thou hast gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a graue : what doe I see then in that withered face of thine ?

Bell. Wrinkles ; grauity.

Doll. Wretchednes, grieve : old fellow thou hast bewitch me ; I can neither eate for thee, nor sleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Cap. Vdsblood ! I did never see a white flea before I will clinge you ?

Doll. I was borne fure, in the dog-dayes, Ime so unluky ; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanisn hose, youth nor perfonage, rich face nor mony, cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now befotted, doate, am mad, for the carcas of a man ; and, as if I were a baud, no ring pleases me but a deaths head.

Cap. *Sesfu, are Imen so arsy-varfy.*

Bell. Mad for me ? why, if the worme of lust were wrigling within mee as it does in others, dost thinke Ide crawl upon thee ; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer ?

Doll. I confesse it.

Cap. Doe you ? are you a towne cowe, and confesse you beare calues ?

Doll. I confesse I haue bin an Inne for any guest.

Cap. A pogs a your stable-room; is your Inne a bawdy-houfe now?

Doll. I confesse (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Surgeon, and thou art he,) I confesse that old stinking Surgeon like thyselfe whom I call father, that *Hornet*, neuer sweate for me; Ime none of his making.

Cap. You lie he makes you a punke *Hornet minor*.

Doll. Hees but a cheater, and I the false die hee playes withall, I power all my poison out before thee, because heareafter I will be cleane: shun me not, loath me not, mocke me not. Plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canst, ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

Cap. Cockatrice: You, mistris *Salamanders*, that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horse, and my coach come running home agen; and run to an hospitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders, and to the tiuell and his tame to.

Doll. Fiend, art thou raised to torment me?

Bell. She loves you, Captain, honestly.

Cap. Ile haue any man, oman, or cilde, by his eares, that saies a common drab can love a Sentillman honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to haue you to puncks hall, Pridewell.—I sarge you in *Apollus* name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tiggie her, by and by, Sbloud, I was neuer Cozened with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lawer Countries.

Exit.

Bell. My dores are open for thee: be gon: woman!

Doll. This goates-peezele of thine—

Bell. Away I love no such implements in my houfe.

Doll. Dost not? am I but an implement? by all

the maidenheads that are lost in *London* in a yeare (and thats a great oth), for this trick, other manner of women than myselfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee; and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal. *Exit.*

Enter Scruant.

Bell. Is this my poetical fury: how now, fir!

Serv. Master *Maybery* and his wife fir i'th next roome.

Bell. What are they doing fir?

Serv. Nothing, fir, that I see; but only wud speake with you.

Bell. Enter 'em: this house will be too hot for mee, if this wench cast me into these sweates, I must shifte myselfe for pure necessity. Haunted with sprites in my old daies!

Enter Maybery booted, his Wife with him.

May. A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee, old Poet: thou shalt write vpon't, Poet.

Bell. Nay, I will write vpon't, ift bee a Commedie, for I have beene at a most villanous female Tragedie: come, the plot, the plot.

May. Let your man give you the bootes presently: the plot lies in *Ware*, my white Poet.—Wife thou and I this night will have mad sport in *Ware*; marke me well, Wife, in *Ware*.

Wif. At your pleasure, fir.

May. Nay, it shal be at your pleasure, Wife.—Looke you, fir, looke you: *Fetherstones* boy, like an honest crack-halter, layd open all to one of my prentices; (for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing.)

Bell. Very good: to the plot.

May. *Fetherstone*, like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades *Greenshield* to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange! through the body!

May. Ay, man, to take phisick: he does so, he's put to his purgation; then, sir, what does me *Fetherstone* but counterfits a letter from an inn-keeper of Doncaster, to fetch *Greenshield* (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certain vncke, where *Greenshield* should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

Bell. His wife! is *Greenshield* married? I haue heard him sweare he was a bachiler.

Wife. So haue I a hundred times.

May. The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almost in euery shire in *England*, this parcel-Gentlewoman is that In-keepers Daughter of *Doncaster*.

Bell. Hath she the entertainement of her forefathers? wil she keepe all commers company?

May. She helps to passe away stale Capons, sower wine, and musty prouander: but to the purpose, this traine was laid by the baggage herself, and *Fetherstone*, who it seems makes her husband a vnicorne, and to giue fire to't, *Greensheild*, like an Arrant wittall intreats his friend to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, because taking bitter pills, he should proue but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

Bell. And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in *Enfeild chace*.

May. No sir, Maister poet there you misse the plot, *Fetherstone* and my Lady *Greensheild* are rid to batter away their light commodities in *Ware*, *Enfeild-chace* is to cold for 'em.

Bell. In *Ware*!

May. In durty *Ware*: I forget my selfe wife, on with your ryding suite, and cry *North-ward hoe*, as the boy at Powles saies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to *Ware*, lodge in the Inne I told thee, spur cut and away.

Wife. Well fir.

Exit.

Bell. Stay, stay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

May. For a thing my little hoary *Poet*: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker *Greensheild* in his Chamber, and as tho my heart stringes had bin crackt, I wept, and sighd, & thumpd, and thump'd, and rau'd and randed, and raild, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that shee had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to *Ware*, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

Bel. Good; and how tooke he this drench downe.

May. Like Eggs and Muscadine, at a gulp: hee cries out presently, did not I tell you old man, that sheed win my game when she came to bearing? hee railles vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white sheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully scourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muster as many as wee can.

Bel. It wilbe excellent sport, to see him and his owne wife meete in *Ware*, wilt not? I, I, weele haue a whole Regiment of horse with vs.

May. I stand vpon thornes, tel I shake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we must gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your forces.

Bel. Like a *Hollander* against a *Dunkirke*.

May. March then, this curse is on all letchers throwne,

They giue hornes and at last, hornes are their owne.

Exit.

Enter Captaine Ienkins, and Allom.

Allo. Set the best of your little diminitue legges before, and ride post I pray.

Allo. Is it possible that mistris *Doll* should bee so bad?

Cap. Possible ! Sbloud tis more easie for an oman to be naught, than for a soldier to beg, and thats horrible easie, you know.

Al. I but to connicatch vs all so grossly.

Cap. Your *Norfolke* tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

Allom. Shee gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

Cap. I will geld all the horses in five hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her *Hornets* ; Shee made a starke Assie of my Coach-horse, and there is a putter-box, whome shee spred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke shee has sent the poore fellow to *Gelderland*, but I will marfe prauely in and out, and packe againe vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as *Holland* and *Zeland* and *Netherland*, and *Cleueland* too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister *Hans van Belch*, but I will smell him out.

Allom. Doe so and weele draw all our arrowes of reuenge vp to the head but weele hit her for her villany.

Cap. I will traw as petter, and as vrse weapons as arrowes vp to the head, lug you it shal be warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

Allom. But now she knowes shees discouered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

Cap. Fle with her pells ! ownds I know a parish that sal tag downe all the pells and sell em to Capten *Ienkins*, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weele fie too, vnles, the pell-ropes hang vs : will you amble vp and downe to maister Iustice by my fide, to haue this rascall *Hornet* in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoars peace.

Allom. Ile amble or trot with you Capten : you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her ; if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

Cap. *O mon du ! u dguin !* follow your leader, *Ienken* shall cut, and Slice, as worfe as they : come I

scorne to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but
open warres.

Exeunt.

*Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greensheild, Phillip,
Leuerpoole, Chartley: all booted.*

Bell. What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe
vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha? *Phillip!* are they
thy friends.

Phil. Yes Sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you Gentlemen that
youle fill our confort I ho seene your faces me thinkes
before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

Both. May be so Sir.

Bell. Shalls to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to
horse.

May. Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our
Cheualls: merry quoth a.

Bell. Gentlemen shall I shoote a fooles bolt out
among you all, because wee be fure to be merry.

Omn. What ist?

Bell. For mirth on the high way, will make vs rid
ground faster then if theeues were at our tayles, what
say yee to this, lets all practife iests one against
another, and hee that has the best iest throwne vpon
him, and is most gald, betweene our riding forth
and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole
journey.

Omn. Content ifaith.

Bell. Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe
at *Ware* I belieue.

May. Peace.

Green. Ist a bargaen.

Omn. And hands clapt vpon it.

Bel. Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-
gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and
wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what
place is this?

May. Bedlam ist not?

Bell. Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

Green. Wee shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you : come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes : this is the doore.

Enter Full-moone.

May. Saue you sir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em ?

Full. Yes.

Bell. Pray bestow your name sir vpon vs.

Full. My name is *Full-moone*.

Bell. You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone* : and what mad-caps haue you in your house.

Enter the Phisition.

Ful. Diuerse.

May. Gods so, see, see, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

Full. Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

Bell. A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake ?

Ful. For loue of an *Italian* Dwarfe.

Bell. Has he beene in *Italy* then ?

Full. Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages.

Enter the Bawd.

Omn. Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee.

Bell. The dancing Beare : a pritty well-fauourd little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire.

Bel. May we talke with 'em maister *Ful-moone*.

Full. Yes and you will ; I must looke about for I haue vnruely tenants. *Exit.*

Bell. What haue you in this paper honest friend ?

Gree. Is this he has al manner of languages, yet speakes none.

Baud. How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you fend for some aquauite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer since the last great raine that fell.

Bell. No thats a lie.

Baud. Nay, by gad, then, you lie, for all you're Sir *Andrew*. I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage, not an inch broad at the heele and yet thus high : I scornd, I can tell you, to be druncke with rain-water then, fir, in those golden and filuer dayes ; I had sweet bits then, fir *Andrew*. How doe you, good brother *Timothy* ?

Bell. You haue been in much trouble since that voyage.

Baud. Neuer in bridewell, I protest, as I'm a virgin, for I could neuer abide that bridewell, I protest, I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and carried it to a doctors.

Phil. In a basket ?

Baud. Yes, fir : you arrant foole there was a vrinall in it.

Phil. I cry you mercy.

Baud. The doctor told me I was with child. How many Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and others, promised me to be godfathers to that child ! 'twas not God's will : the prentises made a riot vpon my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following, and I miscarried.

Omn. O do not weep !

Baud. I ha' cause to weep : I trust gintlewomen their diet sometimes a fortnight : lend gentlemen holland shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis ; and no restitution, and no restitution. But Ile take a new order : I will haue but six stewed prunes in a dish, and

some of Mother Wall's cakes ; for my best customers are taylors.

Omn. Taylors ! ha, ha !

Baud. I taylors : giue me your London prentice ; your country gentlemen are growne too politicke.

Bell. But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are ?

Baud. Foh ! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get vp to London, and, like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha spent all ; and when my squib is out, what says his punk ? foh, he flinks.

Enter the musition.

Methought, this other night I saw a pretty fight,
Which pleased me much.

A comely country mayd, not squeamish nor afraid,
To let Gentlemen touch :

I fold her maidenhead once, and I fold her
maidenhead twice,

And I fold it last to an alderman of *York* :
And then I had fold it thrice.

Mus. You sing scruily.

Baud. Marry, muff, sing thou better, for Ile go
sleepe my old sleepes. *Exit.*

Bell. What are you a-doing, my friend.

Mus. Pricking, pricking.

Bell. What doe you meane by pricking ?

Mus. A Gentleman-like quality.

Bell. This fellow is some what prouder and fulliner
then the other.

May. Oh ; so be most of your musitions.

Mus. Are my teeth rotten ?

Omn. No, sir.

Mus. Then I am no comfit-maker nor vintner :

I do not get wenches in my drinke.—Are you a musition ?

Bell. Yes.

Mus. Wele be sworn brothers, then, looke you, sweet rogue.

Green. Gods so, now I think vpon't, a iest is crept into my head : steale away, if you loue me.

Exeunt : musition sings.

Musi. Was euer any marchants baud set better I set it : walke Ime a cold, this white sattin is too thin vnles it be cut, for then the Sunne enters : can you speake Italian too, *Sapete Italiano.*

Bell. *Vn poco.*

Musi. Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out of you ; *vn poco*, come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leafe, and if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco* March.

Bell. Come on.

Exeunt.

Enter Maybery, Greeneshilde, Philip, Full-moone, Leuerpoole, and Chartely.

Gree. Good Maister *Mayberie*, *Philip*, if you be kind Gentlemen vphold the iest : your whole voiage is payd for.

May. Follow it then.

Ful. The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now as well in his wittes as I do my selfe, and lookt as wisely.

Gree. No matter how he talkes, but his Pericration's perisht.

Ful. Where is he pray ?

Phil. Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time.

Char. Hee's an excellent Musition himselfe, you must note that.

May. And hauing met one fit for his one tooth : you see hee skips from vs.

Green. The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now.

Ful. How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, looke you fir: here's a crowne to prouide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

Ful. Nay fir, he must ha no fire.

Green. No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole haruest.

Omnes. Let his straw be fresh and sweet we beseech you fir?

Green. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellows, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

Ful. Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Omnes. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus.

Omn. Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.

Enter Musition and Bellamont.

Bell. *Perdonate mi, si Io dimando del vostro nome:* oh, whether shrunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

Omn. Wee ha bin with the other mad folkes.

May. And what sayes he and his prick-song?

Bell. Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

Omn. In *Italian*; O good maister *Bellamont* lets heare him.

Enter Full-moone, and two Keepers.

Bell. How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

Ful. Away firra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench firra, doe you?

Bell. What wench ? will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds ? let goe you Dogs.

Ful. Bind him, be quiet : come, come, dogs, fie, & a gentleman.

Bell. Maister *Maibery*, *Philip*, maister *Maibery*, vds foot.

Ful. Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

Bell. I hold my life my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon thy head : to gull me : I smell it now : why doe you heare *Full-moone*, let me loofe ; for Ime not mad ; Ime not mad by Iesu.

Ful. Aske the Gentlemen that.

Bel. Bith Lord I'me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' house, & this is a trick put vpon thee by these gallants in pure knauery.

Ful. Ile trie that, answer me to this question : loofe his armes a little, looke you fir, three Geese nine pence ; every Goose three pence, whats that a Goose, roundly, roundly one with another.

Bel. Sfoot do you bring your Geese for me to cut vp.
strike him soundly, and kick him.

Enter all.

Omn. Hold, hold, bind him maister *Full-moone*.

Ful. Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his bonds not I, vnlesse I could recouer them better.

Gre. Haue I giuen it you maister Poet, did the Lime-bush take.

Ma. It was his warrant sent thee to *Bedlam*, old *Iack Bellamont* : and, Maister *Full-i'-the-moon*, our warrant discharges him.—Poet, wele all ride vpon thee to *Ware*, and backe againe, I feare, to thy cost.

Bell. If you do, I must bear you,—Thank you, Maister *Greenshield* ; I will not die in your debt.—Farewell, you mad rascalls.—To horse, come.—'Tis well done, 'twas well done. You may laugh, you shall

laugh, gentlemen. If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you, it had been vile ; but by Gad, 'tis nothing, for your best Poets, indeed, are mad for the most part.—Farewell, good-man *Full-moone*.

Full. Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in.

Exit.

Bell. Yes, yes, when they are mad.—Horse your selves now, if you be men.

May. Hee gallop must that after women rides,
Get our wiues out of Towne, they take long strides.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

Enter old Maybery and Bellamont.

May. But why haue you brought vs to the wrong inn, and withal possesse *Greenshield* that my wife is not in town ? when my project shas, that I would haue brought him vp into the chamber where young *Fetherstone* and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should haue recoiled into his own bosome.

Bell. O, it will fall out farre better : you shall see my reuenge will haue a more neat and vnexpected conueyance. He hath been all vp and downe the towne to enquire for a Londoners wife : none such is to be found, for I haue mewd your wife vp already. Marry, he hears of a *Yorkshire* gentlewoman at next inn, and that's all the commodity *Ware* affords at this instant. Now, sir, he very politickly imagines that your wife is rode to *Puckridge*, fife mile further ; for, saith he, in such a town, where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse then theeuers' intelligencers, they'll neuer put foot out of stirrop ; either at *Puckridge* or *Wades-Mill*, saith he, you shall find them ; and because our horses are weary, he's gone to take vp post-horse. My counsel is only this, —when he comes in, feign your selfe very melancholy, sweare you will ride no further ; and this is your part

of the comedy : the sequel of the iest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and vnexpected.

Enter Greensfield.

May. Enough, I ha't.

Bell. He comes.

Green. Come, gallants, the post-horse are ready ; 'tis but a quarter of an hours riding ; wee'll ferret them and firk them, in-faith.

Bell. Are they growne politick ? when do you see honesty couet corners, or a gentleman thats no thief lie in the inn of a carrier ?

May. Nothing hath vndone my wife but too much riding.

Bell. She was a pritty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wiues do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as redder then your ruby, harder then your diamond, and so from stone to stone in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boot, as if she had been an excellent lapidary.

Green. Come, will you to horse, fir ?

May. No, let her go to the deuil, and she will : Ile not stir a foot further.

Green. Gods precious, ist come to this ?—Persuade him, as you are a gentleman : there will be ballads made of him, and the burthen thereof will be,—If you had rode out 5 mile forward, he had found the fatal house of *Brainford* northward ; O hone, hone, hone, o nonero !

Bell. You are merry, fir.

Green. Like your citizen, I neuer thinke of my debts when I am a horseback.

Bell. You imagin you are riding from your creditors.

Green. Good, in faith.—Will you to horse ?

May. Ile ride no further.

Green. Then Ile discharge the postmaster.—Wast not a pretty wit of mine, maister poet, to haue had him rod into *Puckridge* with a horn before him? ha, wast not?

Bell. Good footh, excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must stay: wele be merry, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an excellent iest to make old *Maibery* merry, Sfoote weele haue him merry.

Green. Lets make him drunke then, a simple catching wit I.

Bel. Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee.

Green. Why so he would in his foole.

Bell. Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merry: his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him melancholy, tis a wench must make him mery; we must help him to a wench. When your cittizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, either the hostis or one of her maids, warmes his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him command ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepes as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his own linnen I meane fir, we must haue a wench for him.

Gree. But wher's this wench to be found, here are al the moueable peticotes of the house.

Bil. At the next Inne there lodged to night—

Gree. Gods pretious a *Yorkeshire* Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her presently, weele haue him merry.

Bel. Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

Gree. No Ile be Pander my selfe, becaufe weele be merry.

Bell. Will you, will you?

Gree. But how? be a Pander as I am a gentleman? that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into out-side of a Fawlcner in towne heere: & now thinke on't there are a company of country plai that are to come to towne here, shall furnish mee w haire and beard: if I do not bring her, . . . w wondrous merry.

Bel. About it looke you sir, though she beare far aloofe, and her body out of distance, so her mind comming 'tis no matter.

Green. Get old *Maiberry* merry: that any n should take to heart thus the downe fall of a wom I thinke when he comes home poore snaile, he not dare to peepe forth of doores least his hor vther him. *E*

Bel. Go thy wayes, there be more in *Engl* weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges a Affes: excellent hee rides poste with a halter ab his neck.

May. How now wilt take?

Bel. Beyond expectation: I haue perfwaded I the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe y to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his ow wife hether.

May. Why heele know her?

Bel. She hath beene maskt euer since she ca into the Inne, for feare of discouery.

May. Then sheele know him.

Bel. For that his owne vnfortunate wit helpt lasie inuention, for he hath disguisd himselfe like Fawknor, in Towne heare, hoping in that procur shape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the c side of a Gentleman.

May. Young *Fetherstone* will know him?

Bel. Hee's gone into the towne, and will not turne this halfe houre.

May. Excellent if she would come.

Bel. Nay vpon my life sheele come: when

enters remember some of your young bloud, talke as
some of your gallant commoners will, Dice and
drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, least it betray
the coldnesse of your man-hood, but fetch a caper
now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets:
I fo.

May. Ha old Poet, lets once stand to it for the
credit of *Milke-streete*. Is my wife acquainted with
this.

Bel. She's perfect, & will come out vpon her qu,
I warrant you.

May. Good wenches infaith: fils some more
Sack heare.

Bel. Gods pretious, do not call for Sack by any
meanes.

May. Why then giue vs a whole Lordship for life
in *Rhenish*, with the reuerfion in Sugar.

Bel. Excellent.

May. It were not amisse if we were dancing.

Bel. Out vpon't, I shall neuer do it.

*Enter Greensheild disguised, with mistresse Green-
sheild.*

Green. Out of mine nostrils tapster, thou smelst
like *Guild-hall* two daies after *Simon and Iude*, of
drinke most horribly, off with thy maske sweete sinner
of the North: these maskes are foiles to good faces,
and to bad ones they are like new fatin outfides to
lousy linings.

Kate. O, by no means, sir. Your merchant will
not open a whole peece to his best customer: he that
buys a woman must take her as she falls. Ile vnmask
my hand; heres the sample.

Green. Goe to, then, old Poet. I haue tane her
vp already as a pinnis bound for the straights; she
knows her burden yonder.

Bell. Lady, you are welcome. Yon is the old gentleman ; and obserue him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in capon, sack, and sincere honesty ; but a leane spare bountiful gallant one that hath an old wife and a young performance ; whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low-Countries, or a *Yorkshire* attorney in good contentious practice, some angel,—no, the proportion of your welthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her phisick, her apparel, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her everything. Youle say, your young gentleman is your only seruice, that lies before you like a calues head, with his braines some halfe yeard from him : but, I assure you, they must not onely haue variety of foolery, but also of wenches : whereas your conscionable greybeard of Farrington-within will keep himself to the ruins of one cast waiting-woman an age : and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false waights and twenty i' the hundred, marry her.

Green. O, well bould *Tom* () we haue prefe-dents for't.

Kate. But I haue a husband fir.

Bell. You haue ? If the knaue thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be laid vp in the Counter or Ludgate ; so it shall bee conscience in you old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take the horne and maintain thee.

Green. O, well bould, *Tom* () we haue prefe-dents for't.

Kate. Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentleman by your bearth and the fashion of your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money.

Bell. O, you are a wag.

May. You are very welcome.

Green. He is tane; excellent, excellent! theres one will make him merry. Is it any imputation to help ones friend to a wench?

Bell. No more than at my lords entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting-woman. If he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuerfion of some monopoly, or a new fute of fatin, to haue done this, happily your fatin would haue fmelt of the pander: but what's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward: and what is done without any reward, come like wounds to a foldier, very honourably notwithstanding.

May. This is my breeding, gentlewoman: and whether trauel you?

Kate. To London, fir, as the old tale goes, to feeke my fortune.

May. Shall I be your fortune, lady?

Kate. O, pardon me, fir; Ile haue some young landed heir to be my fortune, for they fauour she-fooles more than citizens.

May. Are you married?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrifon i' the Low-Countries, is his colonels bawd, and his captain's iester: he sent me word ouer that he will thriue, for though his apparel lie i' the Lombard, he keeps his conscience i' the muster-book.

May. He may doe his country good seruice, lady.

Kate. I as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geefe faued the Capitol, only with prattling. Well, well, if I were in some noblemans hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me.

May. No.

Kate. No, fir; and yet may be at years end would giue me a brace of hundreth pounds to marry me to his baily or the folicitor of his law-fuits.—Whose this, I befeech you?

Enter Mistresse Mayberry, her hair loose, with the Hostice.

Host. I pray you, forsooth, be patient.

Bell. Passion of my heart, Mistresse Mayberry.

Exeunt Fiddlers.

Green. Now will shee put some notable trick, vpon her cuckoldly husband.

May. Why, how now, wife! what means this? ha?

Mist. May. Well, I am very well. O my vnfortunate parents would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

Ma. O wife, be patient! I haue more caule to raile wife.

Mist. May. You haue, proue it, proue it: wheres the Courtier, you should haue tane in my bosome: Ile spit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any dishonour: haue I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweetes of my youth, the wishes of my bloud: and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonord, to be reputed vild in *London*, whilst my huthand prepares common diseases for me at *Ware*, O god O god.

Be. Prettily well dissembled.

Host. As I am true hostice you are to blame fir, what are you maisters: Ile know what you are afore you depart maisters, dost thou leaue thy Chamber in an honest Inne, to come and inueagle my costomers, and you had sent for me vp, and kist me and vsde me like an hostice, twold neuer haue greeued mee, but to do it to a franger.

Kate. Ile leaue you fir.

May. Stay, why how now sweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my selfe, but I must bee haunted, raile vpon olde *Bellamont*, that he may discover them, you remember *Fetherstone Greenshield*.

Mist. May. I remember them, I, they are two as coking, dishonorable dambd forsworne beggerly gentle-

men, as are in al London, and ther's a reuerent old gentleman to, your pander in my conscience.

Bel. Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, sweare by the infernall *Stix*; but by all the mingled wine in the feller beneath, and the smoke of Tobacco that hath fumed ouer the vessailes, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of fuckket looke you behold the parenthesis.

Hos. Nay Ile see your face too.

Kat. My deare vnkind husband; I protest to thee I haue playd this knauish part only to be witty.

Grec. That I might bee presently turned into a matter more fodlild then horne, into Marble.

Bel. Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a fouldier.

Kat. I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady that wil not think scorne to answere to the name of her first husband; though he weare a Sope-boyler.

Green. Hange of thou diuill, away.

Kat. No, no, you fled me tother day,
When I was with child you ran away,
But since I haue caught you now.

Green. A pox of your wit and your singing.

Bel. Nay looke you fir, she must sing because weelee be merry, what though you rod not foue mile forward, you haue found that fatall house at *Brainford* Northward. O hone, ho ho na ne ro.

Green. God refuse mee Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay ith fegges with you to night wild-duckce.

Kat. No body with me, as I shall be faued; but Maister *Fetherstone*, came to meete me as far as *Roi-stone*.

Green. Fetherstone.

May. See the hawke that first floopt, my phesant

is kild by the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

Bel. Twas a pretty wit of you sir, to haue had him rod into Puckeridge with a horne before him; ha: waft not;

Green. Good.

Bel. Or where a Cittizen keepe his house, you know tis not as a Gentleman keepe his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd euen now very wisely, least his hornes should vshe him.

Green. Very good *Fetherstone* he comes.

Enter Fetherstone.

Feth. Luke *Greene* shield Maister *Maybery*, old Poet: *Mol* and *Kate*, most hapily incounterd, vdlife how came you heather, by my life the man looks pale.

Green. You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I am no seruimgman, to feede vpon your reuerfion.

Feth. Go to the ordinary then.

Bel. This is his ordinary sir & in this she is like a London ordinary: her best getting comes by the box.

Green. You are a dambd villaine.

Feth. O by no means.

Green. No, vdlife, Ile go instantly take a purse, be apprehended and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

Feth. Best first make your confession firra.

Green. 'Tis this thou hast not vsed me like a gentleman.

Feth. A gentleman! thou a gentleman! thou art a taylor.

Bel. Ware preaching.

Feth. No, firrah, if you will confes ought, tell how thou hast wronged that vertuous gentlewoman: how thou laiest at her two yeare together, to make he

dishonest; how thou wouldst send me thither with letters; how duly thou wouldst watch the citizens'-wives' vacation, which is twice a-day. namely the Exchange-time, twelve at noon, and six at night; and where she refused thy importunity and vowd to tell her husband, thou wouldst fall down vpon thy knees, and entreat her for the loue of heauen, if not to ease thy violent affection, at least to conceal it,—to which her pity and simple vertue consented; how thou tookest her wedding-ring from her; met these two gentlemen at *Ware*; fained a quarrel; and the rest is apparent. This only remains,—what wrong the poor gentlewoman hath since receaued by our intolerable lye, I am most heartily sorry for, and to thy bosom will maintain all I haue said to be honest.

May. Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation.

Bell. Sir you are an honest man: I haue known an arrant thief for peaching made an officer; giue me your hand, sir.

Kate. O filthy abhominable husband, did you all this?

May. Certainly he is no captain; he blushes.

Mist. May. Speak sir, did you euer know me answer your wishes?

Green. You are honest; very vertuously honest.

Mist. May. I will, then, no longer be a loose woman: I haue at my husbands pleasure tane upon me this habit of jelosy. Ime sorry for you; vertue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory.

Bell. How say you by that goodly sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens houses, as the *Spaniard* first failed to the *Indies*: you pretend buying of wares or felling of lands; but the end proues 'tis nothing but for discouery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why, look you, was he aware of those broken patience when you met him at *Ware* and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold; you have panderd your own wife

to this gentleman ; better men haue done it, honest *Tom* (), we haue presidents for't. Hie you to *London*. What is more catholick i'the city than for husbands daily for to forgiue the nightly sins of their bedfellows ? If you like not that course, but to intend to be rid of her, rifle her at a tauern, where you may swallow down some fifty wiseacres, sons and heirs to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yeolkes with muscadine to bedward.

Kate. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse ?

Bell. And no disparagement ; for a woman to haue a high forehead, a quicke eare, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleeke skin, a straight back, a round hip, and fo forth, is most comely.

Kate. But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir ?

Bell. No, lady.

Kate. And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you ?

Bell. Certainly I am put down at my own weapon : I therefore recant the rifling. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of peeriwip-making : let your wife set vp i'the Strand ; and yet I doubt whither she may or no, for they say the women haue got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a coming-in by hair (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish tiring, as any between Saint *Clements* and *Charing*.

Feth. Now you haue run yourself out of breath, hear me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest : and since I have wronged her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintain her.—Wilt thou hang at my purse, *Kate*, like a paire of barbary buttons, to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty ?

Kate. I'll be diuorced, by this Christian element : and because thou thinkest thou art a Cockold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to belieue an vntruth, I'll make thee a Cockold.

Bell. Excellent wench.

Feth. Come, lets go, sweet; the Nag I ride upon
bears double: wee to London.

May. Do not bite your thumbs, fir.

Kate. Bite his thumb!

I'll make him do a thing worfe than this:

Come loue me where as I lay.

Feth. What, *Kate*!

Kate. He shall father a child is none of his,
O, the clean contrary way.

Feth. O lusty *Kate*.

Exeunt.

May. Methought he said even now you were a
taylor.

Green. You shall hear more of that hereafter: I'll
make *Ware* and him flink ere he goes: if I be a
taylor, the rogues naked weapon shall not fright me;
I'll beat him and my wife both out a the towne with a
taylors yard.

Exit.

May. O valiant Sir *Triftram*—Room there!

Enter Philip, Leuerpool, and Chartly.

Phi. News, father, most strange news out of the
Low-Countries: your good lady and mistress, that set
you to work upon a dozen of cheefe-trenchers, is new
lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentle-
mans father with her.

Bell. Let the gates of our inn be locked up clofer
than a noblemans gates at dinner-time.

Omn. Why, fir, why?

Bell. If she enter here, the house will be infected:
the plague is not halfe so dangerous as a she-hornet.—
Philip, this is your shuffling a the cards, to turn up her
for the bottom card at *Ware*.

Phi. No, as I me vertuous, fir: ask the two gentle-
men.

Leuer. No, in troth, fir. She told vs, that, in-
quiring at *London* for you or your son, your man
chalked out her way to *Ware*.

Bell. I wud *Ware* might choke em both.—Maister *Maybery*, my horſe and I will take our leaues of you: Ile to Bedlam again rather than ſtay her.

May. Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, ſtand to her, though ſhe were greater than Pope *Joan*. What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay-leaf-eater?

Bell. For a ſprite o'the buttery, that ſhall make us all drink with mirth, if I can raiſe it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched.—hit, I beſeech thee! ſo, come?—Will you be ſecret, gentlemen, and aſſiſting?

Omn. With brown bills, if you think good.

Bell. What will you ſay if by ſome trick we put this little hornet into *Fetherſtones* boſom, and marry 'em together?

Omn. Fuh! 'tis impoſſible.

Bell. Moſt poſſible. Ile to my trencher-woman; let me alone for dealing with her: *Fetherſtone*, gentlemen, ſhall be your patient.

Omn. How, how?

Bell. Thus. I will cloſe with this country pedler, Miſtris *Dorothy*, that trauels vp and down to exchange pins for conyſkins, very louingly; ſhe ſhall eat of nothing but ſweatmeats in my company, good words; whoſe taſte when ſhe likes, as I know ſhe will, then will I play vpon her with this artillery,—that a very proper man and a great heir (naming *Fetherſtone*) ſpied her from a window, when ſhe lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in loue with her, vows to make her his wife, if it ſtand to her good liking, even in *Ware*; but being, as moſt of your young gentlemen are, ſomewhat baſhful, and aſhamed to venture vpon a woman,—

May. City and ſuburbs can juſtify it: ſo, ſir.

Bell. He ſends me, being an old friend, to undermiſe for him. I'll ſo whet the wenches ſtomach, and make her ſo hungry, that ſhe ſhall haue an appetite to him, feare it not. *Greenſhield* ſhall haue a hand in it

too; and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon.

Leuer. But is *Fetherstone* of any means? else you undo him and her.

May. He has land between *Foolham* and *London*: he would haue made it ouer to me.—To your charge, poet: giue you the assault vpon her; and send but *Fetherstone* to me, Ile hang him by the gills.

Bell. He's not yet horfed, sure.—*Philip*, go thy ways, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. He's blowne vp already.

Exit.

Bell. Gentlemen, youle stick to the deuice, and look to your plot?

Omn. Most poetically: away to your quarter.

Bell. I march: I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

Enter Phillip and Fetherstone.

May. That must hee that comes here: Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of *Fethers* more then euer they did: leape but into the saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

Leuer. An Assé Ile be fworne.

Feth. How for Gods sake? how?

May. I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because you shall be sure to know where my loue dwels, looke you fir, it hangs out at this signe: you shall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten: looke you fir, there is as pretty a little *Pinnas*, struck faile hereby, and come in lately; shee's my kinse-woman, my fathers youngest Sister, a warde, her portion three thousand; her hopes if her *Grannam* dye without issue, better.

Feth. Very good fir.

May. Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a

Stone-cutter, and rather than sheele be subiect to such a fellow, sheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out? shee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts so euer you haue plaide with mee, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you shall clap her vp presently.

Feth. Is she young? and a pretty wench?

Leuer. Few Cittizens wiues are like her.

Phil. Yong, why I warrant fixeene hath scarce gone ouer her.

Feth. Sfoot, where is she? if I like her personage, aswell as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, Ile stand thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnis whilst 'tis hotte.

May. Away then with these Gentlemen with a *French* gallop, and to her: *Phillip* here shall runne for a Priest, and dispatch you.

Feth. Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and some of the company shall keepe the doore.

May. Assure your soule shee will be followed; away therefore. Hees in the *Curtian* gulfe, and swallowed horse and man: hee will haue some body keepe the doore for him, sheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phisick.—how now?

Enter Captaine, Allom, Hans, and others booted.

Capt. God plesse you; is there not an arrant scurvy trab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne sir, and can tawg *Welch*, and *Dutch*, and any tongue in your head?

May. How so? Drabs in my company: doe I looke like a Drab-driuer?

Capt. The Trab will driue you (if she put you before her) into a pench hole.

Allom. Is not a Gentleman here one Maister *Bellamont* fir of your company.

May. Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here presently.

Capt. Will he? *tawfone*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister *Sustice* of this shire, to shew no pittie nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

May. Why fir, what has she committed? I thinke such a creature is ith' towne.

Capt. What has she committed: ownds shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God plesse vs to euerlasting prison: lug you fir, shee is a punke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and *Welsh* Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon't, and there is left nothing but pare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scrapes away the first.

Enter Bellamont, and Horner, with Doll betweene them, Greeneshield, Kate, Mayberies wife, Phillip, Leuerpoole, and Chartley.

May. Gods so Maister *Fetherstone*, what will you doe? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feth. All the warrants in *Europe* shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

Cap. Ow! Sbloud doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my moueable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild peasts, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

Allom. I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

Hans. Dabw bro, and you make me de

gheck, de groet foole, you heb mine gelt to : war is it ?

Doll. Out, you base scums ! come you to disgrace me in my wedding-shoes ?

Feth. Is this your three-thousand-pound ward ? ye told me, fir, she was your kinswoman.

May. Right, one of mine aunts.

Bell. Who pays for the northern voyage now, lads ?

Green. Why do you not ride before my wife to *London* now ? The woodcocks i'th springe.

Kate. O, forgive me, dear husband ! I will neuer loue a man that is worfe than hangd, as he is.

May. Now a man may haue a courfe in your park ?

Feth. He may, fir.

Doll. Neuer, I protest : I will be as true to thee as *Ware* and *Wade's-Mill* are one to another.

Feth. Well, it's but my fate. Gentlemen, this is my opinion, its better to shoot in a bowe that has been shot in before, and will neuer start, then to draw a fair new one, that for euery arrow will be warping. —Come wench, we are joind, and all the dogs in *France* shall not part us.—I haue some lands : those Ile turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any.—Ile pay all that I can for thee, for Ime sure thou hast paid me.

Omn. God giue you ioy.

May. Come lets be merry, lye you with your owne Wife, to be sure shee shall not walke in her sleepe : a noyse of Musicians Chamberlaine.

*This night lets banquet freely : come, wee le dare,
Our wiues to combate ith' greate bed in Ware.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE
F A M O V S

History of Sir Tho-
mas Wyat.

*With the Coronation of Queen Mary,
and the coming in of King
Philip.*

As it was plaied by the Queens Maiefties
Seruants.

Written by *Thomas Dickers,*
And *Iohn Webfter.*



LONDON

Printed by E. A. for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be
solde at his shop in the Popes-head Pallace,
nere the Royall Exchange.

1607.

[There is a later edition of this play with the following title: *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt &c. Written by Thomas Deckers, and Iohn Webster. London Printed for Thomas Archer &c. 1612.* The differences in the text are few and unimportant.]

Tut, wee stand high in mans opinion,
And the worldes broad eye.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.

Suff. Heere comes Sir Thomas Wyat.

Nor. Sir Thomas booted and spur'd, whether awa
so fast?

Wiat. It bootes me not to stay,
When in this land rebellion beares such sway.
Gods will, a Court! Tis chang'd
Since Noble Henries daies.
You haue set your handes vnto a will.
A will you well may call it :
So wils Northumberland :
So wils *Suffolke*,

Against Gods will, to wrong those Princely Maides.

Nor. Will you not subscribe your hand with other
of the Lords?

Not with me, that in my handes,
Surprise the Soueraigntie.

Wyat. Ile damb'd my foule for no man, no for no
man,

Who at doomes day must answere for my sinne :

Not you, nor you my Lordes,

Who nam'de Queene Iane in noble Henries daies,

Which of you all durst once displace his issue?

My Lords, my Lords, you whet your kniues so sharp,
To carue your meate,

That they will cut your fingars.

The strength is weakenesse that you builde vpon,

The King is sicke, God mend him, I, God mend
him :

But where his foule from his pale body free,

Adieu my Lords, the Court no court for me.

Exit Wyat.

North. Farwell, I feare thee not.

The Fly is angrie, but hee wants a sting,
And all the Counsell : onely this peruerse

And peeuisſh Lord, hath onely deny'd his hand
To the inueſting of your princely Daughter.
Hee's idle and wants power.
Our Ocean ſhall theſe petty brookes deuoure,
Heere comes his Highneſſe Doct̃or.

Enter Doct̃or.

Suff. How fares his Highneſſe ?

Doct̃. His body is paſt helpe.

We haue left our practice to the Diuines,
That they may cure his foule.

Aru. Paſt phiſickes helpe, why then paſt hope of
life,

Heere comes his Highneſſe Preacher :
Life reverent man.

Enter Preacher.

Pre. Life, life, though death his body doe diſ-
ſeuer,
Our King liues with the King of heauen for euer.

Nor. Dead ! ſend for Heralds, call me Purſe-
uants,

Wher's the King at armes ? in euerie market towne
Proclaime Queene *Iane*.

Suff. Beſt to take the opinion of the Counſell,

Nort. You are too timorous. We in our ſelues
Are power ſufficient : the King being dead.
This hand ſhall place the crowne on Queene *Ianes*
head.

Trumpets and Drums, with your notes reſound,
Her royal name, that muſt in ſtate be crown'd.

Exeunt Om.

Enter Guilford and Jane.

Guil. Our Couſen King is dead.

Jane. Alasſe, how ſmall an Urne containes a King ?

He that ruld all, euen with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to stoope now to the stroake of death.
Heard you not the proclamation ?

Gui. I heare of it, and I giue credit to it
What great men feare to be,
Their feares grow greater.
Our Fathers grow ambitious
And would force vs faile in mightie tempests,
And are not Lordes of what they doe possesse.
Are not thy thoughts as great ?

Fan. I haue no thoughts so ranke, so growne to
head,
As are our Fathers pride.
Troth I doe inioy a Kingdome hauing thee.
And so my paine be prosperous in that,
What care I though a Sheep-cote be my Pallace
Or fairest roofe of honour.

Gui. See how thy blood keepes course with mine :
Thou must be a Queene, aye me ! a Queene,
The flattering belles that shrilly sound
At the Kings funerall with hollow heartes,
Will cowardly call thee Soueraigne :
For indeed thou wouldst prooue but an Vfurper.

Fan. Who would weare fetters though they were
all of golde ?
Or to be sicke, though his faint browes
For a wearing Night-cap, wore a Crowne.
Thou must assume, a tytle that goes on many feet,
But tis an office, wherein the heartes of Schollers,
And of Souldiers will depend vppon thy Hearse.
Were this rightly scand,
Wee scarce should finde a King in any Land.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Honor and happy reigne
Attend the new Maiestie of England.

Fan. To whome my Lord bends this your aue.

Arun. To your grace dread Soueraigne,

You are by the Kings will, and the consent
Of all the Lords, chosen for our Queene.

Fan. O God ! me thinkes you sing my death,
In parts of musickes lowdnes,
Tis not my turne to rife.

*Enter Northumberland, Suffolke with the Purse and the
Mace, with others.*

Nor. The voice of the whole Land speakes in my
tongue
It is concluded your Maiestie must ride,
From hence vnto the Tower : there to slay
Vntill your Coronation.

Fan. O God !

Suff. Why fighes your Maiestie ?

Fan. My Lord and Father, I pray tell me,
Was your Fathers Father ere a King ?

Suff. Neuer, and it like your grace.

Fan. Would I might still continue of his lyne,
Not trauell in the cloudes.
It is often seene, the heated blood
That couets to be royall, leaues off ere it be noble,
My learned carefull King, what must we goe ?

Gui. We must.

Fan. Then it must be so.

Nor. Set forward then.

*A dead march, and passe round the stage, and
Guilford speakes.*

The Towre will be a place of ample state,
Some lodgings in it, will like dead mens sculs,
Remember vs of frailty.

Gui. We are led with pompe to prison,
O propheticke foule.
Lo we ascend into our chaires of State,
Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall
Pompe descending to their graves. But we must on.

How can we fare well, to keep our Court :
Where Prisoners keepe their caue ?

A florish. Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Queene Mary with a Prayer Booke in her hand,
like a Nun.*

Mary. Thus like a Nun, not like a Princeſſe
borne,
Deſcended from the Royall Henries loynes :
Liue I inuironed in a houſe of ſtone,
My Brother *Edward* liues in pompe and ſtate,
I in a manſion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting :
Their ſeuerall pleaſures, all their pride and honour,
I haue forfaken for a rich prayer Booke.
The Golden Mines of wealthy India,
Is all as droſſe compared to thy ſweetneſſe.
Thou art the ioy, and comfort of the poore,
The euerlaſting bliſſe in thee we finde.
This little volume incloſed in this hand,
Is richer then the Empire of this land.

Enter Sir Henry Beningsfield.

Ben. Pardon me Madam, that ſo boldly
I preſſe into your Chamber. I ſalute your
Highneſſe with the high ſtile of Queene.

Mar. Queene ! may it be ?
Or ieſt you at my lowring miſerie.

Ben. Your Brother King is dead,
And you the catholicke Queene muſt now ſuccede.

Mar. I ſee my God at length hath heard my
prayer.
You Sir Harry, for your glad tydings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

Enter ſir Thomas Wyat.

Wiat. Health to the Lady Mary.

Mar. And why not Queene, Sir Thomas ?

Wia. Aske that of Suffolke duke, & great Northumberland

Who in your steede hath Crown'd another.

Mar. another Queene, Sir Thomas wee alieue,
The true immediate heires of our dread Father ?

Wia. Nothing more true then that :
Nothing more true then you are the true heire,
Come leaue this Cloyster and be seene abroad,
Your verie sight will stirre the peoples hearts,
and make them cheerely, for Queene Marie crie.
One comfort I can tell you : the tenants of the
Dukes Northumberland and Suffolke denide their
ayde,

In thefe unlawful armes :
To all the Counfell I denide my hand,
And for King Henries Issue still will stand.

Mary. Your Counfel, good sir Thomas, is so
pithy
That I am woon so like it.

Wia. Come let vs streight from hence,
From Framingham ;
Cheere your spirits.
He to the Dukes at Cambridge, and discharge them
all :
Prosper me God in these affaires,
I lou'd the Father wel, I lou'd the Sonne,
And for the Daughter I through death will run.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Northumberland, Suffolke, Bret and souldiers.

Nor. wher's Captaine Bret ?

Bre. Heere my Lord.

Suff. Are all our numbers full !

Bre. They are my Lord.

Suff. See them arain'd, I will set forward streight.

Nor. Honorable friends, and natiue peeres,
That haue chofen me to be the leader of these martiall

troopes, to march against the sister
 Of our late dead Soueraigne.
 Beare witnesse of my much vnwillingnesse,
 In furthering these attempts
 I rather ioy to thinke vpon our ancient victories
 Against the French and Spaniard,
 Whose high pride we leueld with the waues of brittish
 shore

Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood,
 Till all the Harbor seem'd a sanguine poole :
 Or we desire these armes, we are now to warre
 Gainst the perfidious northern enemy,
 Who trembling at our first shooke voice and fight,
 Like cowards turn'd their backs with shamefull flight
 But those rich spoiles are past : we are now to goe,
 Being natieue friends, against a natieue foe.
 In your hands we leaue the Queene elected,
 She hath feisure of the Tower,
 If you be confident, as you haue sworne
 Your selues true liege men to her highnesse
 She no doubt, with royall fauour will remunerate
 The least of your desertes. Farwell
 My teares into your bosomes fall,
 With one, imbrace I doe include you all.

Aru. My Lord, most lou'd with what a mourning
 heart

I take your farwell, let the after signes
 Of my imployment witnesse. I protest
 Did not the sacred person of my Queene ;
 Whose weale I tender as my foules cheefe blisse,
 Vrged my abode, I would not thinke it shame
 To traile a pike where you were generall.
 But wishes are in vaine, I am bound to stay,
 And vrgent businesse calls your grace away.
 See, on my knees I humbly take my leaue,
 And sleep my wordes with teares.

Nor. Kinde Arundell, I bind thee to my loue.
 Once more farwell.

Arun. Heauens giue your grace successe.

Commend vs to the Queene and to your Sonne,
Within one weeke, I hope war will be done.

Bre. Come my Lords, shall vs march.

Exit. Northumb.

Nor. I, I, for Gods fake on.
Tis more then time my friendes, that we were gone.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Treasurer and Porter.

Tre. What ho Porter ! open the gate.

Por. I beseech your honour to pardon me,
The Counsell hath giuen strict commaund
Not any shall passe this way.

Tre. Why you idle fellow, am I not sent vppon
the Queenes affaires, commanded by the Lords? and
know you not that I am Treasurer? come open the
Gate, you doe you know not what.

Por. Well my Lord, I doe aduenture on your
word,
The Dukes displeasure : all the Counsell boord
Besides, may be my heauie enemies,
But goe a Gods name, I the worst will proue,
And if I die, I die for him I loue.

Tre. I thanke thee, and will warrant thee from
death.

Is my Horse ready?

Por. It is my Lord.

Tre. Then will I flie this fearefull Counsell boord.

Exit Tre.

Por. My heart misgiues me, I haue done amisse,
Yet being a Counsellor one of the number
Nothing can prooue amisse.
Now shall I know the worst.
Heere comes my Lord of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Arun. Porter, Did the Lord Treasurer passe this
way?

Por. But now my gracious Lord.

Arun. Vngratious Villaine, follow,
Bring him backe againe.

If not, by faire meanes bring him backe by force :
And heare you firra, as you goe, will the Lord Maior
and some Aldermen of his Bretheren, and some
especiall Cittizens of note, to attend our further
pleasures presently. The Treasurer fled : the Duke is
but newly arrested, some purpose, on my life, to crosse
their plots : wee le set strong watches, see Gates and
walles well mand :

Tis ten to one but princely innocence,
Is these strange turmoiles wisest violence.

*Enter Winchester, Arundell, and other Lords : the
Lord Treasurer kneeling at the Counsell Table.*

Arun. Though your attempt, Lord Treasurer be
such,

That hath no colour in these troublous times,
But an apparant purpose of reuolt,
From the decest Kings will, and our decree,
Yet, for you are a Counsellor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to iudge,
We giue you leaue to speake in your behalfe.

Tre. My Lord, the businesse of these troublous
times,

Binding vs al, still to respect the good of common
weale :

Yet doth it not debar priuate regard of vs & of our
own

The generall weale is treasur'd in your brest,
And all my ablest powers haue bin employed
To stir them there, yet haue I borne a part,
Laying the commons troubles next my heart,
My ouersight in parting without leaue :
Was no contempt, but onely for an houre.
To order home affaires, that none of mine,
In these nice times should vnto faction clime.

Arun. Nay my good Lord, be plaine with vs, I pray,

Are you not grieu'd that we haue giuen consent
To Lady Ianes election?

Tre. My Lords I am not.

Arun. Speake like a Gentleman, vpon your word
Are you not discontent?

Tre. Troth to be plaine, I am not pleas'd,
That two such princely Maides lineally descended
From our royall King, and by his testimonie,
Confirmed heyre, if that their Brother dying Iffules,
And one that neuer dream't, it neuer desired
The rule of Soueraignetie,
But with virgins teares hath oft bewaild her miserie,
Should politickly by vs be nam'd a Queene.

Arun. You haue said nobly, fit and take your
place.

Enter Porter.

Por. My Lords, Sir Thomas Wyat craues acceffe
vnto your honours.

Arun. Let him come neare.

Enter Wyat.

Por. Roume for Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wiat. A diuine spirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of iudgement to beholde
The true Legitimate, Mary your vndoubted soue-
raigne.

Arun. Arise. sir Thomas, fit and take your place.
Now to our former businesse:

The obligation wherein we all stood bound
To the deceased late Kings will and our decree,
His cousen Iane, and the two absent Dukes
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach
To vs and to our Issue.

We haue sworn in presence of the sacred host of
heauen

Vnto our late young Lord, to both the Dukes,
 That no impeachment should diuert our heartes
 From the impeachment of the Lady Jane.
 To this end we haue ceased her in the tower,
 By publike proclamation made her Queene :
 To this end we haue armed the Duke, with power
 Giuen them commission vnder our owne handes
 To passe against the Lady. You performe in hostile
 maner

And no doubt, the spleene of the vndanted spirit
 Of Northumbers Earle, will not be called
 With writings of repeale.

Aduice in this, I holde it better farre
 To keepe the course we runne then seeking change,
 Hazard our liues, our heires, and the Realmes.

Wiat. In actions roauing from the bent of truth,
 We haue no persident thus to persist
 But the bare name of worldly policie.
 If others haue ground from Iustice, and the law,
 As well diuine as politicke agreeing,
 They are for no cause to be disinherited.
 If you not seauen yeares since to that effect,
 Swore to the Father to maintaine his feede,
 What dispensation hath acquitted you
 From your first sacred vowes ?
 Youle say, the will extorted from a childe.
 O ! let mine eyes in naming that sweete youth,
 Obserue their part.

Powring downe teares, sent from my swelling heart.
 Gods mother, I tearme childe ? but ile goe on,
 Say that the will were his, forced by no tricke,
 But for religions loue his simple act,
 Yet note how much you erre.
 You were sworne before to a mans will,
 and not a will alone,
 But strengthned by an act of Parliament.
 Besides this sacred prooffe. The Princely Maides,
 Had they no will nor act to prooue their right ?

Haue birthrights no priuiledge, being a plea so
strong,

As cannot be refeld, but by plaine wrong ?
Now were you toucht. The Lady in [the] tower
alasse shee's innocent of any claime.
Trust me, shee'd thinke it a moste happy life,
To leaue a Queenes, and keepe a Ladies name.
And for the Dukes, your warrants sent them foorth,
Let the same warrant call them backe againe.
If they refuse to come, the Realme, not they
Must be regarded. Be strong and bold :
We are the peoples factors. Saue our Sonnes
From killing one another, be affraide,
To tempt both heauen and earth, so I haue said.

Arun. Why then giue order that she shall be
Queene,

Send for the Maior, her errors wele forget,
Hoping she will forgiue.

Wyat. Neuer make doubt,
Setting her ceremonious order by.
She is pure within, and mildly chaste without.

Arun. Giue order to keepe fast the Lady Iane,
Dissolue the Counsell. Let vs leaue the Tower,
and in the Citie hold our audience.

Wyat. You haue aduised well honorable Lordes,
So will the Cittizens be wholly ours,
and if the Dukes be crosse, weele crosse their powers.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Bret, Clown, and Souldiers.

Br. Lance persado, quarter, quarter.

Clo. What shall we quarter Captaine ?

Bre. Why the Souldiers ?

Clo. Why they are not hang'd nor drawne yet ?

Bre. Sir I meane quarter them, that the offended
multitude, may passe in safetie.

Clo. May we not take tooles of the pies & the
aple-women.

Bre. Not in any sorte, the Dukes pleasure will passe free.

Clo. The Commons shal be vsed with al common curtesie. That goes in rank like beanes and cheefecakes on their heads in steade of Cappes.

Bre. Sirra, this is a famous Vniuersitie, and those schollers, those lofty buildings and goodly houses, Founded by noble Patrons. But no more. Set a strong watch. That be your cheefest care.

Enter a Countryman and a Maide.

Man. Whats heere Souldiers?

Bre. Feare not, good speech, these rude armes I beare,

Ist not to fight? Sweet, gentle Peace away,
But to succour your liues, passe peaceibly away.

Clo. Crie God saue the Queene as you goe, and God send you a good market.

Man. God saue the Queene, what Queene? there lies the sence.

When we haue none, it can be no offence.

Clo. What carry you there in your basket?

Mai. Eggs forfooth.

Clo. Well, crie God saue Queene Iane as you goe, and God send you a good Market.

Mai. Is the right Queene called Iane? alacke for woe,
at the first she was not christened so. *Exit.*

Br. Thus olde and young, still descant on her name,
Nor lend no eare, when wee her stile proclaime.
I feare, I feare. Fear Bret, what shouldst thou feare?
Thou hast a brest compos'd of adamant.
Fall what ill betide;
My anchor is cast, and I in Harbor ride.

Enter Northumberland and Wyat.

Wia. My Lord tis true, you sent vnto the Counsell

for fresh supplies, what succour, what supplies?
Happie is he can draw his necke out of the collar,
and make his peace with Marie.

Nor. How stands the Treasurer addicted to vs?

Wya. I had forgot: when we weare at counsell,
He stole away, and went home to his house,
And by much intreatie was woon to returne,
In brieft they all incline to Queene Mary
My Lord farwell,
Each hastie houre will coulder tydings tell.

Exit Wyat.

Nor. Come they in thunder, we will meete with
them;

In the loudest language that their ordinance speakes,
Ours shall answere theirs.

Call me a Herald, and in the market-place Proclaime
Queene Iane. The streetes are full,

The towne is populous, the people gape for noueltie.

Trumpets speake to them,

That they may answere with an echoing crie,

God saue Queene Iane, God saue her Maiestie.

A Trumpet sounds, and no answere.

The Herald foundes a parlee, and none answers.

Nor. Ha? a bare report of Trumpets!

Are the slaues horle, or want they arte to speake?

O me! This Towne consists on famous Colledges,

Such as know both how, and what, and when to
speake,

Well, yet wee will proceede,

and smother what close enuie hath decreed.

Ambrose my Sonne, what newes?

Enter Ambrose.

Amb. O my thrice honoured Father.

Nor. Boy, speake the worst,

That which soundes deadlyest, let me heare that first.

Amb. The Lords haue all reuolted from your faction.

Nor. Wee in our selues are strong.

Am. In Baynards Castle was a counsell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did resort,
And twas concluded to proclaime Queene Mary.

Nor. Then they reuolt the allegiance from my
Daughter,
And giue it to another :

Am. True my thrice honoured Father,
Besides, my brother Guilford and his wife
Where she was proclaimde Queene, are now
Close Prisoners, namely in the Tower.

Nor. God take them to his mercie, they had
neede,
Of grace and patience, for they both must bleede,
Poore Innocent soules, they both from guilt are free.

Am. O my thrice honoured Father ! might I ad-
uise you, flie to your manner, there studdie for your fastie.

Nor. Boy, thou saist well,
And since the Lords haue all reuolted from me,
My selfe will now reuolt against my selfe.
Call me a Herald to fill their emptie eares,
Assist me Sonne, my good Lord Huntingdon,
Euen in this market Towne proclaime Queene Mary.

A trumpet soundes a parley, the Herald proclaimes.

He. Mary by the grace of God, Queene of Eng-
land, France and Ireland, defendres of the Faith.
Amen.

Within a shoute and a flourish.

Nor. Amen, I beare a part,
I with my tongue, I doe not with my heart,
Now they can crie, now they can baule and yell,
Base minded slaues, sincke may your soules to hell.

Enter Maister Roofe with Letters.

Roo. My honored Lord, the Counsell greetes you with these Letters.

Nor. Stay Maister Roofe, ere you depart receiue an answere and reward. *He readeth the Letter.*

In the Soueraigne name of Mary our Queene
You shall vppon the fight hereof,
Surcease your armes, discharge your Souldiers,
And presently repaire vnto the Court,
Or else to be held as an Arch-Traitor.

No. Tis short & sharp, Maister Roofe, we do obey your warrant: but I pray tel mee, how doth all our friendes at Court? is there not a great mortalitie amongst them?

Is there not a number of them deade of late since I came thence?

Ro. My gracious Lord not any.

Nor. O maister Roofe, it cannot bee, I will assure you

At my departure thence, I left liuing there at least
Fiue hundred friendes, and now I haue not one,
Simply not one: friendes! ha, ha, ha, Commission
Thou must be my friend.

And stand betwixt me and the stroake of death,
Were thy date out, my liues date were but short,
They are colde friends, that kil their friendes in sport.

Am. Heere comes your honoured friend the Earle of Arundell.

Enter Arundell.

Nor. My honourd friend!

Arun. I am no friend to Traitors:
In my moste high & Princely Soueraignes name,
I doe arrest your honour of high Treason.

Nor. A traitor Arundell? haue I not your hand in my commission? let me peruse it: as I tak't tis heere, and by your warrant haue so strict proceeded.

Is the limits of my warrant broke ? answere me.

Arun. It may be that it hath pleased her Maiestie
To pardon vs, and for to punnish you.
I know no other reason, this I must,
I am commaunded, and the act is Iust.

Nor. And I obey you : when we parted last
My Lord of Arundel, our farwell was
Better then our greeting now.
Then you cride God speede,
Now you come on me ere you say take heede :
Then you did owe me your best bloods : nay greeu'd
You could not spend them in my seruice.
O then it was a double death to stay behinde,
But I am ouertooke and you are kinde,
I am, beshrew you else, but I submit,
My crime is great, and I must answere it.

Arun. You must with your three Sons, be guarded
safe
Vnto the Tower : with you, those Lords and Knights
That in this faction did associate you.
For so I am inioyn'd.

Then peaceably, let vs conduct you thither.

Nor. O my Children ! my soule weepes endlesse
teares for you.

O at the generall Sessions, when all soules
Stand at the bar of Iustice,
And hold vp their new immortalized handes,
O then let the remembrance of their tragick endes
Be rac'd out of the bed-rowle of my finnes :
When ere the blacke booke of my crime's vnclasp't,
Let not these scarlet Letters be found there :
Of all the rest, onely that page be cleere.
But come to my arraignment, then to death,
The Queene and you haue long aim'd at this head,
If to my Children, the sweet grace extend,
My soule hath peace, and I imbrace my end. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Suffolke.

Suff. Three daies are past, Monday, Tuesday, and
Wednesday too

Yet my protesting seruant is not come.
Himselfe conducted me to this hard lodging,
A simple Cabin, for so great a Prince,
And then he swore, but oathes you see are vaine,
That he would hourelly come and visite me:
I that was wont, to surfeit in estate,
And now through hunger almost desolate.

Enter Homes sweating with bottell and Bag.

Hom. My Lord.

Suff. Ned Homes, speake hast thou brought me
meate?

Hom. With much a doe, my Lord, meat, bread &
wine,

While you refresh your selfe, I will recorde
The cause of my long stay.

Suff. I prethee doe, neede bids me eate,
Neede bids me heare thee too.

Hom. The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My house was searched.

Suff. Goe on, goe on.

Hom. And I no sooner entred but attached,
Threatned the Rack: and if I did not yeeld
Your gracious selfe into their gracelesse hands.

Suff. And thou hast don't, thou hast betraied me.

Hom. Done it! o betraie you? O noe!
First would I see my loued wife and Children
Murdered, and tof'd on speares, before I would
Deliuier your grace vnto their handes,
For they intend your death.

Suff. Goe on, goe on.

Hom: and offer'd a thousand Crownes to him that
can
Bring newes of your abode, twas offer'd in my
hands:

Which I beseech may stop my Vital breath,
When I am feede with golde to worke your death.

*Enter Sheriffe and Officers.**Sher.* See yonder sits the Duke.*Suff.* I kisse thee in requitall of this loue.*Hom.* and in requitall of so great a grace,
I kisse your hand that dares to kisse my face.*She.* So Iudas kist his Maister; ceaze the Duke.*Suff.* Ah me! Ned Homes we are vndone,
Both thou and I betraide.*She.* My Lord, late Duke of Suffolke, in her
highnesse name I doe arrest you of high Treason.*Suff.* I doe obey, and onely craue this kindnesse,
You would be good vnto my Seruant Homes,
Where in releeuing me, hath but performde
The duetie of a seruant to his Lord.*She.* You are deceiu'd fir in your seruant much,
Hee is the man that did betray you.
Heere Maister Homes, towards your thousand pounds,
Heere is a hundred markes,
Come to the Exchequer, you shall haue the rest.*Suff.* Hast thou betraide me? yet with such a
tongue,so smoothly oilde, flight of my dangers feare,
O break my heart, this grieve's too great to beare.*Ho.* Pardon me my Lord.*Suff.* God pardon thee, and lay not to thy soule
This greuous sinne: Farwell.And when thou spendest this ill got golde
Remember how thy Maisters life was folde.
Thy Lord that gaue thee Lordships, made thee great,
Yet thou betraidst him as he sat at meate.
On to my graue, tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betraies my head.*Hom.* O God, O God, that ever I was borne,
This deede hath made me slaue to abiect scorne.*Exeunt Omnes.**Enter the Clowne.**Clo.* O poore shrimpe, how art thou falne away

for want of mouching? O Colen cries out most
tirannically, the little gut hath no mercie, whats heere
vittailles?

O rare! O good!

Feede chops, drinke throate, good vittailles makes
good blood.

Enter Homes with a Halter about his necke.

But stay, whose heere? more Sheriffes, more
searchers? O no, this is Homes that betraide his
honest Maister, How with a Halter about his necke?
I hope hee doth not meane to hang himselfe? ile slep
a fide.

Ho. This is the place, where I betraide my
Lord,

This is the place where oft I haue releeu'd:
And villaine I, betraide him to the lawes of death,
But heere before I further will proceede
Heere will I burie this inticing gould,
Lye there damn'd fiend neuer serue humaine more.

Clo. This is rare, now in this moode if hee would
hang himselfe twere excellent.

Ho. Shall I aske mercie? no it is too late,
Heauen will not heare, and I am desperate.

He strangles himself.

Clo. So, so, a very good ending, would all false
Seruants might drinke of the same sauce.

Gold, you are first mine, you must helpe
To shift my selfe into some counterfeite suite
Of apparel, and then to London:

If my olde Maister be hanged, why so:

If not, why rusticke and lusticke:

Yet before I goe, I doe not care if I throwe this Dog
in a Ditch: come away diffempler: this cannot chuse
but be a hundred pound it wayes so heauy.

Exeunt with h

*Enter Queene Mary, Winchester, Norfolk, Pembroke,
Wyat, Arundell, Attendants.*

Mary. By Gods assistance, and the power of
heauen,

After our Troubles we are safely set,
In our inheritance, for which we doe subscribe
The praise and benefit to God, next thanks
To you my Lordes. Now shall the sanctuarie,
And the house of the moste high be newly built.
The ancient honours due vnto the Church,
Buried within the Ruine Monastaries,
Shall lift their stately heads, and rise againe
To astonish the destroyers wandring eyes.
Zeale shall be deckt in golde,
Religion not like a virgin rob'd of all her pompe,
But briefly shining in her Iemmes of state,
Like a faire bride be offerd to the Lord.
To build large houses, pull no churches downe,
Rather enrich the Temple with our crowne.
Better a poore Queene, then the Subiects poore.

Win. May it please your grace to giue release
Vnto such ancient Bishops that haue lost their
Honours in the church affaires.

Ma. We haue giuen order to the Duke of Nor-
folke to release them.

Aru. Your sacred Highnesse will no doubt be
mindefull

Of the late Oath you tooke at Framingham.

Ma. O my Lord of Arundell, wee remember that,
But shall a subiect force his Prince to sweare
Contrarie to her conscience and the Law?
Wee heere release vnto our faithfull people,
one intire subsidie,
Due vnto the Crowne in our dead Brothers daies:
The Commonaltie shal not be ore-burnd
In our reigne, let them be liberall in Religion,
and wee will spare their treasure to themselues:

Better a poore Prince then the Nation poore,
The Subiects Treasure, is the Soueraignes flore.

Arun. What is your Highnesse pleasure about the
Rebels?

Mar. The Queene-like Rebels,
Meane you not Queene Iane?

Arun. Guilford and Iane, with great Northumber-
land,
And hauty Suffolkes Duke.

Ma. The Duke of Suffolke is not yet appre-
hended,

Therefore my Lords,
Some of you most deare to vs in loue,
Be carefull of that charge:

The rest wee leaue for tryall of the other prisioners.

Wia. The Lady Iane most mightie Soueraigne,
Alyde to you in blood:
For shes the Daughter of your Fathers Sister.
Mary the Queene of France: Charles Brandon's
Wife

Your Neece, your next of blood, except your sister,
Deserues some pittie, so doth youthfull Guilford.

Win. Such pittie as the law allowes to Traitors.

Norf. They were misled by their ambitious
Fathers.

Win. What Sonne to obey his Father proues a
Traitor,
Must buy their disobedience with their death.

Wia. My Lord of Winchester still thirsts for
blood.

Mar. Wiat no more, the law shall be their Iudge,
Mercie to meane offenders weele ostend,
Not vnto such that dares vsurpe our Crowne.

Arun. Count Egmond the Embassador from
Spaine,
Attends your highnesse answere, brought those Letters
Sent from the Emperour in his Sonnes behalfe.

Mar. In the behalfe of louely Princely Philip,
Whose person wee haue shrined in our heart?

At the first sight of his delightfull picture
That picture should haue power to tingle Loue
In Royall breasts: the Dartes of loue are wordes,
Pictures, conceite, heele preuaile by any,
Your counsell Lords about this forraine businesse.

Arun. I say and it like your royall Maiestie,
A royall treatie, and to be confirm'd,
And I alowe the match.

Win. Alow it Lordes, we haue cause
To thanke our God, that such a mightie Prince
As Philip is, Sonne to the Emperor,
Heire to wealthy Spaine, and many spacious
Kingdomes, will vouchsafe—

Wia. Vouchsafe! my Lord of Winchester, pray
what?

Win. To grace our mightie Soueraigne with his
honourable Title.

Wia. To marrie with our Queene: meane you
not so?

Win. I doe, what then?

Wiat. O God! is shee a beggar, a forsaken Maide,
that she hath neede of grace from forraine princes?
By Gods deare mother, O God pardon sweare I,
Me thinkes she is a faire and louely Prince,
Her onely beautie (were she of meane birth)
Able to make the greatest Potentate,
I the great Emperor of the mightie Cham,
That hath more Nations vnder his Commaund,
Then spanish Philip's like to inheritt townes,
To come and lay his Scepter at her feet,
And to intreate her to vouchsafe the grace
To take him and his Kingdome to her mercy.

Win. Wyat you are too hot.

Wiat. And you to proude, vouchsafe? O base!
I hope sheele not vouchsafe to take the Emperors
sonne to her deare mercie.

Mar. Proceede my Lord of Winchester I pray.

Win. Then still I say, we haue cause to thanke our
God,

That such a mightie Prince will looke so lowe,
As to respect this Iland and our Queene.

Wia. Pardon me Madam, hee respect your Iland
more then your person ? thinke of that.

Norf. Wiat, you wrong the affection of the
Prince,

For he desires no fortresses nor towers,
Nor to beare any office, rule or state,
Either by person or by Substitute,
Nor yet himselfe to be a Counsellor
In our affaires.

Wiat. What neede hee (Noble Lords)
To aske the fruite, when he demaundes the tree ?
No Castle, fortresses, nor Towers of strength,
It bootes not, when the chiefeest Tower of all
The key that opens vnto all the Land,
I meane our Gracious Soueraigne must be his,
But he will beare no office in the land,
And yet will mary with the Queene of all.
Nor be of counsell in the Realmes affaires,
And yet the Queene inclosed in his armes :
I doe not like this strange marriage.
The Fox is futtle, and his head once in,
The slender body easily will follow.
I grant, he offers you in name of dowre,
The yearely summe of threescore thousand Duccats.
Besides the seaunteene famous Prouinces,
And that the heire succeding from your loynes,
Shall haue the Souereigne rule of both the Realmes.
What, shall this mooue your Highnesse to the match ?
Spaine is too farre for England to inherit,
But England neare enough for Spaine to woe.

Win. Has not the Kinges of England (good Sir
Thomas)

Espoused the Daughters of our Neighbour Kinges ?

Wia. I graunt, your predecessors oft haue sought
Their Queene from France, and sometimes to from
Spaine.

But neuer could I heare that England yet

Has bin so base, to seeke a King from either :
Tis policie deare Queene, no loue at all.

Win. Tis loue great Queene, no pollicie at all.

Wiat. Which of you all, dares iustifie this match,
And not be toucht in conscience with an oath ?
Remember, O remember I beseech you,
King Henries last will, and his act at Court,
I meane that royall Court of Parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the Land,
That Will and Act, to which you all are sworne,
And doe not damme your soules with periurie.

Mory. But that wee knowe thee Wyat to be
true

Vnto the Crowne of England and to vs,
Thy ouer-boldnesse should bee payde with death.
But cease, for feare your liberall tongue offend,
With one consent my Lordes you like this match ?

Omnes. We doe great Soueraigne.

Mary. Call in Count Egmond Honorable Lords.

Enter Egmond.

Wee haue determined of your Ambassie,
And thus I plight, our loue to Philips heart,
Imbarke you straight, the winde blowes wondrous
faire :

Till he shall land in England, I am all care.

Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wia. And ere hee land in England, I will offer
My loyall brest for him to treade vpon.
O who so forward Wyat as thy selfe,
To raise this troublefome Queene in this her Throane ?
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud Nation,
Whome naturally our Countriemen abhorre.
Assist me gracious heauens, and you shall see
What hate I beare vnto their Slauerie.
Ile into Kent, there muster vp my friendes,
To saue this Countrie, and this Realme defend.

Exit Sir Thomas Wyat.

Enter Guilford, Dudley, Iane, and Leftenant.

Guil. God morrow to the Patron of my woe.

Iane. God morrowe to my Lord, my louely
Dudley.

Why doe you looke so sad my dearest Lord?

Guil. Nay why doth Iane, thus with a heauie eye,
And a deiected looke, salute the day?
Sorrow doth ill become thy siluer brow,
Sad grieffe lyes dead, so long as thou liues fayre,
In my Ianes ioy, I doe not care for care.

Iane. My lookes (my loue) is sorted with my
heart,
The Sunne himfelfe, doth scantly show his face
Out of this firme grate, you may perceiue the Tower
Hill

Thronged with store of people,
As if they gap'd for some strange Noueltie.

Guil. Though sleepe doe sildome dwell in men
of care,
Yet I did this night sleepe, and this night dream't,
My Princely father great Northumberland
Was married to a stately Bride:
And then me thought, iust on his Bridall day,
A poysoned draught did take his life away.

Iane. Let not fond visions so appale my Loue,
For dreames doe oftentimes contrarie prooue.

Guil. The nights are teadious, and the daies
are sad,
And see you how the people stand in heapes,
Each man sad, looking on his opposed obiect,
As if a generall passion posselt them?
Their eyes doe seeme, as dropping as the Moone,
As if prepared for a Tragedie.
For neuer swarmes of people there doe tread,
But to rob life, and to inrich the dead
And shewe they wept.

Lef. My Lord they did so, for I was there.

Gui. I pra'y resolue vs good Maister Lieftenant

Who was it yonder, that tendered vp his life
To natures death?

Lief. Pardon mee my Lord, tis felony to acquaint
you with death of any Prisoner, yet to resolute your
grace, it was your Father, great Northumberland, that
this day lost his head.

Guil. Peace rest his foule, his finnes be buried in
his graue,
And not remembered in his Epitaph:
But who comes heere?

Iane. My Father Prisoner?

Enter Suffolke garded forth.

Suff. O Iane! now naught but feare thy Tytle &
thy state,
Thou now must leaue for a small graue.
Had I bin contented to a bin great, I had flood,
But now my rising is puld downe with blood.
Farwell, point me my house of prayers.

Iane. Is greefe so short? twa's wont to be full of
wordes, tis true,
But now Deathes lesson, bids a coulde adue.
Farwell, thus friendes on desperate iourneys parte,
Breaking of wordes with teares, that swelles the heart.

Exit Suffolke.

Lief. It is the pleasure of the Queene that you
part lodgings.
Till your Arrainement, which must be to morrow.

Iane. Good Maister Lieftenant let vs pray together.

Lief. Pardon me Madam I may not, they that owe
you, fway me.

Guil. Intreate not Iane, though shee our bodies
part,
Our foules shall meete. Farwell my loue.

Iane. My Dudley, my owne heart. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Wyat with Souldiers.

Wiat. Hold Drumme, stand Gentlemen,

Giue the word along : stand, stand :
Maisters, friends, Souldiers, and therefore Gentle-
men,

I know some of you weare warme purses
Linde with golde, to them I speake not,
But to such leane knaues that cannot put vp
Crosses, thus I say, fight valiantly,
And by the Mary God, you that haue all
Your life time siluer lackt,
Shall now get Crownes, marry they must be crackt.

Sol. No matter, weele change them for white
money.

Wiat. But it must needs be so, deare Country-
men,

For Souldiers are the maisters of wars mint,
Blowes are the stamps, they set vpon with bullets,
And broken pates are when the braines lyes spilt :
These light crownes, that with blood are double
guilt,

But thats not all, that your stout hearts shall earne,
Sticke to this glorious quarrell, and your names
Shall stand in Chronicles ranck'd euen with Kings :
You free your Countrie from base spanish thrall,
From Ignominious slauerie,
Who can digest a Spaniard, that's a true Englishman ?

Sol. Would he might choake that digests him.

Wiat. Hee that loues freedome and his Countrie,
crie

A Wyat : he that will not, with my heart
Let him stand forth, shake handes, and weele depart.

Sol. A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat.

Enter Norry sounding a Trumpet.

Har. Forbeare, or with the breath thy Trumpet
spends,
This shall let forth thy foule.

Nor. I am a Herald,
And challenge safetie by the lawe of armes.

Her. So shalt thou when thou art lawfully im-
ploide.

Wia. What loude knaues that?

Nor. No knaue Sir Thomas, I am a true man to
my Queene, to whome thou art a Traytor.

Sol. Knocke him downe.

Wiat. Knock him downe, fie no,
Weele handle him, he shall found before he goe.

Har. Hee comes from Norfolke and those fawn-
ing Lords,

In Maries name, waying out life to them

That will with basenefse buie it.

Ceaze on him as a pernitious enemye.

Wia. Sir George be ruld,

Since we professe the Arte of Warre,

Let's not be hift at for our ignorance,

He shall passe and repasse, iuggle the best he can,

Leade him into the Citie. Norry set forth

Set forth thy brazen throate, and call all Rochester

About thee : doe thy office, fill their

Light heads with proclamations, doe,

Catch Fooles with Lime-twigs dipt with pardons.

But Sir George and good fir Harry Illey,

If this Gallant open his mouth too wide,

Powder the Varlet, pistoll him, fire the Roofe that's
ore his mouth.

He craues the law of Armes, and he shall ha't,

Teach him our law, to cut's throate if he prate.

If lowder reach thy Proclamation,

The Lord haue mercie vppon thee.

Nor. Sir Thomas, I must doe my office.

Her. Come, weelee doe ours too.

Wia. I, I, doe, blowe thy selfe hence.

Exit. Harper, Illey, and Norry.

Whorson prou'd Herrald, because he can

giue armes, he thinkes to cut vs off by the elbowes

Maisters and fellow Souldiers, say, will you leaue old

Tom Wiat?

Omnes. No, no, no.

Wia. A March! tis Norfolkes Drum vpon my life.

I pra'y see what Drum it is.

Within crie arme.

The word is giuen, arme, arme flies through the camp

As loude, though not so full of dread as thunder:
For no mans cheekes looke pale, but euerie face,
Is lifted vp aboue his foremans head,
And euerie Souldier does on tip-toe stand,
shaking a drawne sword in his threatning hand.

Wiat. At whome, at whose Drum?

Rod. At Norfolke, Norfolkes drum:

With him comes Arundell, you may beholde
The filken faces of their ensignes showe,
Nothing but wrinckles stragling in the winde,
Norfolke rides formostly, his crest well knowne,
Proud, as if all our heads were now his owne.

Wiat. Soft, he shall pay more for them.

Sir Robert Rodston, bring our Muscateers,
To, flancke our Pikes, let all our archery,
Fall off in winges of shot a both sides of the van,
To gall the first Horse of the enemy
That shall come fiercely on:

Our Canoneres, bid them to charge, charge my harts.

Omnes. Charge, charge.

Wiat. Saint George for England, Wiat for poore Kent,

Blood lost in Countries quarrell, is nobly spent.

Enter Ifely.

Ifely. Base slaue, hard hearted fugitiue,
He that you sent with Norry, false Sir George
Is fled to Norfolke.

Rod. Sir George Harper fled?

Wiat. I nere thought better of a Counterfeite,
His name was Harper, was it not? let him goe,
Henceforth all Harpers for his sake shall stand,
But for plaine nine pence, throughout all the land.

They come, no man giue ground in these hot cafes,
Be Englishmen and berd them to their faces.

Exeunt.

Enter Norfolk, Arundell, Bret and Souldiers.

Norf. Yonder the Traitor marcheth with a fleele
bowe

Bent on his Souereigne, and his kingdomes peace :
To waue him to vs with a flag of truce,
And tender him soft mercie,
Were to call our right in question,
Therefore put in act, your resolute intendments,
If rebellion be suffered to take head,
She liues too long, treason doth swarme.
Therefore giue signall to the fight.

Bre. Tis good, tis good, my Lord.

Norf. Where's Captaine Bret ?

Br. Heere my Lord.

Norf. To doe honour to you and those fīue hun-
dred

Londoners that march after your colours,
You shall charge the Traitor in the Vantgard
Whilst my selfe with noble Arundell
And stout Jarvingam, second you in the maine.
God and Saint George, this day fight on our side,
While thus we tame a desperate Rebels pride.

Exit. all but Bret and souldiers.

Br. Countrimen and friendes,

And you the moste valiant sword and Buckler-Men of
London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has pro-
moted you to the Vangard, and why to the Vangard ?
but because he knowes you to be eager men, martiall
men, men of good stomacks, verie hot shots, verie
actiuous for valour, such as scornes to shrink for a wet-
ting, who wil beare off any thing with head and
shoulders.

Omn. Well forwards good commander forwards.

Bre. I am to leade you, and whether ? to fight, and

with whom? with Wyat, and what is Wyat? a most famous and arch traytor to nobody by this hand that I knowe.

Omn. Nay speake out good captaine.

Bret. I say againe, is worthy Norfolke gone?

Omn. I I, gon gon.

Bret. I say againe that Wyat for rising thus in armes, with the Kentish men dangling thus at his taile, is worthy to be hanged like a iewell in the kingdomes eare. Say I well my lads?

Omn. Forwards, forwards.

Bret. And whosoever cuts off his head shal haue for his labour.

Clown. What shall I haue? Ile do't.

Bre. The poxe, the plague, and all the diseases the spittle-houses and hospitalls can throw vpon him.

Clo. Ile not do't, thats flat.

Bre. And wherefore is Wyat vp?

Clo. Because he cannot keepe his bed.

Bre. No Wyat is vp to keepe the Spaniards downe, to keepe King *Phillip* out, who comming in will giue the land such a *Phillip* twil make it reele againe.

Clo. A would it were come to that, we would, we would leave off *Phillips* and fall to hot cockles.

Bre. *Phillip* is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

Clo. A Spaniard is no Englishman that I know.

Bre. Right a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Callimanco, nay which is worfe a Dondego, and what is a Dondego?

Clo. A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock fish or poore Iohn.

Bre. No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago, a very Castillian, God blese vs. There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all Paules flinke againe, what shall a whole armie of Dondegoes doe my sweete councitriemen?

Clo. Mary they wil make vs al smell abhominably, he comes not heere thats flat.

Bre. A Spaniard is cald so becaufe he's a Spaniard, his yard is but a span.

Clo. That's the reason our Englishwomen loue them not.

Bre. Right, for he carries not the Englishmans yard about him. If you deale with him, looke for hard measure, if you giue an inch hee'll take an ell: if he giue an ell, hele take an inch, therefore my fine spruce dapper finicall fellowes, if you are now, as you haue alwayes been counted polittick Londoners to flie to the stronger side, leaue Arundell, leaue Norfolke and loue Bret.

Clo. Weele fling our flat-caps at them.

Bre. Weare your owne neates leather shooes, scorne Spanish leather: cry a figge for the Spaniards. Saide I well bollies?

Omn. I, I, I.

Bret. Why then fiat, fiat.

And euerie man die at

His foote that cries not a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

Omn. A *Wyat*, a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

Enter Wyat.

Wiat. Sweet musicke, gallant fellow Londoners.

Clo. Y faith we are the madcaps, we are the lick-pennies.

Wiat. You shall be all Lord Maiors at least.

Exeunt Wyat, Bret, and Souldiers.

Alarum sounds, and enter Wyat, Bret, Rodfion, Ifely, and Souldiers againe.

Wyat. Those eight brasse peeces shall do seruice
now

Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundell,

They may thank their heeles

More then their hands for sauing of their liues.

When souldiers turne surueyors, and measure lands,

God helpe poore farmers. Soldiers and friends let
vs all

Play nimble bloudhounds and hunt them step by
step.

We heare

The lawyers plead in armour stead of gownes,

If they fall out about the case they iarre,

Then they may cuffe each other from the barre.

Soft this is Ludgate, stand aloofe, Ile knock.

He knocks : Enter Pembroke vpon the walles.

Pem. Who knockes ?

Wyat. A Wyatt, a true friend,

Open your gates, you louing cittyzens,

I bring you freedom from a forraine prince,

The queene has heard your suite, and tis her pleasure

The citty gates stand open to receiue vs.

Pem. Avuant thou traytor, thinkest thou by for-
gerie

To enter London with rebellious armes ?

Know that theſe gates are bard againſt thy entrance,

And it ſhall coſt the liues

Of twenty thouſand true ſubiects to the Queene

Before a traytor enters.

Omn. Shoote him through.

Wyat. Stay, lets know him firſt.

Clo. Kill him, then lets know him afterwards.

Pem. Looke on my face, and bluſhing ſee with
ſhame

Thy treafons charaſterd.

Bret. Tis the Lord Pembroke.

Wyat. What haue wee to doe with the Lord Pem-
broke ?

Wheres the Queenes Lieſtenant ?

Pem. I am lieſtenant of the Citty now.

Wiat. Are you Lord Maior ?

Pem. The greateſt Lord that breathes enters not
heere

Without expresse commaund from my deare Queene.

Wyat. She commands by vs.

Pem. I do command thee in her Highnesse name
To leaue the Citty gates, or by my honour,
A peece of ordinance shall be freight dischargd
To be thy deathesman and shoote thee to thy graue.

Wyat. Then heres no entrance.

Pem. No, none.

Exit Pembroke.

Bret. What should we doe following Wiat any
longer?

Wyat. O London, London, thou perfidious towne,
Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend?
That for thy sake, and for thy generall sake,
Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?
March backe to Fleetestreete, if that Wiat dye,
London vniustly buy thy treacherie.

Bret. Would I could steale away from Wyat! it
should be the first thing that I would doe.

Here they all steale away from Wyat and leaue him alone.

Wyat. Wheres all my Souldiers? what all gone,
And left my drum and colours without guard?
O infellicitie of carefull men,
Yet will I sell my honor'd blood as deere
As ere did faithfull subiect to his prince. *Exit Wyat.*

Enter Norfolk and Ifely.

Isl. Pembroke reuolts, and flies to Wiats side.

Norf. Hees damb'd in hell that speakes it.

Enter Harper.

Isl. O my good Lord! tis spread
That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled.

Enter Pembroke and Arundell.

Pem. Sfoot, who said so? what deuill dares stir my
patience?

Zwounds I was talking with a crue of vagabondes
That laggd at Wiat's taile ; and am I thus
Paid for my paines.

Norf. And there being mist
Some villaine, finding you out of fight, hath raif'd
This slander on you, but come my Lord.

Pem. Ile not fight.

Norf. Nay sweete Earle.

Pem. Zounds fight and heare my name dis
honoured ?

Arun. Wyat is marcht down Fleetestreete, after
him.

Pem. Why do not you, and you, pursue him ?

Norf. If I strike one blowe, may my hand fall off.

Pem. And if I doe, by this—

Norf. Come leaue your swearing, did not countries
care

Vrge me to this quarrell, for my part,
I would not strike a blow.

Pem. No more would I ;
Ile eate no wrongs, lets all die, and Ile dye.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Stand on your guard,
For this way Wyatt is persude amaine.

*A great Noyse, follow. Enter Wyat with his sword
drawne, being wounded.*

Within. Follow, follow.

Nor. Stand traytor stand, or thou shalt nere stand
more.

Wyat. Lords, I yield :
An easie conquest tis to win the field
After alls lost. I am wounded, let me haue
A surgeon that I may goe found vnto my graue.
Tis not the name of Traytor
Pals me nor pluckes my weapon from my hand.

Vse me how you can,
 Though you say traytor, I am a gentleman.
 Your dreadfull shaking me, which I defie,
 Is a poore losse of life ; I wish to die,
 Death frights my spirit no more then can my bed,
 Nor will I change one haire, losing this head.

Pem. Come, guard him, guard him.

Wyat. No matter where,
 I hope for nothing, therefore nothing feare.

Exit Omnes.

*Enter Winchester, Norfolk, Arundell, Pembroke, with
 other Lords.*

Win. My Lord of Norfolk, will it please you
 fit
 By you the noble Lord of Arundell.
 Since it hath pleas'd her sacred Maiestie
 To nominate vs heere Commissioners,
 Let vs without all partiality
 Be open-eard to what they can alleadge.
 Wheres the Lieftenant of the Tower ?

Enter Lieftenant of the Tower.

Lef. Heere my good Lord.

Win. Fetch forth the prisioners.
 Place them feuerally in chaires of state.
 Clarke of the Crowne, proceede as Law requires.

Enter Guilford and Iane.

Cla. Guilford Dudley, hold vp thy hand at the
 bar.

Guil. Heere at the bar of death I hold it vp,
 And would to God this hand heau'd to the lawe,
 Might haue aduanc't itself in better place,
 For Englands good and for my soueraigns weale.

Cla. Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, hold vp thy
 hand at the barre.

Ian. A hand as pure from Treasons Innocence
As the white luerie
Worne by the Angels in their Makers fight?

Cla. You are here indited by the names of Guilford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, of capitall and high treason against our most Soueraign Ladie the Queenes Maiestie. That is to say that you Guilford Dudley and Lady Iane Gray, haue by all possible meanes, sought to procure vnto yourselues the roialtie of the Crowne of England, to the disinheriting of our now Soueraign Lady the Queenes Maiestie, the true and lawfull issue to that famous King Henry the Eight, and haue manifestly adorned yourselues with the States garland Imperiall, and haue granted warrants, commissions, and such like, for leuying of men and Souldiers to be sent against the said Maiestie: what answere you to this inditement, guiltie or not guiltie?

Guil. Our answer shall be seuerall like ourselues.
Yet noble Earle we confesse the inditement.
May we not make some apologie unto the court?

Norf. It is against the order of the law,
Therefore directly pleade vnto the inditement,
And then you shall be heard.

Guil. Against the law?
Words vttered then as good vnspoken were,
For whatsoere you say, you know your form,
And you will follow it vnto our deathes.

Norf. Speake are you guilty of these crimes or no?

Ian. Ile answere first, I am and I am not,
But should we stand vnto the last vnguiltie,
You haue large-conscience iurors to besmeare
The fairest browe with stile of trecherie.

Norf. The Barrons of the land shall be your iurie.

Ian. An honorable and worthy trial,
And God forbid so many noblemen
Should be made guilty of our timelesse deathes.

Arun. Youle answer to the inditement will you not?

Guil. My Lord I will, I am——

Nor. What are you guilty or no?

Guil. I say vnguilty still, yet I am guilty.

Ian. Slander not thyself:

If there be any guilty, it was I,

I was proclaim'd Queene, I the Crowne should weare.

Guil. Because I was thy husband I stand heere.

Ian. Our loues we fought ourselues, but not our pride,

And shall our fathers faults our liues diuide?

Guil. It was my father that made thee distrest.

Ian. O but for mine my Guilford had beene blest.

Guil. My Iane had beene as fortunate as faire.

Ian. My Guilford free from this foul-griewing care.

Guil. If we be guiltie, tis no fault of ours,
And shall wee dye for whats not in our powres?
We fought no Kingdom, we desir'd no crowne,
It was impos'd vpon vs by constraint,
Like golden fruit hung on a barraine tree,
And will you count such forcement treacherie?
Then make the siluer Thames as blacke as Styx,
Because it was constraind to beare the barks
Whose battering ordnance should haue beene im-
ployde

Against the hinderers of our roialtie.

Win. You talke of sencelesse things.

Guil. Do trees want fence,
That by the powre of Musicke haue beene drawne
To dance a pleasing measure?

Weele come then neerer vnto liuing things.

Say wee vsurpt the English roialtie,

Was't not by your consents?

I tell you Lordes I haue your hands to shoue

Subscrib'd to the commission of my Father,

By which you did authorize him to wage armes.

If they were rebellious against your Soueraigne,
Who cride so loud as you God saue Queene Iane?
And come you now your Soueraign to arraigne?
Come downe, come down, heere at a Prisoners barre,
Better do so then iudge yourselues amiss:
For looke what sentence on our heads you lay,
Vpon your own may light another day.

Win. The Queene hath pardond them.

Guil. And wee must die
For a lesse fault. O partiallitie!

Ian. Patience, my Guilford, it was euer knowne,
They that sinn'd least the punishment haue borne.

Guil. True, my faire Queene, of sorrowe truely
speake,
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs
breake,

But the thinn't frame the prison of the weake.

Nor. Now trust me Arundel, it doth grieve me
much

To fit in judgment of these harmlesse——

Arun. I helpt to attach the Father, but the
Sonne—

O through my bloud I feelee compassion.

Run my Lords, wee be humble suitors to the Queene,
To saue these innocent creatures from their deaths.

Nor. Lets break vp Court: if Norfolke long
should stay

In teares and passion I should melt away.

Win. Sit still,

What, will you take compassion vpon such?

They are hereticks.

Ian. We are Christians, leaue our conscience to
ourselues,

We stand not heere about religious causes,

But are accus'd of capitall treason.

Win. Then you confesse the inditement?

Guil. Euen what you will:

Yet saue my Iane, although my bloud you spill.

Ian. If I must die, saue princely Guilfords life.

Norf. Who is not moou'd to see this louing strife ?

Arun. Pray pardon me, do what you will to-day,
And Ile approue it, though it be my death.

Win. Then heare the speedie sentence of your
deaths :

You shall be carried to the place from whence you
came,

From thence vnto the place of execution,
Through London to be drawn on hurdles,
Where thou, Iane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,
Thou Guilford Dudley, hang'd and quartered,
So Lord haue mercy vpon you.

Guil. Why this is well,
Since we must die, that we must die together.

Win. Stay, and heare the mercie of the Queene,
Because you are of noble parentage,
Although the crime of your offence be great,
Shee is only pleas'd that you shall ——

Both. Will shee pardon vs ?

Win. Only I say that you shal loose your heades
Vpon the Tower Hill. So conuay them hence,
Liefetenant strictly looke ynto your charge.

Guil. Our doomes are knowne, our liues haue
plaid their part.
Farwell my Iane.

Ian. My Dudley, mine owne heart.

Guil. Faine would I take a ceremonious leaue,
But thats to dye a hundred thousand deaths.

Ian. I cannot speake for teares.

Left. My Lord, come :

Guil. Great griefes speake louder
When the least are dumb'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat in the Tower.

Wia. The sad aspect this Prifon doth affoord
Iumps with the measure that my heart doth keepe,
And this inclosure heere of nought but stone,
Yieldes far more comfort then the stony hearts

Of the n that wrong'd their country, and their friend :
Heere is no periur'd Counsellors to sweare
A sacred oath, and then forswear the same,
No innovators heere doth harbor keepe,
A stedfast silence doth possesse the place,
In this the Tower is noble, being base.

Enter Lords to Wyatt.

Norf. Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Wyat. Thats my name indeede.

Win. You should say Traitor.

Wiat. Traitor and Wyats name,
Differ as farre as Winchester and honor.

Win. I am a Pillar of the Mother Church.

Wiat. And what am I ?

Win. One that subuerts the state.

Wyat. Insult not too much, ore th' vnfortunate,
I haue no Bishoppes Rochet to declare my inno-
cencie.

This is my crosse,

That causelesse I must suffer my heads losse.

When that houre comes, wherein my blood is spilt,
My crosse will looke as bright as yours twice guilt.

Norf. Here's for that purpose.

Wiat. Is your grace so short ?

Belike you come to make my death a sport.

Win. We come to bring you to your execution,
You must be hang'd and quartered instantly ;

At the parke Corner, is a gallous fet,
Whither make hast to tender natures debt.

Wiat. Then here's the end of Wyats rising vp,
I to keepe Spaniards from the Land was sworne,
Right willingly I yeelde my selfe to death,
But forry fuch, should haue my place of birth.
Had London kept his word, Wyatt had flood,
But now King Phillip enters through my blood.

Exit Officers with Wyatt.

*Enter Lieftenant.**Lie.* Heere my Lord.*Win.* Fetch foorth your other Prifoners.*Lief.* My Lord I will, heere lyes young Guilford,
here the Lady Iane.*Norfol.* Conduēt them forth.*Enter Young Guilford and the Laay Iane.**Guil.* Good morrowe once more to my louely
Iane.*Iane.* The laſt good morrow my ſweete loue to
thee.*Guil.* What were you reading ?*Iane.* On a prayer booke.*Guil.* Truſt me ſo was I, wee hade neede to pray,
For ſee, the Miniſters of death drawe neere.*Iane.* To a prepared minde Death is a pleaſure,
I long in ſoule, till I haue ſpent my breath.*Guil.* My Lord High Chancelor, you are welcome
heather,What come you to beholde our execution ?
And my Lord Arundell thrice welcome, you
Helpt to attache our Father, come you now,
To ſee the blacke concluſion of our Tragedie ?*Win.* We come to doe our office.*Guil.* So doe wee.Our office is to die, yours to looke on :
We are beholding vnto ſuch beholders,
The time was Lords, when you did flock amaine,
To ſee her crownd, but now to kill my Iane,
The world like to a ſickell, bends it ſelfe,
Men runne their courſe of liues as in a maze,
Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.*Iane.* Patience my Guilford.*Guil.* Patience my louely Iane :
Patience has blancht thy ſoule as white as ſnow,
But who ſhall anſwere for thy death ? this know,

An innocent to die, what is it lesse,
But to adde Angels to heauens happinesse.
The guiltie dying, doe applaud the law,
But when the innocent creature sloopes his neck
To an vnjust doome; vpon the Iudge the checke.
Liues are like foules, requird of their neglectors,
Then ours of you, that should bee our protectors.

Win. Raile not against the law.

Guilfor. No, God forbidde, my Lord of Winchester,

It's made of lawe, and should I raile against it?

Twere against you, if I forget not,

You reioyc'd to see that fall of Cromwel,

Ioy you now at me?

Oft dying men are fild with prophecies,

But ile not be a prophet of your il.

Yet knowe my Lordes, they that behold vs now,

May to the axe of Iustice one day bowe,

And in that plot of ground where we must die,

Sprinkle their bloodes, though I know no cause why.

Norf. Speake you to me Lord Guilford?

Gui. Norfolke no,

I speake to —

Norf. To whome?

Gui. Alasse I doe not knowe which of vs two dies first.

Win. The better part.

Gui. O rather kill the worst.

Jane. Tis I sweete loue, that first must kisse the blocke.

Guilf. I am a man, men better brooke the shocke
Of threatning death, Your sexe are euer weake.

The thoughts of death, a womans heart will breake.

Jane. But I am armde to die.

Guilf. Likelyer to liue:

Death to the vnwilling dooth his presence giue;

Hee dares not looke the bolde man in the face,

But on the fearefull layes his killing Mace.

Winc. It is the pleasure of the Queene, that the

Lady Jane must first suffer death.

Jane. I thanke her Highnesse,
That I shall first depart this haplesse world,
And not suruiue to see my deere loue dead.

Guilfo. She dying first, I three times loofe my
head.

Enter the Headfman.

Headfsm. Forgiue me Lady I pra'y your death.

Guilf. Ha? hast thou the heart to kill a face so
faire.

Win. It is her Headef-man.

Guil. And demaundes a pardon,
Onely of her, for taking off her head?

Jane. I gentle Guilford, and I pardon him.

Guil. But ile not pardon him, thou art my wife.
And he shall aske me pardon for thy life.

Hea. Pardon me my Lord.

Gui. Rise, doe not kneele.

Though thou submit'st, thou hast a lowring steele
Whose fatal declynation brings our death:

Good man of earth, make haste to make vs earth.

Hedf. Pleaseth the Lady Iane, ile helpe her off
with her night-Gowne.

Jane. Thankes gentle friend,
But I haue other waiting women to attend mee.
Good Mistris Ellin lend me a helping hand,
To strip me of this worldly ornaments
Off with these robes, O teare them from my side,
Such silken couers are the guilt of pride.
Insteede of gownes, my couerture be earth,
My worldly death or new Celestiall breath.
What is it off?

Lad. Madam almoste.

Jane. Not yet, O God!
How hardly can we shake off this worldes Pomp,
That cleaues vnto vs like our bodies skinne?
Yet thus O God shake off thy seruants sinne.

Lady. Here is a scarfe to blinde your eies.

Fane. From all the world, but from my Guilfords fight :

Before I fasten this beneath my browe,
Let me behold him with a constant looke.

Gui. O doe not kill me with that pitious eie :

Fane. Tis my last farwell, take it patiently,
My dearest Guilford let vs kisse and part.
Now blinde mine eyes, neuer to see the skie,
Blindefolde thus leade me, to the blocke to die.

Guil. Oh ! *He falles in a trance.*

Norf. How fares my Lord ?

Arun. Hee's falne into a trance.

orf. Wake him not, vntill hee wake himselfe,
O happie Guilford if thou die in this,
Thy foule will be the first in heauenly blisse.

Enter the Headf-man with Fanes head.

Win. Heare comes the Headf-man with the head
of Iane.

Guil. Who spake of Iane ? who namde my louely
Iane ?

Win. Behold her head.

Gui. O I shall faint againe !

Yet let me beare this sight vnto my graue.

My sweete Ianes head :

Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Winchester,

Doe malefactors, looke :

Thus when they die,

A ruddie lippe, a cleere reflecting eye,

Cheekes purer then the Maiden orient pearle,

That sprinkles bashfulues through the cloudes

Her innocence, has giuen her this looke :

The like for me to shew so well being dead,

How willingly, would Guilford loofe his head.

Win. My Lord, the time runs on.

Guil. So does our death.

Heeres one has run so fast shee's out of breath,

But the time goes on,

And thy faire Ianes white foule, will be

In heauen before me
 If I doe stay : stay gentle wife,
 Thy Guilford followes thee,
 Though on the earth we part, by aduerse fate,
 Our soules shall knock together at heauens gate.
 The skie is calme, our deathes haue a faire day,
 And we shall passe the smooother on our way.
 My Lords farwell, I once farwel to all,
 The Fathers pride has causde the Childrens fall.

Exit Guilford to Death.

Nor. Thus haue we seene her Highnesse will perform'd,

And now their heads and bodies shall bee ioynd
 And buried in one graue, as fits their loues.
 Thus much ile say in their behalves now dead,
 Their Fathers pride their liues haue seuered.

FINIS.



THE
Roaring Girle.

OR,

Moll Cut-Purse.

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-
stage by *the Prince his Players.*

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*



My cafe is altered, I muſt worke for my liuing.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be fold at his
ſhop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall
Exchange. 1611.



Prologus.

A Play (expected long) makes the Audience looke
For wonders :—that each Scène should be a booke,
Compos'd to all perfection ; each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him : vp he summes,
What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ ;
If that he findes not here, he mewes at it.
Onely we intreate you thinke our Scène
Cannot speake high (the subiect being but meane)
A Roaring Girle (whose notes till now neuer were)
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,
That's all which I dare promise : Tragick passion,
And such graue stuffe, is this day out of fashion.
I see attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with couetous listning waites,
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is shee
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,
That beates the watch, and Constables controuls ;
Another roares i' th day time, sweares, stabbes, giues
braues,
Yet tells her soule to the lust of fooles and slaues.
Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (besides)
A ciuill Citty Roaring Girle, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,
And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.

*None of these Roaring Girles is ours : shee flies
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,
Yet what neede characters ? when to giue a gesse,
Is better then the person to expresse ;
But would you know who 'tis ? would you heare her
name ?
Shee is cal'd madde Moll ; her life, our acts proclaime.*





Dramatis Perfonæ.

Sir Alexander Wentgraue, and *Neatf-foot* his man.

Sir Adam Appleton.

Sir Daui Dapper.

Sir Bewteous Ganymed.

Lord Noland.

Yong Wentgraue.

Iacke Dapper, and *Gull* his page.

Gofhawke.

Greenewit.

Laxton.

Tilt-yard.

Openworke.

Gallipot.

} *Ciues & Vxores*.

Mol the Roaring Girle.

Trapdoore.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard.

Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.

Curtilax a Sergiant, and

Hanger his Yeoman.

Ministri.





The Roaring Girle.

Act 1. Scæ. 1.

Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

Neatfoote.

THe yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir *Alexanders* sonne, is it into his eares (sweet Damsell) (emblem of fragility) you desire to haue a message transported, or to be transcendent.

Mary. A priuate word or two Sir, nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructifie in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most white hand.

Mary. Thankes sir.

Neat. And withall certifie him, that I haue culled

out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I befeech your chaſtitie.

Mary. One Sir, of whom he beſpake falling bands.

Neat. Falling bands, it ſhall ſo be giuen him, — if you pleaſe to venture your modeſty in the hall, amongſt a curle-pated company of rude ſeruingmen, and take ſuch as they can ſet before you, you ſhall be moſt ſeriously, and ingeniouſly welcome.

Mary. I haue dynd indeed already fir.

Neat. — Or will you vouchſafe to kiſſe the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttry amongſt our waiting women.

Mary. Not now in truth fir.

Neat. Our yong Maiſter ſhall then haue a feeling of your being here preſently it ſhall ſo be giuen him.

Exit Neatfoote.

Mary. I humbly thanke you fir, but that my boſome

Is full of bitter forrowes, I could ſmile,
To ſee this formall Ape play Antick tricks :
But in my breſt a poyſoned arrow ſtickes,
And ſmiles cannot become me, Loue wouen ſleightly
(Such as thy falſe heart makes) weares out as lightly,
But loue being truely bred ith the foule (like mine)
Bleeds euen to death, at the leaſt wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the leſſe it flakes :
O me !

Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.

Seb. A Sempſter ſpeake with me, ſaiſt thou.

Neat. Yes, fir, ſhe's there, *viua voce*, to deliuer her auricular confeſſion.

Seb. With me ſweet heart. What iſt ?

Mary. I haue brought home your bands fir.

Seb. Bands : *Neatfoote.*

Neat. Sir.

Seb. Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon rising.

Neat. Yes fir, a most methodicall attendance shall be giuen.

Seb. And dost heare, if my father call for me, say I am busy with a Sempster.

Neat. Yes fir, hee shall know it that you are busied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's eare good *Neat-foote.*

Neat. It shall be so giuen him. *Exit Neat-foote.*

Seb. Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I bespake none, when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

Mary. Yes fir, a bond fast sealed, with solemne oathes,
Subscribed vnto (as I thought) with your soule :
Deliuered as your deed in sight of heauen,
Is this bond canceld, haue you forgot me.

Seb. Ha ! life of my life : Sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter,
What has transform'd my loue to this strange shape ?
Stay : make all sure,—so : now speake and be brieue,
Because the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite,
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with feare and wonder.

Mary. Mines a loathed sight,
Why from it are you banisht else so long.

Seb. I must cut short my speech, in broken language,
Thus much sweete *Moll*, I must thy company shun,
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,
As a horse runs, thats blind, round in a Mill,
Out euery step, yet keeping one path still.

Mary. Vmh : must you shun my company, in one knot
Haue both our hands by'th hands of heauen bene tyed,
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride :

Faire ones with foule, like sun-shine in wet wether)
 Within one square a thousand heads are laid
 So clofe, that all of heads, the roome seemes made,
 As many faces there (fill'd with blith lookes)
 Shew like the promifing titles of new bookes,
 (Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,
 Which seeme to moue and to giue plaudities,
 And here and there (whilst with obfequious eares,
 Throng'd heapes do listen) a cut purfe thrusts and
 leeres

With haukes eyes for his prey: I need not shew him,
 By a hanging villanous looke, your felues may know
 him,

The face is drawne fo rarely, Then fir below,
 The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,
 And like a floating Iland, seemes to moue,
 Vpon a fea bound in with shores aboue.

Enter Sebastian and M. Greene-wit.

Omnes. These fights are excellent.

Alex. I'll shew you all,

Since we are met, make our parting Comickall.

Seb. This gentleman (my friend) will take his
 leaue Sir.

Alex. Ha, take his leaue (*Sebastian*) who?

Seb. This gentleman.

Alex. Your loue fir, has already giuen me some
 time,

And if you please to trust my age with more,
 It shall pay double interest: Good fir stay.

Green. I haue beene too bold.

Alex. Not so fir. A merry day
 Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.
 Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I
 keepe.

Enter three or foure Seruingmen, and Neatfoote.

Neat. At your worshipfull elbow, fir.

Alex. You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

Neat. Your worship has giuen it vs right.

Alex. You varlets stirre,
Chaires, flooles and cushions: pre' thee fir *Daucy*

Dapper,
Make that chaire thine.

Sir Dap. Tis but an easie gift,
And yet I thanke you for it fir, I'll take it.

Alex. A chaire for old fir *Adam Appleton.*

Neat. A backe friend to your worship.

Adam. Mary good *Neatfoot,*
I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

Alex. Pray make that floole your pearch, good M.
Goshawke.

Gosh. I stoope to your lure fir.

Alex. Sonne *Sebastian,*
Take Maister *Greenewit* to you.

Seb. Sit deere friend.

Alex. Nay maister *Laxton*—furnish maister *Laxton*
With what he wants (a stone) a floole I would say, a floole.

Laxton. I had rather stand fir. *Exeunt seruants.*

Alex. I know you had (good M. *Laxton.*) So,
so——

Now heres a messe of friends, and (gentlemen)
Because times glasse shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir Dap. Good tales do well,
In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.

Adam. Begin fir *Alexander.*

Alex. Last day I met
An aged man vpon whose head was scor'd,
A debt of iust so many yeares as these,
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.

Omnes. His name I pray you fir.

Alex. Nay you shall pardon me,
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,

Or seem'd to breake his heart-strings) thus he spake :
 Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies
 Were richer euen by that which made them poore,
 They had spent so many teares they had no more.)
 Oh fir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene
 Blessings to raine vpon mine houle and me :
 Fortune (who slaues men) was my slaue : her wheele
 Hath spun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,
 I nere had but one cause to curse my starres,
 I ask't him then, what that one cause might be.

Omnes. So Sir.

Alex. He paus'd, and as we often see,
 A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
 No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drown'd
 In their owne rage : but when th' imperious wind,
 Vse strange inuisible tyranny to shake
 Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyse :
 The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
 Rise vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they,
 Euen to this good old man was by my question
 Stir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall
 Flow euen in's eies : then grew he fantastickall.

Sir Dap. Fantastickall, ha, ha.

Alex. Yes, and talke odly.

Adam. Pray fir proceed,
 How did this old man end ?

Alex. Mary fir thus.

He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,
 Yet then (though age cast snow on all his haire)
 He ioy'd because (saies he) the God of gold
 Has beene to me no niggard : that disease
 (Of which all old men sicken) Auarice
 Neuer infected me.

Lax. He meanes not himselfe i' me sure.

Alex. For like a lamp,
 Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw
 My light to all that need it, yet haue still
 Enough to serue my selfe, oh but (quoth he)
 Tho heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,

I haue a sonne thats like a wedge doth cleaue,
My very heart roote.

S. Dap. Had he such a sonne.

Seb. Now I do smell a fox strongly.

Alex. Lets see : no Maister *Greene-wit* is not yet
So mellow in yeares as he ; but as like *Sebastian*,
Iust like my sonne *Sebastian*,—such another.

Seb. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his
by-blowes to hit me, but if I beate you not at your
owne weapon of subtilty.

Alex. This sonne (saith he) that should be
The columnne and maine arch vnto my house,
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firme foundation.

Adam. Tis some prodigall.

Seb. Well shot old *Adam Bell*.

Alex. No citty monster neither, no prodigall,
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiuelesse),
An excellent husband, and such a traoueller,
He has more tongues in his head then some haue
teeth.

S. Dap. I haue but two in myne.

Gosh. So sparing and so wary.

What then could vex his father so.

Alex. Oh a woman.

Seb. A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

Alex. A scuruy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated :
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth
To mocke the sex of woman. . . . It is a thing
One knowes not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.

S. Dap. A Monster, tis some Monster.

Alex. Shee's a varlet.

Seb. Now is my cue to bristle.

Alex. A naughty packe,

Seb. Tis false.

Alex. Ha boy.

Seb. Tis false.

Alex. Whats false, I say thee's nought.

Seb. I say that tongue

That dares speake so (but yours) stickes in the throate
Of a ranke villaine, set your selfe aside. . . .

Alex. So fir what then.

Seb. Any here else had lyed.

I thinke I shall fit you——aside.

Alex. Lye.

Seb. Yes.

Sir Dap. Doth this concerne him.

Alex. Ah firra boy.

Is your blood heated : boyles it : are you flung,
He pierce you deeper yet : oh my deere friends,
I am that wretched father, this that sonne,
That sees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.

Adam. Will you loue such a poyson.

S. Dap. Fye, fye.

Seb. Y'are all mad.

Alex. Th'art sicke at heart, yet feelst it not : of all
these,

What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his diseafe
Mortall, would shun the cure : oh Maister *Greenewit*,
Would you to such an Idoll bow.

Greene. Not I fir.

Alex. Heer's Maister *Laxton*, has he mind to a
woman

As thou hast.

Lax No not I fir.

Alex. Sir I know it.

Lax, There good parts are so rare, there bad so
common,

I will haue nought to do with any woman.

Sir Dap. Tis well done Maister *Laxton*.

Alex. Oh thou cruell boy,
Thou wouldst with lust an old mans life destroy,

Because thou feest I'me halfe way in my graue,
Thou shouldest dust vpon me : woud thou mightest haue
Thy wish, most wicked, most vnnaturall.

Dap. Why sir, tis thought, sir *Guy Fitz-Allards*
daughter

Shall wed your sonne *Sebastian*.

Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*.

I haue vpon my knees, wood this fond boy,
To take that vertuous maiden.

Seb. Harke you a word sir.

You on your knees haue curst that vertuous maiden,
And me for louing her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face : were not your knees
In such intreates, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.

Alex. Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.

Seb. Well then you know

What dish I meane to feed vpon.

Alex. Harke Gentlemen,

He sweares to haue this cut-purse drab, to spite my
gall.

Omnes. Maister *Sebastian*.

Seb. I am deafe to you all.

I'me so bewitcht, so bound to my desires,

Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those
fires

That burne within me.

Exit Sebastian.

Alex. Her bloud shall quench it then,

Loose him not, oh diswade him Gentlemen.

Sir Dap. He shall be weand I warrant you.

Alex. Before his eyes

Lay downe his shame, my griefe, his miseries.

Omnes. No more, no more, away.

Exeunt all but sir Alexander.

Alex. I wash a *Negro*,

Loosing both paines and cost : but take thy flight,

Ile be most neere thee, when I'me least in sight.

Wild Bucke ile hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run
on,

But I will turne thee when I'me not thought vpon.

Enter Ralph Trapdore.

Now firra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.

Trap. A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.

Alex. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my seruice.

Trap. To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.

Alex. Troth honest fellow . . humh . . ha . . . let me see.

This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe
At which I stumble, has a face that promifeth
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.
Come hither firra, canst thou be secret, ha.

Trap. As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of their clyents.

Alex. Didst never, as thou hast walkt about this towne

Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.

Trap. *Moll* cutpurse fir.

Alex. The same, dost thou know her then.

Trap. Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Judes* day next, I will sift all the tauernes ith citty, and drinke halfe pots with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will fir Ile find her out.

Alex. That task is easy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.

Whats this, ist burnt?

Trap. No fir no, a little findgd with making fire workes.

Alex. Ther's money, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

Trap. Oh fir that all the poore souldiers in *England* had such a leader. For fetching no water *Spaniell* is like me.

Alex. This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind

Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid
Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

Trap. Ile cut her combe for you.

Alex. Ile tell out gold for thee then : hunt her
forth,

Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes
To catch her to thy company : deepe spendings
May draw her thats most chaste to a mans bosome.

Trap. The gingling of Golden bells, and a good
foole with a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith
towne to dance in a morris.

Alex. Or rather, for thats best (they say sometimes
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Trap. And when her breeches are off, shee shall
follow me.

Alex. Beate all thy braines to serue her.

Trap. Zounds fir, as country wenches beate creame,
till butter comes.

Alex. Play thou the futtle spider, weaue fine nets
To infnare her very life.

Trap. Her life.

Alex. Yes fucke

Her heart-bloud if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

Trap. Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.

Alex. Trace all her steps : at this shee-foxes den
Watch what lambs enter : let me play the sheepeheard
To saue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Trap. This is the goll shall doot.

Alex. Be firme and gaine me
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee :
How is thy name.

Trap. My name fir is *Raph Trapdore*, honest
Raph.

Alex. *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous
step

For her to venture on, but vnto me.

Trap. As fast as your sole to your boote or shooe fir.

Alex. Hence then, be little seene here as thou canst.

Ile still be at thine elbow.

Trap. The trapdores fet.

Moll if you budge y'are gon : this me shall crowne,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe.

Alex. God a mercy, loose no time. *Exeunt.*

*The three shops open in a ranke: the first a Poti-
caries shop, the next a Fether shop: the third a
Sempsters shop: Mistrresse Gallipot in the first,
Mistrresse Tiltyard in the next, Maister Open-
worke and his wife in the third, to them enters
Laxton, Goshawke and Greenewit.*

Mi. Open. Gentlemen what ist you lacke. What ist
you buy, see fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine
cambrickes, what ist you lacke Gentlemen, what ist
you buy?

Lax. Yonders the shop.

Gosh. Is that shee.

Lax. Peace.

Green. Shee that minces Tobacco.

Lax. I : shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell
you, tho it be her hard fortune now to shread Indian
pot-hearbes.

Gosh. Oh fir tis many a good womans fortune,
her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and
fet vp againe.

Lax. And indeed the rayfing of the woman is the
lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one florish,
tother will bud as fast I warrant ye.

Gosh. Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I
groe that.

Lax. And you grope no better ith dark you may
chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

Gosh. Go th'art a misticall letcher.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure smoake.

Gosh. Make take vp an ell of pure smock ; away go, tis the closest striker. Life I think he commits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable smockster go to worke so openly, with the tricks of art, that I'me as aparantly seen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guift of trechery that I haue in me to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me (masse yonder hee is too—) and by his iniurie to make good my acceffe to her, I should appeare as defectiue in courting, as a Farmers sonne the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glasse windowes for a month together, and some broken wayting woman for euer after. I find those imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falshood, I should want discourse and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet.—He shall not see me yet.

Green. Troth this is finely shred.

Lax. Oh women are the best mincers.

Mist. Gal. 'Thad bin a good phraze for a Cookes wife fir.

Lax. But 'twill serue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke ; as thus : Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all English-women.

Mist. Gal. Nay you shall ha'te fir, I haue fild it for you.

Shee puts it to the fire.

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine alwaies so.

Gree. But not to be vs'd a that fashion.

Lax. O pardon me fir, I vnderstand no french.

I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich smoake.

Gosh. Rich smoake ; that's 6. pence a pipe ist ?

Green. To me sweet Lady.

Mist. Gal. Be not forgetful ; respect my credit ; seem strange ; Art and Wit makes a foole of suspicion :—pray be warie.

Lax. Push, I warrant you :—come, how ist gallants ?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent ; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worse noyse i' the nose then a common fidlers prentice, and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling ;—I must speake a word with you anone.

Mist. Gal. Make your way wisely then.

Gosli. Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of manners, But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. I and 'full of forme, h'as ne're a good stoole in's chamber.

Gosli. But about all religious : hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant about measure ; h'as runne three streets from a Serieant.

Lax. Puh, Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

Green. Gosli. Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Lax. So, so.

Mist. Gal. What's the matter now sir ?

Lax. I protest I'me in extreame want of money, if you can supply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tasted.

Mist. Gal. What's the summe would pleasure ye sir ? Tho you deserue nothing lesse at my hands.

Lax. Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'st ; I put her off with opportunitie still : by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in fashion with gallants ; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches. beare her in hand still ; shee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to

consume the money: why how now? what the chincough?

Gosh. Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

Lax. Poxe and thou do'st, thou know'st I neuer use to fight with my friends, thou'l but loose thy labour in't.

Iacke Dapper!

Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.

Greene. Mounſier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

I. Dap. Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

Gosh. He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

Lax. So wel said: but is this of the same Tobacco mistresse *Gallipot*?

M. Gal. The same you had at first fir.

Lax. I wish it no better: this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

Gosh. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

Lax. Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue sworne before you.

Gosh. What not *Iacke dapper*.

Lax. Pardon me sweet *Iacke*, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must stand: where art going *Iacke*.

Iac. Dap. Faith to buy one fether.

Lax. One fether, the foole's peculiar still.

Iac. Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iac. Dap. Heer's three halpence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

Gul. How three single halpence; life, this will scarce serue a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a

halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this shoves like small beere ith morning after a great surfet of wine ore night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girles and braue boudy-house boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are the eggs of there pound, Ile go sup 'em vp presently.

Exit Gul.

Lax. Eight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loues darkeness well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugsters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entred but the candle was sent of an arrant: now I am intending to vnderstand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cosens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to make the poore man some part of amends, an honest minde of a whooremaister, how thinke you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

Gosh. No your a horder, you ingrofe bith ounces.

At the Fether shop now.

Iac. Dap. Puh I like it not.

M. Tillyard. What fether ist you'ld haue fir. These are most worne and most in fashion, Amongst the Beuer gallants the stone Riders. The priuate stages audience, the twelu peny stool Gentlemen,

I can enforme you tis the generall fether.

Iac. Dap. And therefore I mislike it, tell me of generall.

Now a continuall *Simon* and *Judes* raine Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.

Shew me — — a — spangled fether.

Mist. Tilt. Oh to go a feasting with,
You'd haue for a hinchboy, you shall.

At the Sempsters shop now.

Mist. Open. Masse I had quite forgot,
His Honours footeman was here last night wife,
Ha you done with my Lords shirt.

Mist. Open. Whats that to you fir,
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,
Ere such a snaile as you crept out of your shell.

Mist. Open. Oh 'twas well done good wife.

Mi. Op. I hold it better fir, then if you had don't
your selfe.

Ma. Op. Nay so say I; but is the Countesses
smocke almost donne moufe.

Mi. Op. Here lyes the cambricke fir, but wants I
feare mee.

Mi. Op. Ile resolue you of that presently.

Mi. Op. Haida, oh audacious groome,
Dare you presume to noble womens linnen,
Keepe you your yard to meafure sheepeheards
holland,

I must confine you I see that.

At the Tobacco shop now.

Gosh. What say you to this geere.

Lax. I dare the arrants criticke in Tobacco
To lay one falt vpon't.

Enter Mol in a freefe Ierkin and a blacke sauegard.

Gosh. Life yonders *Mol.*

Lax. Mol which Mol.

Gosh. honest *Mol.*

Lax. Prithee lets call her——*Mol.*

All. *Mol, Mol, pist Mol.*

Mol. How now, whats the matter.

Gosh. A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*

Mol. I cannot stay.

Gosh. Nay *Mol* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

Mol. Well what ist.

Green. Prithee come hither firra.

Lax. Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, sh' as the Spirit of foure great parishes, and a voyce that will drowne all the Citty, methinkes a braue Captaine might get all his souldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke sops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough: Such a *Moll* were a maribone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eats into many a maidenhead, where the wals are flesh and bloud. Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

Gosh. Now thy iudgement *Moll*, ist not good?

Mol. Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you sell an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Mistrresse *Gallipot.*

Gosh. Why, *Mol*, *Mol.*

Mol. I cannot stay now ifaith, I am going to buy a shag ruffe, the shop will be shut in presently.

Gosh. Tis the maddest fantasticalst girle:— I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

Lax. Shee slips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmans fingers:—Ile watch my time for her.

Misl. Gal. Some will not flicke to say shees a man

And some both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Fether shop againe.

Moll. Saue you ; how does Mistresse Tiltyard ?

I. Dap. Mol.

Mol. Iacke Dapper.

I. Dap. How dost *Mol.*

Mol. Ile tel the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.

I. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.

Mol. Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a goose will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

The Sempster shop.

Maisl. Open. Mistresse *Mary* that shalt thou ifaith, and the best in the shop.

Misl. Open. How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I send you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischiefe, I'me seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead so long vpon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Maisl. Open. Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can—*Moll.*

Misl. Open. Get you from my shop.

Mol. I come to buy.

Misl. Open. Ile sell ye nothing, I warne yee my house and shop.

Mol. You goody *Openworke*, you that prick out a poore liuing
And sowes many a bawdy skin-coate together,
Thou priuate pandresse betweene shirt and smock,
I wish thee for a minute but a man :
Thou shouldst neuer vse more shapes, but as th'art
I pittie my reuenge, now my spleenes vp,

Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.

I would not mocke it willingly—ha be thankfull.
Now I forgiue thee.

Mist. Open. Mary hang thee, I never askt forgiue-
nesse in my life.

Mol. You Goodman swinesface.

Fellow. What wil you murder me.

Mol. You remember slaue, how you abusd me
t'other night in a Tauerne.

Fel. Not I by this light.

Mol. No, but by candlelight you did, you haue
trickes to saue your oathes, referuations haue you, and
I haue referued somewhat for you,—as you like that
call for more, you know the signe againe.

Fel. Pox ant, had I brought any company along
with mee to haue borne witnesse on't, 'twould ne're
haue grieu'd me, but to be stricke and nobody by, tis
my ill fortune still, why tread vpon a worme they say
twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentleman should haue
more manners." *Exit fellow.*

Lax. Gallantly performed ifath *Mol*, and manfully,
I loue thee for euer fort, base rogue, had he offerd but
the least counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for
him.

Mol. You prepared for him, why should you be
prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

Lax. No nor so much by a yard and a handfull
London measure.

Moll. Why do you speake this then, doe you
thinke I cannot ride a stone horse, vnlesse one lead
him bith snaffle.

Lax. Yes and sit him brauely, I know thou canst
Mol, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ile
make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plumpe
Mol, when shall thou and I go out a towne together.

Mol. Whether to Tyburne prethee.

Lax. Masse thats out a towne indeed, thou

hangst so many iests vpon thy friends still. I meane honestly to *Brainford*, *Staines*, or *Ware*.

Mol. What to do there.

Lax. Nothing but bee merry and lye together, I'll hire a coach with foure horses.

Mol. I thought 'twould bee a beastly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horses will serue, if I play the iade my selfe.

Lax. Nay push th'art such another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

Mol. Tis hard but we shall meete fir.

Lax. Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

Mol. Why here's my hand Ile meete you fir.

Lax. Oh good gold,—the place sweete *Mol*.

Mol. It shal be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat neere *Holborne* *Mol*.

Mol. In *Graies-Inne* fields then.

Lax. A match.

Mol. Ile meete you there.

Lax. The houre.

Mol. Three.

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at *Braine-ford*.

Fall from them to the other.

Ma. Op. I am of such a nature fir, I cannot endure the house when shee scolds, sh' has a tongue will be hard further in a still morning then Saint Antlings-bell, she railes vpon me for forraine wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore ith subburbs, and seeke to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Goth. No trouble at all, tis a pleasure to mee to ioyne things together.

Maist. Open. Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honesty *Goshawke.*

The Fether shop.

Iac. Dap. How lik'st thou this *Mol.*

Mol. Oh singularly, your fitted now for a bunch, he lookes for all the world with those spangled fethers like a noblemans bedpost: The purity of your wench would I faine try, shee seemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleue as many wiles are in her—oh the gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench, tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because shee's nere thoroughly try'd, I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the slacknesse then? many a poore foule would downe, and ther's nobody will push em: Women are courted but nere foundly tri'd, As many walke in spurs that neuer ride.

The Sempsters shop.

Misl. Open. Oh abominable.

Gosh. Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith subburbs.

Misl. Open. O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile shew you mine armes when you please fir.

Gosh. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

Misl. Openworke. Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladies seruice, where I was well beloued of the steward. I had my Lattine tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a subberbian whoore vnder my nostrils.

Goff. There's waies enough to cry quite with him,
Marke in thine eare.

Mist. Open. Theres a friend worth a Million.

Mol. I'll try one speare against your chastity

Mist. Tillyard

Though it proue too short by the burgh.

Trap. Masse here she is. *Enter Ralph Trapdore.*
I'me bound already to serue her, tho it be but a
sluttish tricke. Blesse my hopefull yong Mistresse with
long life and great limbs, fend her the vpper hand of
al balifes, and their hungry adherents.

Mol. How now, what art thou?

Trap. A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would
gladly wait for the yong flood of your seruice.

Mol. My seruice! what should moue you to offer
your seruice to me sir?

Trap. The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and
masculine womanhood.

Mol. So sir, put case we should retaine you to vs,
what parts are there in you for a Gentlewomans
seruice.

Trap. Of two kinds right Worshipfull: moueable,
and immoueable: moueable to runne of arrants, and
immoueable to stand when you haue occasion to
use me.

Mol. What strength haue you.

Trap. Strength Mistresse *Mol.* I haue gon vp into
a steeple, and flaid the great bell as 'thas beene
ringing; flopt a windmill going.

Mol trips vp his heels he fals.

Mol. And neuer stricke downe your selfe.

Trap. Stood as vpright as I do at this present.

Mol. Come I pardon you for this, it shall bee no
disgrace to you: I haue stricke vp the heeles of the
high Germanes size ere now, — what not stand.

Trap. I am of that nature where I loue, I'll bee
at my mistresse foot to do her seruice.

Mol. Why well said, but say your Mistresse should

receiue iniury, haue you the spirit of fighting in you durst you second her.

Trap. Life I haue kept a bridge my selfe, and droue feuen at a time before me.

Mol. I.

Trap. But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my troth. afide

Mol. Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three and foure this afternoone, and vpon better consideration weele retaine you.

Trap. I humbly thanke your good Mistreship, Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse.

Exit Trapdore

Mol meets Laxton.

Lax. Remember three.

Moll. Nay if I faile you hange me.

Lax. Good wench Ifaith.

then Openworke.

Moll. Whofe this.

Maijl. Open. Tis I *Moll.*

Moll. Prithee tend thy shop and preuent baf-tards.

Maijl. Open. Wele haue a pint of the fame wine ifaith *Mol.*

The bel rings.

Gosh. Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

Iacke Dapper, where shals all munch.

Iac. Dap. I am for Parkers ordinary.

Lax. Hee's a good guest to'm, hee deserues his boord,

He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,

Weele be your followers *Iacke,* lead the way,

Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well. *Exeunt Gallants.*

Enter Maifler Gallipot, Maifler Tiltyard, and feruants with water Spaniels and a ducke.

Maiſt. Tilt. Come ſhut vp your ſhops, where's *Maifler Openworke.*

Miſt. Gal. Nay aske not me *Maifler Tiltyard.*

Maiſt. Tilt. Wher's his water dog, puh—piſt—hur—hur—piſt.

Maiſt. Gal. Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogſden.

Miſt. Gal. To Hogſden husband.

Maiſt. Gal. I to Hogſden pigsny.

Miſt. Gal. I'me not ready husband.

ſpits in the dogs mouth.

Maiſt. Gal. Faith thats well—hum—piſt—piſt
Come Miſtreſſe *Openworke* you are ſo long.

Miſt. Open. I haue no ioy of my life *Maifler Gallipot.*

Maiſt. Gal. Puh, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along, and weeſe ſhow you the braueſt ſport at parlous pond, he trug, he trug, he trug, heres the beſt ducke in England, except my wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch,

Come lets away

Of all the yeare this is the ſportfulſt day.

Enter Sebastian ſolus.

Seb. If a man haue a free will, where ſhould the uſe
More perfect ſhine then in his will to loue.

Enter Sir Alexander and liſtens to him.

All creatures haue their liberty in that,
Tho elſe kept vnder ſeruile yoke and feare,
The very bondſlaue has his freedome there,
Amongſt a world of creatures voyc'd and ſilent.
Muſt my defires weare fetters — yea are you

So neere, then I must breake with my hearts truth ;
 Meete griebe at a backe way — well : why suppose
 The two leaud tongues of slander or of truth
 Pronounce *Mol* loathsome : if before my loue
 Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,
 I haue the thing I like ? in all things else
 Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper,
 Life what should aile it now ? I know that man
 Nere truely loues, if he gaine sayt he lyes,
 That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.
 Ile keepe myne owne wide open.

Enter Mol and a porter with a viall on his backe.

Alex. Here's braue wilfulnesse,

A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.

Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber
 Mistresse *Mary*.

Mol. Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these
 porters beare so much for others, they haue no time to
 carry wit for themselues.

Por. To your owne chamber Mistresse *Mary*.

Moll. Who'll heare an Assle speake : whither else
 goodman pagent-bearer : the're people of the worst
 memories. *Exit Porter.*

Seb. Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue
 them carry things in their minds, and a' ther backs
 together.

Mol. Pardon me sir, I thought not you so neere.

Alex. So, so, so.

Seb. I would be neerer to thee, and in that
 fashion,
 That makes the best part of all creatures honest.
 No otherwise I wish it.

Mol. Sir I am so poore to requite you, you must
 looke for nothing but thankses of me, I haue no
 humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth sides ath bed
 my selfe ; and againe ath' other side, a wife you know
 ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too head-

strong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well fir for your good will I'de be loath you should repent your bargaine after, and therefore weele nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my selfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worse ith place.

Alex. The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

Seb. This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thee, when tis the musicke that I loue thee for.

Alex. There's a boy spoyles all againe.

Mol. Beleeue it fir I am not of that disdainefull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

Alex. A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

Mol. But sleepe vpon this once more fir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasty to wrong your selfe, neuer while you liue fir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see fir I speake against my selfe, and if euer woman would deale with their suter so honestly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd with old cosoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well fir.

Seb. Nay prethee one word more.

Alex. How do I wrong this girle, she puts him of still.

Moll. Thinke vpon this in cold blood fir, you make as much hast as if you were a going vpon a sturghion voyage, take deliberation fir, neuer chuse a wife as if you were going to *Virginia*.

Seb. And so we parted, my too cursed fate.

Alex. She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

Enter a Tailor.

Taylor. Mistresse *Mol*, Mistresse *Mol*: fo ho ho fo ho.

Mol. There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

Taylor. I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Alex. Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinckets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

Mol. What fiddings heere, would not the old patterne haue seru'd your turne.

Taylor. You change the fashon, you say you'le haue the great Dutch slop Mistresse *Mary*.

Mol. Why fir I say so still.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

Mol. Well pray looke it be put in then.

Taylor. It shall stand round and full I warrant you.

Mol. Pray make em easy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

Alex. Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch slop, and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

Taylor. So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

Mol. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go presently to your chamber Mistresse *Mary*, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Mol. Well fir, Ile send it by a Porter presently.

Exit Mol.

Taylor. So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in England.

Exit Taylor.

Seb. I haue examined the best part of man,
Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,
They leaue me vncontrould, he that is fwayd
By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of loue
His spring time must needes erre, his watch nere goes
right

That sets his dyall by a rusty clocke.

Alex. So, and which is that rusty clocke sir you.

Seb. The clocke at Ludgate sir, it nere goes true.

Alex. But thou goest fals: not thy fathers cares
Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre
And stops againe when time is satisfied,
But thou runst on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,
Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake
Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,
Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.

Seb. I tast you bitterer then I can deferue sir.

Alex. Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or
drug,

Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowfy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soule sits with a golden dreame
Flatred and poysoned, I am old my sonne,
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waightier busi-
nesse of mine owne

Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes
Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rise,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.

Seb. Not honestly, not in the way of marriage.

Alex. What sayst thou marriage, in what place,
the Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, pre-
the, an inditement.

Seb. Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong
her.

Alex. Why, wouldst thou faine marry to be pointed at,

Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,
 Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
 Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon
 As her thy folly doates on. If thou longst
 To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,
 Serue for discourse in ordinaries and tauernes
 Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
 Keepe on, thou canst not misse it: or to strike
 Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,
 Keepe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
 Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,
 Nor sighes that flye in sparkles, from his sorrowes,
 Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,
 Me thinks her very name should fright thee from her,
 And neuer trouble me.

Seb. Why is the name of *Mol* so fatall fir.

Alex. Many one fir, where suspect is entred,
 For seeke all *London* from one end to t'other,
 More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

Seb. Whats that to her? let those blush for themselves.

Can any guilt in others condemne her?
 I'ue vowd to loue her: let all stormes oppose me,
 That euer beate against the brest of man,
 Nothing but deaths blacke tempest shall diuide vs.

Alex. Oh folly that can dote on nought but shame.

Seb. Put case a wanton itch runs through one name

More then another, is that name the worse,
 Where honesty sits posselt in't? it should rather
 Appare more excellent, and deserue more praise.
 When through foule mists a brightnesse it can raise.
 Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,
 And well descended, keepe an open house,
 And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.

He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,
For the name neither saues, nor yet condemnes,
And for her honesty, I haue made such prooffe an't,
In feuerall formes, so neerely watcht her waies,
I will maintaine that strict, against an army,
Excepting you my father : here's her worst,
Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes neere it : and oftentimes
Through her apparell somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,
Would all *Mols* were no worse.

Alex. This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme
To infamy and ruine : he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him : all my ioyes
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud
And will be wilfully swallowed : wilfully.
But why so vaine, let all these teares be lost,
He pursue her to shame, and so al's cost.

Exit Sir Alexander.

Seb. Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose
effect

Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To thinke I loue so blindly : I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.
Wherein my ioy fits with a full wish crownd,
Onely his moode excepted which must change.
By opposite pollicies, courses indirect,
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.
This madde girle I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes knowne,
Twixt louers hearts, shee's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their owne,
By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wise,
My loue and I may meete, spite of all spies.

Exit Sebastian.

*Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the
Coachman.*

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Heere fir.

Lax. There's a tester more, prethee driue thy coach to the hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

Coach. Marybone parke fir.

Lax. I, its in our way thou knowst.

Coach. It shall be done fir.

Lax. Coachman,

Coach. A non fir.

Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

Coach. The best in Smithfield I warrant you fir.

Lax. May we safely take the vpper hand of any coacht veluet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde swaggering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are flopt with them.

Coach. My life for yours and baffle em to fir,—why they are the same iades beleeeue it fir, that haue drawne all your famous whores to *Ware*.

Lax. Nay then they know their businesse, they neede no more instructions.

Coach. The're so vsd to such iourneis fir, I neuer vse whip to em; for if they catch but the sent of a wench once, they runne like diuels.

Exit Coachman with his whip.

Lax. Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will haue the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride prauncing to hell vpon a coach-horse.

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I see her not, harke whats this, one, two, three,

The clocke striks three.

three by the clock at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place, shee swore she'd meete mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-men with one wench, but thats not shee, they walke toward Islington out of my way, I see none yet drest like her, I must looke for a shag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a short sword, and a safeguard, or I get none: why *Mol*

prethee make hast, or the Coachman will curffe vs anon.

Enter Mol like a man.

Mol. Oh heeres my Gentleman: if they would keepe their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with their harlots, no bankrout would giue feuen score pound for a seriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deriued, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a seriant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready fir.

Lax. Ready, for what fir.

Mol. Do you aske that now fir, why was this meeting pointed.

Lax. I thought you mistooke me fir,
You seeme to be some yong barrister,
I haue no suite in law—all my land's sold
I praise heauen for't: 'thas rid me of much trouble.

Mol. Then I must wake you fir, where stands the coach.

Lax. Whose this, *Mol*: honest *Mol*.

Mol. So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your eyes I see that.

Lax. Th'art admirably suited for the three pignons at *Brainford*, Ile sweare I knew thee not.

Mol. Ile sweare you did not: but you shall know me now.

Lax. No not here, we shall be spyde efaith, the coach is better, come.

Mol. Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou vntruffe a point *Mol*.

She puts of her cloake and drawes.

Mol. Yes, heere's the point that I vntruffe, 'thas but one tag, 'twill serue tho to tie vp a rogues tongue.

Lax. How.

Mol. There's the gold with which you hir'd your
 hackney, here's her pace,
 Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feele
 it,
 Ten angels of mine own, I've put to thine, win em, &
 weare em.

Lax. Hold *Moll*, Miftresse *Mary*.

Mol. Draw or Ile serue an execution on thee
 Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

Lax. Draw vpon a woman, why what dost meane
Mol?

Mol. To teach thy base thoughts manners ; th'art
 one of those
 That thinkes each woman thy fond flexible whore,
 If she but cast a liberall eye vpon thee,
 Turne backe her head, shees thine, or amongst com-
 pany,
 By chance drinke first to thee : then shee's quite gon,
 There's no meanes to help her ; nay for a need,
 Wilt sweare vnto thy credulous fellow letchers,
 That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at first
 sight

Then her monky all her life time,
 How many of our sex, by such as thou
 Haue their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
 That neuer deserued loosely or did trip
 In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.
 But for the flaine of conscience and of soule,
 Better had women fall into the hands
 Of an act silent, then a bragging nothing,
 There's no mercy in't—what durst moue you sir,
 To thinke me whoorish ? a name which Ide teare
 out

From the hye *Germanes* throat, if it lay ledger
 there

To dispatch priuy slanders against mee.
 In thee I desye all men, their worst hates,
 And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
 With which they intangle the poore spirits of fooles,

Distressed needlwomen and trade-fallne wiues.
 Fish that must needs bite, or themselues be bitten,
 Such hungry things as these may foone be tooke
 With a worrne fastned on a golden hooke.
 Those are the letchers food, his prey, he watches
 For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting sisters,
 Tis the best fish he takes : but why good fisherman,
 Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet
 Had angling rod cast towards me ? cause you'le say
 I'me giuen to sport, I'me often mery, iest,
 Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust ?
 O shame take all her friends then : but how ere
 Thou and the baser world censure my life,
 Ile send 'em word by thee, and write so much
 Vpon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
 Tell them 'twere base to yeeld, where I haue con-
 quer'd.

I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,
 I that can prostitute a man to mee,
 And so I greeete thee.

Lax. Heare me.

Mol. Would the spirits of al my slander, were
 clasp't in thine.

That I might vex an army at one time.

Lax. I do repent me, hold.

They fight.

Mol. You'l die the better Christian then.

Lax. I do confesse I haue wrong'd thee *Mol.*

Mol. Confession is but poore amends for wrong,
 Vnlesse a rope would follow.

Lax. I aske thee pardon.

Mol. I'me your hir'd whoore sir.

Lax. I yeeld both purse and body.

Mol. Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

Lax. Spare my life.

Mol. I scorne to strike thee basely.

Lax. Spoke like a noble girle i'faith.

Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of
 a fencer. Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this
 a letcherous viage ? Here's bloud would haue seru'd

me this feuen yeare in broken heads and cut fingers,
 & it now runs all out together, pox athe three pigions,
 I would the coach were here now to carry mee to the
 Chirurgions. *Exit Laxton.*

Mol. If I could meete my enemies one by one
 thus,

I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
 And make 'em know, shee that has wit, and spirit,
 May scorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,
 Or for apparell like your common dame,
 That makes shame get her cloathes, to couer shame.
 Bafe is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,
 As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
 My spirit shall be Mistrisse of this house,
 As long as I haue time in't. — — oh

Enter Trapdore.

Heere comes my man that would be : 'tis his houre.
 Faith a good well fet fellow, if his spirit
 Be answerable to his vmbles ; he walkes stiffe,
 But whether he will stand to't stiffly, there's the point ;
 Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall haue many a
 woman

Choofe him shee meanes to make her head, by his
 calfe ;

I do not know their trickes in't, faith he seemes
 A man without ; I'll try what he is within.

Tray. Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three
 & foure,

Ile fit her Mistreship with a peece of seruice,
 I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle.

Shee iustles him.

What a pox ailes you fir ?

Mol. He beginnes like a Gentleman.

Trap. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-
 fight :

Life he comes back againe. *She comes towards him.*

Mol. Was this spoke to me fir.

Trap. I cannot tell fir.

Mol. Go y'are a coxcombe.

Trap. Coxcombe.

Mol. Y'are a slaue.

Trap. I hope there's law for you fir.

Mol. Ye, do you fee fir. *Turne his hat.*

Trap. Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what house your off.

Mol. One of the Temple fir. *Philips him.*

Trap. Masse so me thinkes.

Mol. And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.

Trap. I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often, Ile not meddle with you for that tricke fir.

Mol. A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.

Trap. You'le giue me leaue to passe about my businesse fir.

Mol. Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I ha done, and glad to serue me too.

Trap. How fir, serue you, not if there were no more men in England.

Moll. But if there no more women in England I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,

Trap. Mistresse.

Mol. Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push fir,

Trap. What would your Worship haue me do.

Mol. You a fighter.

Trap. No, I praise heauen, I had better grace & more maners.

Mol. As how I pray fir.

Trap. Life 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue drawne my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd shame of me for that.

Mol. Why but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not say so Mistresse, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

Mol. Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you intertainment.

Trap. Thanke your good Mistreship.

Mol. How many suites haue you.

Trap. No more suites then backes Mistresse.

Mol. Well if you deserue, I cast of this, next weeke,
And you may creepe into't.

Trap. Thanke your good Worship.

Mol. Come follow me to S. *Thomas Apostles*,
He put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the first thing
I do.

Trap. I follow my deere Mistresse. *Excunt omnes.*

Enter Mistresse Gallipot *as from supper, her husband*
after her.

Maist. Gal. What *Pru*, Nay sweete *Prudence*.

Mist. Gal. What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the
baby would haue a teate it kyes so, pray be not so
fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I'me vext
at you to see how like a calfe you come bleating
after me.

Maist. Gal. Nay hony *Pru* : how does your rising
vp before all the table shew? and flinging from my
friends so vnciuily, fye *Pru*, fye, come.

Mist. Gal. Then vp and ride ifaith.

Maist. Gal. Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*, thats
farre from my thought, ducke : why mouse, thy minde
is nibbling at something, what ist, what lyes vpon thy
Stomach?

Mist. Gal. Such an affe as you : hoyda, y'are best
turne midwife, or Physition : y'are a Poticary already,
but I'me none of your drugs.

Maist. Gal. Thou art a sweete drug, sweetest *Pru*,
and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

Mist. Gal. Must you be prying into a womans
secrets : say ye?

Maist. Gal. Womans secrets.

Mist. Gal. What? I cannot haue a qualme come
vpon mee but your teeth waters, till your nose hang
ouer it.

Maist. Gal. It is my loue deere wife.

Mist. Gal. Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouer me, so cookish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

Maiſt. Gal. No *Pru*? why I hope I haue handled —

Mist. Gal. Handle a fooles head of your owne,—
ſih—ſih.

Maiſt. Gal. Ha, ha, tis ſuch a waſpe; it does mee good now to haue her ſing me, little rogue.

Mist. Gal. Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide theſe aterne husbands: ſuch cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, they become you ſcuruily.

Maiſt. Gal. Vpon my life ſhe breeds, heauen knowes how I haue ſtrained my ſelfe to pleaſe her, night and day: I wonder why wee Cittizens ſhould get children ſo fretfull and vntoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the moſt part as gentle as milch kine: ſhall I leaue thee my *Pru*.

Mist. Gal. Fye, fye, fye.

Maiſt. Gal. Thou ſhalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold ſweete *Pru*.

Exit Maiſt. Gallipot.

Mist. Gal. As your wit has done: now Maſter *Laxton* ſhew your head, what newes from you? would any husband ſuſpect that a woman crying, Buy any ſcurui-graſſe, ſhould bring loue letters amongſt her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, fine conueyance? had iealouſy a thouſand eyes, a ſilly woman with ſcuruy-graſſe blinds them all;

Laxton with bayes

Crown I thy wit for this, it deſerues praife.

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wife,

Lacke what poore ſhift is loue forc't to deuife?
(Toth' point.)

She reads the letter.

O Sweete Creature——(a ſweete beginning) *pardon my long abſence, for thou ſhalt ſhortly be poſſeſſed with*

my presence; though Demophon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cref-fida: tho Eneus made an asse of Dido, I will dye to thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man beneath the siluer moone shall make more of a woman then I do of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must doe it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee, protesting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to liue so, as hitherto I haue and will.

Thy true Laxton euer.

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pittie him,
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
Tis thirty fure, a 3 before an o,
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?
Laxton, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,
I'me like a needle twixt two adamants.

Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.

Maisr. Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp,
ha, how, reading a letters? I smel a goose, a couple of
capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out
of the country, I hold my life,—steale,—steale.

Mistr. Gal. O beshrow your heart.

Maisr. Gal. What letter's that? I'll see't.

She teares the letter.

Mistr. Gal. Oh would thou had'st no eyes to see
the downefall of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for
euer I'me vndone.

Maisr. Gal. What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's
that thou tear'st?

Mistr. Gal. Would I could teare
My very heart in peeces: for my soule
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me

Beyond a womans suffering.

Maisl. Gal. What meanes this?

Misl. Had you no other vengeance to throw
downe,

But euen in heighth of all my ioyes?

Maisl. Gal. Deere woman.

Misl. Gal. When the full sea of pleasure and content
Seem'd to flow ouer me.

Maisl. Gal. As thou desirest to keepe mee out of
bedlam, tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at
nurse false sicke, or dead?

Misl. Gal. Oh no.

Maisl. Gal. Heauens blesse me, are my barnes
and houfes

Yonder at Hockly hole consum'd with fire,
I can build more, sweete *Pru.*

Misl. Gal. Tis worse, tis worse.

Maisl. Gal. My factor broke, or is the *Ionas*
funcke.

Misl. Gal. Would all we had were swallowed in
the waues,

Rather then both should be the scorne of slaues.

Maisl. Gal. I'me at my wits end.

Misl. Gal. Oh my deere husband,
Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre,
Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,
I feare now I shall proue a wanderer,
Oh *Laxton, Laxton*, is it then my fate
To be by thee orethrowne?

Maisl. Gal. Defend me wifedome,
From falling into frenzie, on my knees.
Sweete *Pru*, speake, whats that *Laxton* who so heavy
lyes on thy bosome.

Misl. Gal. I shall sure run mad.

Maisl. Gal. I shall run mad for company then:
speake to me,

I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, . . *Pru*,—why *Pru*.
Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed

Thou wert about to act, didst meane to rob me,
 Tush I forgie thee, hast thou on my bed
 Thrust my soft pillow vnder anothers head?
 Ile winke at all faults *Pru*, las thats no more,
 Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done
 before,

Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton*?

Mist. Gall. Oh.

Mist. Gal. Out with him.

Mist. Gall. Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,
 This hand which thou calst thine, to him was giuen,
 To him was I made sure ith sight of heauen.

Mist. Gal. I neuer heard this thunder.

Mist. Gall. Yes, yes, before

I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,
 Since last I saw him twelue moneths three times told,
 The Moore hath drawne through her light siluer
 bow,

For ore the seas hee went, and it was said,
 (But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead,
 But hee's aliuie, oh hee's aliuie, he sent,
 That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
 Swearing with oathes most damniably to haue me,
 Or teare me from this bosome, oh heauens saue me.

Mist. Gal. My heart will breake,—sham'd and
 vndone for euer.

Mist. Gal. So blacke a day (poore wretch) went ore
 thee neuer.

Mist. Gal. If thou shouldst wrastle with him at the
 law,

Th'art sure to fall, no odde slight, no preuention.
 Ile tell him th'art with child.

Mist. Gal. Vmh.

Mist. Gall. Or giue out one of my men was tane
 a bed with thee.

Mist. Gal. Vmh, vmh.

Mist. Gal. Before I loose thee my deere *Pru*,
 Ile driue it to that push.

Mist. Gal. Worfe, and worfe still,

You embrace a mischiefe, to preuent an ill.

Maiſt. Gal. Ile buy thee of him, ſtop his mouth
with Gold,

Think'ſt thou twill do.

Maiſt. Gall. Oh me, heauens grant it would,
Yet now my fences are ſet more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding vp and downe had ſpent,
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, ſend that,
Stand not on thirty with him.

Maiſt. Gal. Forty *Pru*,
Say thou the word tis done, wee venture liues
For wealth, but muſt do more to keepe our wiues,
Thirty or forty *Pru*.

Miſt. Gal. Thirty good ſweete
Of an ill bargaine lets ſaue what we can,
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man
When firſt I knew him of a meeke ſpirit,
All goodneſſe is not yet dryd vp I hope.

Maiſt. Gal. He ſhall haue thirty pound, let that
ſtop all :
Loues ſweets taſt beſt, when we haue drunke downe
Gall.

Enter Maſter Tiltyard, and his wife, Maſter Gof-
hawke, and Miſtreſſe Openworke.

Gods ſo, our friends ; come, come, ſmoth your
cheeke ;

After a ſtorme the face of heauen looks ſleeke.

Maiſt. Tilt. Did I not tell you theſe turtles were
together ?

Miſt. Tilt. How doſt thou ſirra ? why ſiſter *Galli-
pot* ?

Miſt. Open. Lord how ſhee's chang'd ?

Geſh. Is your wife ill ſir ?

Maiſt. Gal. Yes indeed la ſir, very ill, very ill,
neuer worſe.

Mist. Tilt. How her head burnes, feele how her pulfes work.

Mist. Open. Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee good.

Mist. Tilt. In good sadnesse I finde best ease in that too,

Has shee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

Mist. Gal. No, but I will lay something anon.

Mist. Tilt. Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe Maister *Goshawke*?

Gosh. Yes sweete Maister *Tiltyard*, firra *Rosamond* I hold my life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.

Mist. Open. Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.

Gosh. Wee shall haue your face painted with the same red soone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley; thou wilt not beleeue me that his bowles run with a wrong byas.

Mist. Open. It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.

Gosh. What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand at racke and manger?

Mist. Open. Ile saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee kicke againe.

Gosh. Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

Mist. Open. Heere's my hand.

Gosh. No more; come Maister *Tiltyard*, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?

Mist. Tilt. Yes, yes, come wife.

Mist. Tilt. Introth! sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mist. Gal. I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Maister *Goshawke*.

Mist. Gal. Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome fir.

Omnes. Thankes fir for our good cheere,

Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.

Maiſt. Gal. It ſhall be ſo, becauſe a crafty knaue
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,
I'll giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound :
Tuff *Pru*, what's thirty pound? ſweete ducke looke
cheerely.

Miſt. Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart thou
bui'ſt it deerely.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Vds light the tide's againſt me, a pox of
your Potticariſhp : oh for ſome gliſter to ſet him going ;
'tis one of *Hercules* labours, to tread one of theſe
Cittie hennes, becauſe their cockes are ſtil crowing
ouer them ; there's no turning tale here, I muſt on.

Miſt. Gal. Oh, husband ſee he comes.

Maiſt. Gal. Let me deale with him.

Lax. Bleſſe you ſir.

Maiſt. Gal. Be you bleſt too ſir if you come in
peace.

Lax. Haue you any good pudding Tobacco ſir ?

Miſt. Gal. Oh picke no quarrels gentle ſir, my
husband

Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concern-
ing you.

Lax. Zounes has ſhe ſhowne my letters.

Miſt. Gal. Suppose my caſe were yours, what would
you do,

At ſuch a pinch, ſuch batteries, ſuch affaultes,
Of father, mother, kinred, to diſſolue
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him ?
How could you ſhift this ſtorme off ?

Lax. If I know hang me.

Miſt. Gal. Beſides a ſtory of your death was
read
Each minute to me.

Lax. What a pox meanes this ridling?

Maiſt. Gal. Be wiſe fir, let not you and I be toſt
On Lawiers pens; they haue ſharpe nibs and draw
Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you fir
To beate the drumme of my wiſes infamy,
And call your friends together fir to prooue
Your precontract, when ſh'has confeſt it?

Lax. Vmh fir, . . . has ſhe confeſt it?

Maiſt. Gal. Sh'has 'faith to me fir, vpon your letter
ſending.

Miſt. Gal. I haue, I haue.

Lax. If I let this yron coole call me ſlaue,
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence*? think'ſt thou vile
woman

I'll take theſe blowes and winke?

Miſt. Gal. Vpon my knees.

Lax. Out impudence.

Maiſt. Gal. Good fir.

Lax. You goatiſh ſlaues,
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?

Maiſt. Gal. Alas fir,
You make her fleſh to tremble, fright her not,
She ſhall do reaſon, and what's fit.

Lax. I'll haue thee, wert thou more common
Then an hoſpitall, and more diſeaſed.—

Maiſt. Gal. But one word good fir.

Lax. So fir.

Maiſt. Gal. I married her, haue line with her, and
got
Two children on her body, thinke but on that;
Haue you ſo beggarly an appetite
When I vpon a dainty diſh haue fed
To dine vpon my ſcraps, my leauings? ha fir?
Do I come neere you now fir?

Lax. Be Lady you touch me.

Maiſt. Gal. Would not you ſcorne to weare my
cloathes fir?

Lax. Right fir.

Mist. Gal. Then pray fir weare not her, for shee's
a garment

So fitting for my body, I'me loath
Another should put it on, you will vndoe both.
Your letter (as shee said) complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'le pay it ;
Shall that fir stop this gap vp twixt you two ?

Lax. Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke
you :

The mony being paid fir, I am gon :
Farewell, oh women happy's hee trusts none.

Mist. Gall. Dispatch him hence sweete husband.

Mist. Gall. Yes deere wife : pray fir come in, ere
Maister *Laxton* part

Thou shalt in wine drinke to him.

Exit Maister Gallipot and his wife.

Mist. Gal. With all my heart ; . . . how dost thou
like my wit ?

Lax. Rarely, that wile
By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did euer since, all womens bosomes fill ;
Y'are apple eaters all, deceiuers still. *Exit Laxton.*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave : Sir Daury Dapper, Sir Adam Appleton, at one dore, and Trapdore at another doore.

Alex. Out with your tale Sir *Daury*, to Sir *Adam*.
A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

Sir Da. Nay : if hee be a knaue fir, hold him
fast.

Alex. Speake softly, what egge is there hatching
now.

Trap. A Ducks egge fir, a ducke that has eaten a
frog, I haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other
will peep out presently ; the ducke that sits is the
bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girle my Mistresse)
the drake that must tread is your sonne *Sebastian*.

Alex. Be quicke.

Trap. As the tongue of an oisler wench.

Alex. And see thy newes be true.

Trap. As a barbars euery satterday night . . . mad
Mol.

Alex. Ah.

Trap. Must be let in without knocking at your
backe gate.

Alex. So.

Trap. Your chamber will be made baudy.

Alex. Good.

Trap. Shee comes in a shirt of male.

Alex. How shirt of male?

Trap. Yes fir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans
apparell.

Alex. To my sonne.

Trap. Close to your sonne: your sonne and her
Moone will be in coniunction, if all Alminacks lie not,
her blacke saueguard is turned into a deepe sloppe,
the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her
waistcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient feate
of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with standing
collers.

Alex. Art fure of this?

Trap. As euery throng is fure of a pick-pocket, as
fure as a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas*
Tearme, and of the pox after the Tearme.

Alex. The time of their tilting?

Trap. Three.

Alex. The day?

Trap. This.

Alex. Away ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the diuell doth for the death of a baud,
I'll watch her, do you catch her.

Alex. Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets;
harke.

Trap. They are made.

Alex. I told them thou didst owe mee money;
hold it vp: maintain't.

Trap. Stifly; as a Puritan does contention,

Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfe penny halter.

Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Varlet I'll make thee looke through a grate.

Trap. Ile do't presently, through a Tauerne grate,
drawer: pish. *Exit Trapdore.*

Adam. Has the knave vext you fir?

Alex. Askt him my mony,
He sweares my sonne receiud it: oh that boy
Will nere leaue heaping sorrowes on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Adam. Is he still wild?

Alex. As is a ruffian Beare.

Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage.

Alex. Worfe still and worfe,
He laies on me his shame, I on him my curse.

S. Dauy. My sonne *Iacke Dapper* then shall run
with him,
All in one pasture.

Adam. Proues your sonne bad too fir?

S. Dauy. As villany can make him: your *Sebastian*

Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,
A noyfe of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke: oh,
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leeches
fucke

My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on
smoake.

Alex. Tobacco?

S. Dauy. Right, but I haue in my braine
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my sonne, and make him wise,
Or a starke foole; pray lend me your aduise.

Both. That shall you good fir *Dauy*.

S. Dauy. Heere's the sprindge
I ha fet to catch this woodcocke in : an action
In a false name (vnknowne to him) is entred
I'th Counter to arrest *Iacke Dapper*.

Both. Ha, ha, he.

S. Dauy. Thinke you the Counter cannot breake
him ?

Adam. Breake him ?

Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

S. Dauy. I'll make him sing a Counter tenor
fure.

Adam. No way to tame him like it, there hee shall
learne

What mony is indeede, and how to spend it.

S. Dauy. Hee's bridled there.

Alex. I, yet knowes not how to mend it,
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere
There for there wit then any where ; a Counter
Why 'tis an vniversity, who not sees ?
As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,
And follow the same studies (all alike.)
Schollers learne first Logicke and Rhetoricke.
So does a prisoner ; with fine honied speech
At's first comming in he doth perfwade, beseech,
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy ;
To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowfy,
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtile Logicke, and quaint fopistry,
To make the keepers trust him.

Adam. Say they do.

Alex. Then hee's a graduate.

S. Dauy. Say they trust him not.

Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot
And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd
Be expuls'd from the Maisters side, to th' twopenny
ward,
Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

Alex. When mony being the theame,
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts;
Sir *Dauy* fend your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

S. Dauy. There Gallants study hard.

Alex. True: to get mony.

S. Dauy. 'lies bith' heeles i'faith, thankes, thankes,
I ha sent for a couple of beares shall paw him.

Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

Adam. Who comes yonder?

S. Dauy. They looke like puttocks, these should
be they.

Alex. I know 'em, they are officers, fir wee'l leaue
you.

S. Dauy. My good knights.

Leaue me, you see I'me haunted now with spirits.

Both. Fare you well fir. *Exeunt Alex. and Adam.*

Curt. This old muzzle chops should be he.

By the fellowes discription: Saue you fir.

S. Dauy. Come hither you mad varlets, did not
my man tell you I watcht here for you.

Curt. One in a blew coate fir told vs, that in this
place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing
contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for euery
wicked member in a Citty.

S. Dauy. You'l watch then for ten thousand,
what's thy name honesty?

Curt. Seriant *Curtilax* I fir.

S. Dauy. An excellent name for a Seriant,
Curtilax.

Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,
Should not you cut them; Cittizens were orethrowne,
Thou dwel'st hereby in Holborne *Curtilax.*

Curt. That's my circuit fir, I coniure most in that
circle.

S. Dauy. And what yong toward welp is this?

Hang. Of the same litter, his yeoman fir, my name's *Hanger*.

S. Dauy. Yeoman *Hanger*.

One paire of sheeres sure cut out both your coates,
You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,
You two are villainous loades on Gentlemens backs,
Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

Curt. We are as other men are fir, I cannot see
but hee who makes a shew of honesty and religion, if
his clawes can fasten to his liking, he drawes bloud;
all that liue in the world, are but great fish and little
fish, and feede vpon one another, some eate vp whole
men, a Seriant cares but for the shoulder of a man,
they call vs knaues and currees, but many times hee
that sets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then
we do in feuen.

S. Dauy. Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the
action entred?

Hang. His name is entred in the booke of vn-
beleeuers.

S. Dauy. What booke's that?

Curt. The booke where all prisoners names stand,
and not one amongst forty, when he comes in,
beleuees to come out in haft.

S. Da. Be as dogged to him as your office allowes
you to be.

Both. Oh fir.

S. Dauy. You know the vnthrif *Iacke Dapper*.

Curt. I, I, fir, that Gull? aswell as I know my
yeoman.

S. Dauy. And you know his father too, *Sir Dauy
Dapper*?

Curt. As damn'd a vsurer as euer was among
Iewes; if hee were sure his fathers skinne would
yeeld him any money, he would when hee dyes flea it
off, and sell it to couer drummes for children at Bar-
tholmew faire.

S. Dauy. What toades are these to spit poyson on

a man to his face ? doe you see (my honest rascals ?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne *Iacke Dapper* will fally fa, fa : giue the counter, on, set vpon him.

Both. Wee'l charge him vppo' th backe fir.

S. Dauy. Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerse your ground.

Both. Braue fir.

S. Dauy. Cry arme, arme, arme.

Both. Thus fir.

S. Dauy. There boy, there boy, away : looke to your prey my trew English wolues, and so I vanish.

Exit S. Dauy.

Curt. Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow, vpon my life, stand close.

Hang. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place ?

Curt. No nooke thou yonder.

Enter Mol and Trapdore.

Mol. Ralph.

Trap. What fayer my braue Captaine male and female ?

Mol. This Holborne is such a wrangling streete.

Trap. That's becaufe Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

Mol. Heere's such iustling, as if euery one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

Trap. Stand Mistresse do you not smell carrion ?

Mol. Carryon ? no, yet I spy rauens.

Trap. Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into fore labour, and these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i'the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, lie in.

Mol. Stand vp.

Trap. Like your new maypoll.

Hang. Whist, whew.

Curt. Hump, no.

Mol. Peeping ? it shall go hard huntsmen, but I'le

spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malt-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, Captaine; a beare comes to the stake.

Enter Iacke Dapper and Gul.

Mol. It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loose.

Hang. Whew.

Curt. Hemp.

Moll. Harke *Trapdore*, follow your leader.

Iacke Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iacke Dap. Did'st euer see such an asse as I am boy?

Gul. No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vsed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

Both. Honest Serieant fly, flie Maister *Dapper* you'l be arrested else.

Iacke Dap. Run *Gul* and draw.

Gul. Run Maister, *Gull* followes you.

Exit Dapper and Gull.

Curt. I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

Mol. Whores then are like Serieants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

Curt. You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoe-lane and meete him.

Trap. Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?

Mol. Rescue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away, I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,

The Roaring Girl.

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If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,
Send but for *Mol*, she'll baile him by these hands.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue solus.

Alex. Vnhappy in the follies of a sonne,
Led against iudgement, fence, obedience,
And all the powers of noblenesse and wit ;

Enter Trapdore

Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will she come ?

Trap. In mans apparell sir, I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

Alex. Peace, peace, peace.
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions
rids her sir,
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred
constables.

Alex. Good *Trapdore* saist thou so, thou cheer'st
my heart
After a storme of sorrow,— my gold chaine too,
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.

Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to
light sir.
And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lan-
thornes.

Alex. Place that a' the Court cubbart, let it lie
Full in the view of her theefe-whoorish eie.

Trap. Shee cannot misse it sir, I fee't so plaine
That I could steal't my selfe.

Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty ; what shee leaues,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight vpon her backe I'll lay.

Trap. You cannot assure that sir.

Alex. No, what lets it ?

Trap. Being a stout girle, perhaps shee'l desire
 preffing,
 Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.

Alex. Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.

Trap. You'r of my minde for that fir.

Alex. Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond
 at it,
 It may be shee'l like that best.

Trap. It's well for her, that shee must haue her
 choice, hee thinkes nothing too good for her, if you
 hold on this minde a little longer, it shall bee the first
 worke I doe to turne theefe my selfe; would do a
 man good to be hang'd when he is so wel pro-
 uided for.

Alex. So, well sayd; all hangs well, would shee
 hung so too,
 The fight would please me more, then all their
 gillsterings:

Oh that my mysteries to such freights should runne,
 That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page,
 and Mol.*

Seb. Thou hast done me a kind office, without
 touch
 Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.

Mol. I'de scorne to make such shift to bring you
 together else.

Seb. Now haue I time and opportunity
 Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kisse.*

Mary. Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

Mol. How strange this shewes one man to kisse
 another.

Seb. I'de kisse such men to chuse *Moll,*
 Me thinkes a womans lip tastis well in a dublet.

Mol. Many an old madam has the better fortune
 then,
 Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,

If that will help 'em, as you thinke 'twill do,
They'l learne in time to plucke on the hofe too.

Seb. The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I fpeake
feriously,

As fome haue a conceit their drinke tafts better
In an outlandifh cup then in our owne,
So me thinkes euery kiffe ſhe giues me now
In this ſtrange forme, is worth a paire of two,
Here we are fafe, and furtheſt from the eie
Of all ſuſpicion, this is my fathers chamber,
Vpon which floore he neuer ſteps till night.
Here he miſtruſts me not, nor I his comming,
At mine owne chamber he ſtill pries vnto me,
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,
Still checkt and curb'd, here he ſhall miſſe his purpoſe.

Mol. And what's your buſineſſe now, you haue your
mind fir;

At your great ſuite I promiſd you to come,
I pittied her for names ſake, that a *Moll*
Should be ſo croſt in loue, when there's ſo many,
That owes nine layes a peece, and not ſo little:
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke?

Seb. So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpoſe,
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,
And muſt liue ſtill beholding.

Mol. Any honeſt pittie
I'me willing to beſtow vpon poore Ring-doues.

Seb. I'll offer no worſe play.

Mol. Nay and you ſhould fir,
I ſhould draw firſt and prooue the quicker man.

Seb. Hold, there ſhall neede no weapon at this
meeting,

But cauſe thou ſhalt not looſe thy fury idle,
Heere take this viall, runne vpon the guts,
And end thy quarrell ſinging.

Mol. Like a ſwan aboue bridge,
For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.

Seb. Hold on ſweete *Mol.*

Mary. I've heard her much commended fir, for

one that was nere taught.

Mol. I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l needes put vs together fir, Ile play my part as wel as I can : it shall nere be said I came into a Gentlemans chamber, and let his instrument hang by the walls.

Seb. Why well said *Mol* i'faith, it had bene a shame for that Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung still, and nere offred thee it.

Mol. There it should haue bene stil then for *Mol*, for though the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that chamber yet, where I tooke downe the instrument my selfe.

Seb. Pish let 'em prate abroad, th' art heere where thou art knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand clofe dames that wil cal the viall an vnmanerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talke broadly of thee, when you shall haue them fit wider to a worse quality.

Mol. Push, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of 'em fir, and thus I dreame.

Seb. Prithee let's heare thy dreame *Mol*.

Mol. *I dreame there is a Mistresse,
And she layes out the money,* The song.
*Shee goes vnto her Sillers,
Shee neuer comes at any.*

Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them

*Shee fayer shee went to th Burffe for patternes,
You shall finde her at Saint Katherns,
And comes home with neuer a penny.*

Seb. That's a free Mistresse 'faith.

Alex. I, I, I, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosung.

Mol. But shall I dreame againe ?

*Here comes a wench will braue ye,
Her courage was so great,
Shee lay with one o' the Nauy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.*

*Yet oft with him she cauel'd,
I wonder what shee ailes,
Her husbands ship lay grauel'd,
When her's could hoyse vp failles.
Yet shee beganne like all my foes,
To call whoore first: for so do those,
A pox of all false tayles.*

Seb. Marry amen say I.

Alex. So say I too.

Mol. Hang vp the viall now fir: all this while I was in a dreame, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

Alex. Now, now, shee's trapt.

Moll. Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musitian are cosen Germanes in one thing, they must both keepe time well, or there's no goodnesse in 'em, the one else deserues to be dasht against a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle case, what? a loose chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now, There's many a younger brother would be glad To looke twice in at a window for't, And wriggle in and oute like an eele in a sandbag, Oh if mens secreet youthfull faults should iudge 'em, 'Twould be the general't execution, That ere was seene in England; there would bee but few left to sing the ballets, there would be so much worke: most of our brokers would be chofen for hangmen, a good day for them: they might renew their wardrops of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do vs good.

Mary. No poyson fir but serues vs for some vse, Which is confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace,
Foot I did here him fure, where ere he be.

Mol. Who did you heare?

Seb. My father,

'Twas like a fight of his, I must be wary.

Alex. No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plundge for't.

Seb. Life, heere he comes,—fir I beseech you
take it,

Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it foure pound, here's forty shillings fir.
I thinke I name it right: helpe me good *Mol*,
Forty in hand.

Mol. Sir you shall pardon me,
I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,
This paies me more, then you haue offred yet.

Seb. At the next quarter
When I receiue the meanes my father 'lowes me,
You shall haue tother forty.

Alex. This were well now,
Wer't to a man, whose sorrowes had blind eies,
But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,
With two cleere glassees—how now?

Seb. Sir.

Alex. What's he there?

Seb. You'r come in good time fir, I'ue a suite to
you,
I'de craue your present kindnesse.

Alex. What is he there?

Seb. A Gentleman, a musitian fir, one of excellent
fingring.

Alex. I, I thinke so, I wonder how they scapt her.

Seb. Has the most delicate stroake fir.

Alex. A stroake indeed, I feele it at my heart.

Seb. Puts downe all your famous musitians.

Alex. I, a whoore may put downe a hundred
of 'em.

Seb. Forty shillings is the agrement fir betweene vs,
Now fir, my present meanes, mounts but to halfe
on't.

Alex. And he stands vpon the whole.

Seb. I indeed does he fir.

Alex. And will doe still, hee'l nere be in other taile.

Seb. Therefore I'de stop his mouth fir, and I could.

Alex. Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.

Now fir I vnderstand you professe musique.

Mol. I am a poore seruant to that liberall science fir.

Alex. Where is it you teach ?

Mol. Right against Cliffords Inne.

Alex. Hum that's a fit place for it : you haue many schollers.

Mol. And some of worth, whom I may call my maisters.

Alex. I true, a company of whooremaisters ; you teach to fight too ?

Mol. Marry do I fir.

Alex. I thinke you'l finde an apt scholler of my sonne, especially for pricke-song.

Mol. I haue much hope of him.

Alex. I am fory for't, I haue the lesse for that : you can play any lesson.

Mol. At first fight fir.

Alex. There's a thing called the witch, can you play that ?

Mol. I would be fory any one should mend me in't.

Alex. I, I beleue thee, thou hast so bewicht my sonne,

No care will mend the worke that thou hast done,

I haue bethought my selfe since my art failes,

I'll make her pollicy the Art to trap her.

Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them

Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,

These will I make induction to her ruine,

And rid shame from my house, grieve from my heart.

Here sonne, in what you take content and pleasure,

Want shall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman

His latter halfe in gold.

Seb. I thanke you sir.

Alex. Oh may the operation an't, end three,
In her, life : shame, in him ; and grieve, in mee.

Exit Alexander.

Seb. Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers
guift,
Neuer was man beguild with better shift.

Mol. Hee that can take mee for a male musitian,
I cannot choofe but make him my instrument,
And play vpon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mistrresse Gallipot, and Mistrresse Openworke.

Mi. Gal. Is then that bird of yours (*Maister Goshawke*) so wild ?

Misl. Open. A Goshawke, a Puttocke ; all for prey,
he angles for fish, but he loues flesh better.

Misl. Gal. Is't possible his smoth face should haue
wrinkles in't, and we not see them ?

Misl. Open. Possible ? why haue not many hand-
some legges in silke stockins villanous splay feete for
all their great roses ?

Misl. Gal. Troth sirra thou saist true.

Misl. Op. Didst neuer see an archer (as tho' ast
walkt by Bunhill) looke a squint when he drew his
bow ?

Misl. Gal. Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward
Islington, his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards
Pimlico.

Misl. Open. For all the world so does *Maister Goshawke*
double with me.

Misl. Gal. Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's
not for me.

Misl. Open. Because *Goshawke* goes in a shag-ruffe
band, with a face sticking vp in't, which shoves like
an agget set in a crampe ring, he thinkes I'me in loue
with him.

Misl. Gal. 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amisse
in thee.

Mist. Open. He has by often beating into me made mee beleue that my husband kept a whore.

Mist. Gal. Very good.

Mist. Open. Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at *Brainford*, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

Mist. Gal. That were wholesome.

Mist. Open. I beleue'd it, fell a swearing at him, cursling of harlots, made me ready to hoyse vp saile, and be there as soone as hee.

Mist. Gal. So so.

Mist. Open. And for that voyage *Gosshawke* comes hither incontinently, but firra this water-spaniell diues after no ducke but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Braineford* to make mee cry quack.

Mist. Gall. Art fure of it?

Mist. Open. Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came in as I was poking my ruffe, presently hit I him i'the teeth with the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit *Gosshawke* i' the eie, when he comes to fetch me to the boate.

Mist. Gal. Such another lame Gelding offered to carry mee through thicke and thinne, (*Laxton* firra) but I am ridd of him now.

Mist. Open. Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all; 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.

Mist. Gall. Troth meere shallow things.

Mist. Open. Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run ouer vs neuer so fast, we shop-keepers (when all's done) are fure to haue 'em in our pursnets at length, and when they are in, Lord what simple animalls they are.

Mist. Open. Then they hang the head.

Mist. Gal. Then they droupe.

Mist. Open. Then they write letters.

Mist. Gal. Then they cogge.

Mist. Open. Then deale they vnder hand with vs, and wee must ingles with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cosens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

Mist. Gal. And yet when wee haue done our best, al's but put into a riuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

Mist. Open. Oh if it were the good Lords wil, there were a law made, no Cittizen should trust any of 'em all.

Enter Gosshawke.

Mist. Gal. Hush sirra, *Gosshawke* flutters.

Gosh. How now, are you ready?

Mist. Open. Nay are you ready? a little thing you see makes vs ready.

Gosh. Vs? why, must shee make one i'the voiage?

Mist. Open. Oh by any meanes, doe I know how my husband will handle mee?

Gosh. 'Foot, how shall I find water, to keepe these two mils going? Well since you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I sayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee; it's but lickering them both soundly, & then you shall see their corke heeles flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgeons: come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

Mist. Gal. I beleeeue you'l eate of a coddles head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

Gosh. So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Do you heare?

Mist. Gal. Yes, I thanke my eares.

Lax. I must haue a bout with your Potticariship.

Mist. Gal. At what weapon?

Lax. I must speake with you.

Mist. Gal. No.

Lax. No? you shall.

Mist. Gal. Shall? away foust Sturgion, halfe fish,
halfe flesh.

Lax. 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'll cut your
tayle puf-cat for this.

Mist. Gal. 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's
cut already: your worst;

Lax. If I do not, — *Exit Laxton.*

Gosh. Come, ha' you done?

Enter Maister Openworke.

Sfoote *Rosamond*, your husband.

Mai. Open. How now? sweete Maist. *Goshawke*,
none more welcome,

I haue wanted your embracements: when friends
meete,

The musique of the spheares sounds not more sweete,

Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Rosamond*:

Wife: how now sister?

Gosh. Silence if you loue mee.

Mai. Open. Why maskt?

Mist. Open. Does a maske grieue you sir?

Mai. Open. It does.

Mist. Open. Then y'are best get you a mumming.

Gosh. S'foote you'l spoyle all.

Mist. Gall. May not wee couer our bare faces with
maskes

As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?

Ma. Op. No maskes, why, th'are theeues to
beauty, that rob eies

Of admiration in which true loue lies,

Why are maskes worne? why good? or why desired?

Vnlesse by their gay couers wits are fiered

To read the vild'st looks ; many bad faces,
 (Because rich gemmes are treasured vp in cafes)
 Passe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues
 Dambe misers Gold, so maskes are beauties graues,
 Men nere meete women with such muffled eies,
 But they curse her, that first did maskes deuise,
 And sweare it was some beldame. Come off with't.

Misl. Open. I will not.

Maisl. Open. Good faces maskt are Jewels kept by
 spirits.

Hide none but bad ones, for they poyson mens fights,
 Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred stufte,
 (By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
 Prithee (sweete Rose) come strike this sayle.

Misl. Open. Saile?

Maisl. Op. Ha? yes wife strike saile, for stormes
 are in thine eyes :

Misl. Open. Th'are here sir in my browes if any
 rise.

Maisl. Open. Ha browes? (what sayes she friend)
 pray tel me why

Your two flagges were aduaunst ; the Comedy,
 Come what's the Comedy?

Misl. Open. Westward hoe.

Maisl. Open. How?

Misl. Open. 'Tis Westward hoe shee saies.

Gosh. Are you both madde?

Misl. Open. Is't Market day at *Braine-ford*, and
 your ware not sent vp yet?

Maisl. Open. What market day? what ware?

Misl. Open. A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis
 drawne and staies your cutting vp.

Gosh. As you regard my credit.

Maisl. Open. Art madde?

Misl. Open. Yes lecherous goate ; Baboone.

Maisl. Open. Baboone? then tosse me in a blanc-
 ket.

Misl. Open. Do I it well?

Misl. Gall. Rarely.

Gosh. Belike fir shee's not well ; best leaue her.

Maiſt. Open. No,

I'll ſtand the ſtorme now how fierce ſo ere it blow.

Miſt. Open. Did I for this looſe all my friends ?
refuſe

Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
A ſtale to a common whore ?

Maiſt. Open. This does amaze mee.

Miſt. Open. Oh God, oh God, feede at reuerſion
now ?

A Strumpets leauing ?

Maiſt. Open. Roſamond.

Gosh. I ſweate, wo'd I lay in cold harbour.

Miſt. Open. Thou haſt ſtruck ten thouſand daggers
through my heart.

Maiſt. Open. Not I by heauen ſweete wife.

Miſt. Open. Go diuel go ; that which thou ſwear'ſt
by, damnes thee.

Gosh. S'heart will you vndo mee ?

Miſt. Open. Why ſtay you heere ? the ſtarre, by
which you faile,

Shines yonder aboue *Chelſy* ; you looſe your ſhore
If this moone light you : ſeeke out your light whore.

Maiſt. Open. Ha ?

Miſt. Gal. Puſh ; your Weſterne pug.

Gosh. Zounds now hell roares.

Miſt. Open. With whom you tilted in a paire of
oares,

This very morning.

Maiſt. Open. Oares ?

Miſt. Open. At *Brainford* fir.

Maiſt. Open. Racke not my patience : Maiſter
Goshawke, ſome ſlaue has buzzed this into her, has he
not ? I run a tilt in *Brainford* with a woman ? 'tis a
lie : What old baud tels thee this ? S'death 'tis a lie.

Miſt. Open. 'Tis one to thy face ſhall iuſtify all
that I ſpeake.

Maiſt. Open. Vd' foule do but name that rascal.

Miſt. Open. No fir I will not.

Gosh. Keepe thee there girle :—then !

Misl. Open. Sister know you this varlet ?

Misl. Gall. Yes.

Maisl. Open. Sweare true,

Is there a rogue so low damn'd ? a second *Judas* ? a common hangman ? cutting a mans throate ? does it to his face ? bite mee behinde my backe ? a cur dog ? sweare if you know this hell-hound.

Misl. Gall. In truth I do.

Maisl. Open. His name ?

Misl. Gall. Not for the world ;

To haue you to stab him.

Gosh. Oh braue girles : worth Gold.

Maisl. Open. A word honest maister *Goshawke*.

Draw out his sword.

Gosh. What do you meane sir ?

Maisl. Open. Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to this new fury, holla it through my eare, or wrap it vp in some hid character : I'll ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen head speak : or else shew me but one haire of his head or beard, that I may sample it ; if the fiend I meet (in myne owne house) I'll kill him :—the streete.

Or at the Church dore :—there—(cause he seekes to vnty

The knot God fastens) he deserues most to dy.

Misl. Open. My husband titles him.

Maisl. Open. Maister *Goshawke*, pray sir

Sweare to me, that you know him or know him not, Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote besides my wiues.

Gosh. By heauen that man I know not.

Misl. Open. Come, come, you lie.

Gosh. Will you not haue all out ?

By heauen I know no man beneath the moone Should do you wrong, but if I had his name, I'de print it in text letters.

Misl. Open. Print thine owne then,

Did'st not thou sweare to me he kept his whoore ?

Misl. Gal. And that in sinfull *Brainford* they
would commit

That which our lips did water at fir,—ha ?

Misl. Open. Thou spider, that hast wouen thy cunning web

In mine owne house t' inſnare me : haſt not thou
Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this rooſe,
And turned it all to poyſon ? ſpitting it,
On thy friends face (my husband ?) he as t'were
ſleeping :

Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,
That they might glance on thee.

Misl. Gal. Speake, are theſe lies ?

Goſh. Mine own ſhame me confounds :

Misl. Open. No more, hee's ſtung ;
Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell
Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)
Goodneſſe I ſee is but outſide, wee all ſet,
In rings of Gold, ſtones that be counterſet :
I thought you none.

Goſh. Pardon mee.

Maiſt. Open. Truth I doe.

This blemiſh growes in nature not in you,
For mans creation ſticke euen moles in ſcorne
On faireſt cheeks, wife nothing is perfect borne.

Misl. Open. I thought you had bene borne perfect.

Maiſt. Open. What's this whole world but a gilt
rotten pill ?

For at the heart lies the old chore ſtill.

I'll tell you Maiſter *Goſhawke*, I in your eie

I haue ſcene wanton fire, and then to try

The foundneſſe of my iudgement, I told you

I kept a whoore, made you beleeeue t'was true,

Onely to feele how your pulſe beat, but find,

The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.

Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,

This rub put by, our loue ſhall runne more euen.

Misl. Open. You'l deale vpon mens wiues no
more ?

Gosh. No :—you teach me a tricke for that.

Misl. Open. Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.

Mai. Open. Make my house yours fir still.

Gosh. No.

Mai. Open. I say you shall :

Seeing (thus besieged) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

*Enter Maister Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,
Laxton muffled a loose off.*

Omnes. How now ?

Mai. Gal. With mee fir ?

Greene. You fir ? I haue gon snaffling vp and downe by your dore this houre to watch for you.

Misl. Gal. What's the matter husband ?

Greene. — I haue caught a cold in my head fir, by sitting vp late in the rose tauerne, but I hope you vnderstand my speech.

Mai. Gal. So fir.

Greene. I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Craflino*, doe you see, *Craflina sancti Dunstani* (this *Easter Tearme*) in Bow Church.

Mai. Gal. Where fir ? what saies he ?

Greene. Bow : Bow Church, to answere to a libel of precontract on the part and behalfe of the said *Prudence* and another ; y'are best fir take a copy of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

Omnes. A Citation ?

Mai. Gal. You pocky-nosed rascal, what slaue fees you to this ?

Lax. Slaue ? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare fir ?

Gosh. *Laxton* ist not ?—what fagary is this ?

Mai. Gal. Trust me I thought fir this storme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembered) I paid you the last fiteene pound, besides the thirty you had first,—for then you fware.

Lax. Tush, tush fir, oathes,

Truth yet I'me loth to vexe you, . . tell you what ;
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.

Maiſt. Gal. An hundred pound?

Miſt. Gal. What a 100 pound? he gets none :
what a 100 pound?

Maiſt. Gal. Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman
offers thus,

If I will make the monyes that are paſt
A 100 pound, he will diſcharge all courts,
And giue his bond neuer to vexe us more.

Miſt. Gal. A 100 pound? 'Las ; take fir but three-
ſcore,

Do you ſeeke my vndoing?

Lax. I'll not bate one ſixpence, . . . I'll mall
you puffe for ſpitting.

Miſt. Gal. Do thy worſt,
Will foureſcore ſtop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Miſt. Gal. Y'are a ſlaue,
Thou Cheate, I'll now teare mony from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

Greene. Nay Gentlemen, ſeeing your woemen are
ſo hote, I muſt looſe my haire in their company
I ſee.

Miſt. Ope. His haire ſheds off, and yet he ſpeaks
not ſo much in the noſe as he did before.

Goſh. He has had the better Chirurgion, Maſter
Greenewit, is your wit ſo raw as to play no better a
part then a Somners?

Maiſt. Gal. I pray who playes a knacke to know an
honeſt man in this company?

Miſt. Gall. Deere husband, pardon me, I did diſ-
ſemble,

Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound,
I had no ſhift but that.

Maiſt. Gal. A very cleane ſhift : but able to make
mee lowfy, On.

Mist. Gal. Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him flie more lofty.

Mist. Gall. A' the top of you wife : on.

Mist. Gal. He hauing wasted them, comes now for more,

Vsing me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sinne keeps him in breath : by heauen I vow,
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

Mist. Gal. My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-boord will serue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon : of that wee'l talke hereafter : y'are a villaine :

Lax. Heare mee but speake fir, you shall finde mee none.

Omnes. Pray fir, be patient and heare him.

Mist. Gal. I am muzzled for biting fir, vse me how you will.

Lax. The first howre that your wife was in my eye,

My selfe with other Gentlemen sitting by,
(In your shop) tasting smoake, and speech being vsed,
That men who haue fairest wiues are most abused,
And hardly scapt the horne, your wife maintain'd
That onely such spots in Citty dames were stain'd,
Iustly, but by mens slanders : for her owne part,
Shee vow'd that you had so much of her heart ;
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Neuer so fine spunne, should your selfe beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Mist. Gal. Yet *Pru* 'tis well :

Play out your game at Irish fir : Who winnes ?

Mist. Open. The triall is when shee comes to bearing :

Lax. I scorn'd one woman, thus, should braue all men,

And (which more vext me) a shee-citizen.
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,
Gaued many a braue repulse, and me compell'd

With shame to found retrait to my hot lust,
Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,
And that to tempt her modest eares, I swore
Nere to prfume againe : she said, her eie
Would euer giue me welcome honestly,
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it runne low,
Shee would my state relieue, not to o'rethrow
Your owne and hers : did so ; then seeing I wrought
Vpon her meekenesse, mee she fet at nought,
And yet to try if I could turne that tide,
You see what streame I stroue with, but fir I sweare
By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,
I neither haue, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment :
Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,
When I had most power to do't I wrong'd you least.

Maist. Gal. If this no gullery be fir,

Omnes. No, no, on my life.

Maist. Gal. Then fir I am beholden (not to you
wife)

But Maister *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,
Which it seemes you haue not Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Maist. Open. Brother, we haue a iest,
As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

Maist. Gal. Wee'l crowne our table with it : wife
brag no more

Of holding out : who most brags is most whore.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iacke Dapper, Moll, *Sir* Beautious Ganymed,
and *Sir* Thomas Long.

Iacke Dap. But prethee Maister Captaine *Iacke* be
plaine and perspicuous with mee ; was it your *Megge* of
Westminsters courage, that rescued mee from the Poul-
try puttockes indeed.

Mol. The valour of my wit I ensure you fir fetcht

you off brauely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among those desperates, Sir *Bewtious Ganymed* here, and sir *Thomas Long* heard that cuckoe (my ma *Trapdore*) sing the note of your ransome from captiuitie.

Sir Bewt. Vds so *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

Mol. Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Iustice in this towne, (that speakes nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vfed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes. how, how?

Mol. Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoote against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyst, & away slid I my man, like a shouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the suburbes I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

T. Long. Sirra *Iacke Dapper*.

Iac. Dap. What sai'st *Tom Long*?

T. Long. Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy haile fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

Iack Dap. Troth I whistled the poore little buzzard of a my fist, because when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head. Sirra *Iacke*, *Mol*.

Mol. What saies my little *Dapper*?

Sir Bewt. Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

Iack Dap. *Mol* and I'll be i' the midst.

Mol. These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what say you?

Iack. Dap. Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne father (*Dapper*) *Sir Dauby* laid these London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to set vpon mee.

Omnes. Your father? away *Iacke*.

Jack. Dap. By the tassels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlicke stratageme thinke you ? hee thought becaufe a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowfy prision could make an asse of mee.

Omnes. A nasty plot.

Jack. Dap. I: as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which all the wilde beafts of the Citty run head by head could tame mee.

Enter the Lord Noland.

Mol. Yonder comes my Lord *Noland.*

Omnes. Saue you my Lord.

L. Nol. Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Bewtious Ganymed*, *Sir Thomas Long*? and how does Maister *Dapper*?

Jack. Dap. Thankes my Lord.

Mol. No Tobacco my Lord?

L. Nol. No faith *Jacke.*

Jack. Dap. My Lord *Noland* will you goe to Pimlico with vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes.

L. Nol. Heeres fuch a merry ging, I could find in my heart to faile to the worlds end with fuch company, come Gentlemen let's on.

Jack Dap. Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

Omnes. Amorous weather. *They walke.*

Iac. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

*Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with a patch
o're one eie, and Teare-Cat with him, all
tatters.*

Trap. Shall we set vpon the infantry, these troopes of foot? Zounds yonder comes *Mol* my whoorish Maister and Mistresse, wo'd I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

Tear-Cat. I had rather haue a cow heele.

Trap. Zounds I am so patcht vp, she cannot discover me : wee'l on.

T. Cat. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the eares of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of siluer, as may giue a hard strawbed lodging to a couple of maim'd souldiers.

Iacke Dap. Where are you maim'd ?

T. Cat. In both our neather limbs.

Mol. Come, come, *Dapper*, lets giue 'em something, las poore men, what mony haue you ? by my troth I loue a souldier with my foule.

Sir Bewt. Stay, stay, where haue you seru'd ?

T. Long. In any part of the Low countries ?

Trap. Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood, but in *Hungarie* against the *Turke* at the siege of *Belgrad*.

L. Nol. Who seru'd there with you sirra ?

Trap. Many *Hungarians*, *Moldauians*, *Valachians*, and *Transiluanians*, with some *Sclauonians*, and retyring home sir, the *Venetian* Gallies tooke vs prisoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

Iack. Dap. You haue ambled all ouer *Italy* then.

Trap. Oh sir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Vecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*, *Bolonia*, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuscan*, with all her Cities, as *Pistoia*, *Valterria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennois*, and diuerse others.

Mol. Meere rogues, put spurres to 'em once more.

Iack. Dap. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak'st English, What art thou ?

T. Cat. Ick mine Here. Ick bin den ruffling Teare-Cat,

Den braue Soldado, Eek bin dorick all
Dutchlant.

Guerefen: Der Shellum das meere Ene
Beafa

Ene woert gaeb.

Eek slaag bm stroakes on tom Cop.

Dastick Den hundred touzun Diuell
halle,

Frollick mine Here.

Sir Bewt. Here, here, let's be rid of their iob-
bering.

Moll. Not a crosse, *Sir Bewtious*, you base rogues,
I haue taken meafure of you, better then a taylor can,
and I'll fit you, as you (monster with one eie) haue
fitted mee.

Trap. Your Worshop will not abuse a souldier.

Moll. Souldier? thou deseru'st to bee hang'd vp
by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession,
souldier you skeldering varlet? hold, stand, there should
be a trapdore here abouts.

Pull off his patch.

Trap. The balles of these glafiers of mine (mine
eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot peece of
seruice for my inuincible Mistresse.

Iacke Dap. I did not thinke there had bene such
knauery in blacke patches as now I see.

Mol. Oh sir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of
dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite
like a Mastiue, as hee finds occasion.

L. Nol. What are you firra? a bird of this feather
too.

T. Cat. A man beaten from the wars sir.

T. Long. I thinke so, for you neuer stood to fight.

Iac. Dap. What's thy name fellow souldier?

T. Cat. I am cal'd by those that haue seen my
valour, *Tear-Cat.*

Omnes. Teare-Cat?

Moll. A meere whip-Iacke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a flaue, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discover more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English euer found out, yet indeed all his seruice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or some such venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumb, you know how.

T. Cat. No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by sight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confesse, and meeting with honest *Trapdore* here, whom you had cashiered from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him faile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better then myfelfe.

Iack. Dap. So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd souldier now.

Trap. Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

Mol. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you sirra are an vpriight man.

Trap. As any walkes the hygh way I assure you.

Mol. And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

T. Cat. Brother to this vpriight man, flesh and bloud, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

Mol. Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

Omnes. Doxy *Mol*, what's that?

Mol. His wench.

Trap. My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchin mort in her flat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel,

and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat gruntling cheate,
a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

Iack. Dap. Here's old cheating.

Trap. My doxy flayes for me in a boufing ken,
braue Captaine.

Mol. Hee fayer his wench staies for him in an ale-
houfe : you are no pure rogues.

T. Cat. Pure rogues ? no, wee scorne to be pure
rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling
ken, you shall finde neither him nor mee, a quire
cuffin.

Mol. So, fir, no churle of you.

T. Cat. No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry
cuffin.

L. Nol. Call you this canting ?

Iack. Dap. Zounds, I'll giue a schoolemaister halfe
a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

Trap. Do but strowle fir, halfe a haruest with vs
fir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

Mol. Come you rogue cant with me.

T. Long. Well sayd *Mol*, cant with her firra, and
you shall haue mony, else not a penny.

Trap. I'll haue a bout if she please.

Mol. Come on firra.

Trap. Ben mort, shall you and I heaue a booth,
mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'l couch a
hogthead vnder the Ruffemans, and there you shall
wap with me, & Ile niggle with you.

Mol. Out you damn'd impudent rascal.

Trap. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fables
and your stampes.

L. Nol. Nay, nay, *Mol*, why art thou angry ? what
was his gibberish ?

Mol. Marry this my Lord fayer hee ; Ben mort
(good wench) shall you and I heaue a booth, mill a
ken, or nip a bung ? shall you and I rob a house, or
cut a purse ?

Omnes. Very Good.

Mol. And then wee'l couch a hoghead vnder the
Ruffemans :

And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire Capitaine, as 'tis fit a
fouldier should lie.

Mol. And there you shall wap with mee, and I'll
niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir Bewt. Nay, nay *Mol* what's that wap?

Jack. Dap. Nay teach mee what nigglings is, I'de
faine bee nigglings.

Mol. Wapping and nigglings is all one, the rogue
my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling : if it please you.

Sir Bewt. This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*.

Mol. Come you rogue sing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-boufe
In a boufing ken of Rom-vile.

T. Cat. Is Benar then a Caster,
Pecke, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuse a vile.
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans. *The song.*
Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,
By the follamon vnder the Ruffemans.
By the follamon in the Hartmans.

T. Cat. And scoure the Quire cramp ring,
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my boufy nab might skew rome boufe
well

Auast to the pad, let vs bing,
Auast to the pad, let vs bing.

Omnes. Fine knaues i'faith.

Jack Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheeles,
and the grunting of fife hundred hogs comming from
Rumford market, cannot make a worse noyse then
this canting language does in my eares ; pray my
Lord *Noland*, let's giue these fouldiers their pay.

Sir Bewt. Agreed, and let them march.

L. Nor. Heere *Mol.*

Mol. Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your professions, looke you : my Lord *Noland* heere and these Gentlemen, bestowes vpon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two shillings fixe pence.

Trap. Thankes to your Lordship.

T. Cat. Thankes heroicall Captaine.

Mol. Away.

Trap. Wee shall cut ben whiddes of your Maisters and Mistreship, wherefoeuer we come.

Moll. You'l maintaine firra the old Iustices plot to his face.

Trap. Else trine me on the cheats : hang me.

Mol. Be sure you meete mee there.

Trap. Without any more maundring I'le doo't, follow braue *Tear-Cat.*

T. Cat. *I præsequor*, let us go mouse.

Exeunt they two manet the rest.

L. Nol. *Mol* what was in that canting song ?

Mol. Troth my Lord, onely a praise of good drinke, the onely milke which these wilde beafts loue to sucke, and thus it was :

A rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,
More wholesome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,

To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'de sit vp late,
By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowly hedge die,
Let a slaue haue a pull at my whore, so I be full
Of that precious liquor ; And a parcell of such stufte
my Lord

Not worth the opening.

*Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with foure or fise men
after him, one with a wand.*

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder ?

T. Long. Masse I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

1. *Cut.* Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst you heap of Gallants, and strike?

2. *Cut.* 'Tis a question whether there bee any filuer shels amongst them, for all their fatten out-fides.

Omnes. Let's try?

Mol. Pox on him, a gallant? shaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumpers the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purses.

Omnes. Is't possible?

Mol. This braue fellow is no better then a foyst.

Omnes. Foyst, what's that?

Mol. A diuer with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foysting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i' the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or inap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i' the streetes, whil'st shels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimbleness of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make foure or fve ringes mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

2. *Cut.* Zounds wee are smoakt.

Omnes. Ha?

2. *Cut.* Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

1. *Cut.* All the diseases of fixeene hospitals boyle her: away.

Mol. Blessè you sir.

1. *Cut.* And you good sir.

Mol. Do'st not ken mee man?

1. *Cut.* No trust mee sir.

Mol. Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'm bound for many fauours, lost his purse at the last new play

i' the Swanne, seuen Angels in't, make it good you'r best ; do you see ? no more.

1. *Cut.* A Sinagogue shall be cal'd Mistresse *Mary*, disgrace mee not : *pacus palabros*, I will coniure for you, farewell :

Mol. Did not I tell you my Lord ?

L. Nol. I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villaines.

T. Long. And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee *Mol* cutpurse ? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

Mol. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I haue tane thee doing so *Mol* ? I must confesse,
In younger dayes, when I was apt to stray,
I haue sat amongst such adders ; seene their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houses
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that streame met an ill name :
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke
Of his close villanies : and you your selfe shall cant
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foyfts, puggards, curbers,
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit
Should be discouered to a noble wit.

I know they haue their orders, offices,
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,
To raise their owne damnation in.

Jack Dap. How do'st thou know it ?

Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.

Suppose my Lord you were in *Venice*.

L. Nol. Well.

Mol. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close trickes of curtizans ; would not you
Hearken to such a fellow ?

L. Nol. Yes.

Mol. And here,

Being come from *Venice*, to a friend most deare
 That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime
 Your knowledge in those villanies, to saue
 Your friend from their quicke danger: must you have
 A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,
 Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* cut-purse so.
 How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes?
 How many chaste, whose names fill slanders bookes?
 Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their
 scornes

Cal so, we should not walke for goring hornes,
 Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,
 I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

Omnes. A braue minde *Mol* i'faith.

T. Long. Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary?

L. Nol. I, 'tis noone sure.

Mol. Good my Lord, let not my name condemne
 me to you or to the world: A fencer I hope may be
 cal'd a coward, is he so for that? If all that haue ill
 names in London, were to be whipt, and to pay but
 tweluepence a peece to the beadle, I would rather
 haue his office, then a Constables.

Jack. Dap. So would I Captaine *Moll*: 'twere a
 sweete tickling office i'faith. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and
 Greenewit, and others.*

Alex. My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent
 girle,
 Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon?

Greene. How will your care preuent it?

Go'h. 'Tis impossible.

They marry close, thei'r gone, but none knows whe-
 ther.

Alex. Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-
 strings

Enter a seruant.

Held out so long from breaking: now what newes sir?

Seruant. They were met vppo'th the water an houre
since, fir.

Putting in towards the Sluce.

Alex. The Sluce? come Gentlemen,
'Tis *Lambith* workes against vs.

Greene. And that *Lambith*, ioynes more mad
matches, then your fixe wet townes, twixt that and
Windſor-bridge, where fares lye foaking.

Alex. Delay no time ſweete Gentlemen: to Blacke
Fryars,
Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Your ſonne, and that bold maſculine rampe
my miſtreſſe,
Are landed now at Tower.

Alex. Hoyda, at Tower?

Trap. I heard it now reported.

Alex. Which way Gentlemen ſhall I beſtow my
care?
I'me drawne in peeces betwixt deceit and ſhame.

Enter ſir Fitz-Allard.

Fitz-Alla. Sir *Alexander*.
You'r well met, and moſt rightly ſerued,
My daughter was a ſcorne to you.

Alex. Say not ſo fir.

Fitz.All. A very abieſt, ſhee poore Gentlewoman,
Your houſe had bene diſhonoured. Giue you
ioy fir,
Of your ſons Gaskoyne-Bride, you'l be a Grandfather
ſhortly

To a fine crew of roaring ſonnes and daughters,
'Twill helpe to ſtocke the ſuburbes paſſing well fir.

Alex. O play not with the miſeries of my heart,
Wounds ſhould be dreſt and heal'd, not vext, or left
Wide open, to the anguiſh of the patient,

And scornefull aire let in : rather let pittie
And aduise charitably helpe to refresh 'em.

Fitz-All. Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.
Like one that giues almes to a curling beggar,
Had I but found one sparke of goodnesse in you
Toward my deferuing child, which then grew fond
Of your sonnes vertues, I had eased you now.
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnesse,
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should haue come neere your
house,
Nor such ignoble sorrowe touch your heart.

Alex. If not for worth, for pitties sake assist mee.

Greene. You vrge a thing past sence, how can he
helpe you ?

All his assistance is as fraile as ours,
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em ?
One brings vs water-newes ; then comes an other
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,
And he reports the Tower ; whose sounds are truest !

Gosh. In vaine you flatter him sir *Alexander*.

Fitz-All. I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee
grossly.

Green. Hee doe's it well i'faith.

Fitz-All. Both newes are false,

Of Tower or water : they tooke no such way yet.

Alex. Oh strange : heare you this Gentlemen, yet
more plundges ?

Fitz-Alla. Th'are neerer then you thinke for yet
more close, then if they were further off.

Alex. How am I lost in these distractions ?

Fitz-Alla. For your speeches Gentlemen,
In taxing me for rashnesse ; fore you all,
I will engage my state to halfe his wealth,
Nay to his sonnes reuenewes, which are lesse,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him ;
That I could (if my will flucke to my power)
Preuent this mariage yet, nay banish her
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.

Alex. Slacke not this goodnesse, though you heap
vpon me

Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter :
I'de willingly refigne vp halfe my state to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.

Greene. Hee talkes impossibilities, and you beleuee
'em.

Fitz-Alla. I talke no more, then I know how to
finish,

My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pittie :
And to keepe shame from him, (because the spring
Of his affection was my daughters first,
Till his frowne blasted all,) do but estate him
In those possessions, which your loue and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,
To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her :
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,
Rid him of this disease, that now growes on him,
I'le forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

Greene. Troth but you shall not vndertake such
matches,

Wee'l perswade so much with you.

Alex. Heere's my ring,
He will beleuee this token : fore these Gentlemen,
I will confirme it fully : all those lands,
My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse
In that refusall.

Fitz-All. If I change it not, change mee into a
beggar.

Green. Are you mad sir ?

Fitz-All. 'Tis done.

Gosh. Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,
And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies ?

Alex. 'Tis a match Gentlemen.

Fitz-All. I, I, sir I.

I aske no fauour ; trust to you for none,

My hope rests in the goodnesse of your son.

Exit Fitz-Allard.

Greene. Hee holds it vp well yet.

Gosh. Of an old knight i'faith.

Alex. Curst be the time, I laid his first loue
barren,

Wilfully barren, that before this houre
Had sprung forth fruites, of comfort and of honour;
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman.

Enter Moll.

Gosh. Life, heere's *Mol.*

Green. *Jack.*

Gosh. How dost thou *Jacke*?

Mol. How dost thou Gallant?

Alex. Impudence, where's my sonne?

Mol. Weakenesse, go looke him.

Alex. Is this your wedding gowne?

Mol. The man talkes monthly:

Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,
I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting.

Exit Moll.

Gosh. Why fir, take comfort now, there's no such
matter,

No Priest will marry her, fir, for a woman,
Whiles that shape's on, and it was neuer knowne,
Two men were married and conioyn'd in one:
Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.

Alex. What ere' she be, she has my blessing with
her,

May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.

Green. Glad y'are so penitent, for your former
sinne fir.

Gosh. Say he should take a wench with her smocke
dowry,

No portion with her, but her lips and armes ?

Alex. Why ? who thriue better fir ? they haue most blessing,

Though other haue more wealth, and least repent,
Many that want most, know the most content.

Greene. Say he should marry a kind youthfull finner.

Alex. Age will quench that, any offence but theft
and drunkenneffe,

Nothing but death can wipe away.

There finnes are greene, euen when there heads are
gray,

Nay, I dispaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentle-
men,

No face can come vnfortunately to me,

Now fir, your newes ?

Enter a seruant.

Seruant. Your sonne with his faire Bride is neere
at hand.

Alex. Faire may their fortunes be.

Green. Now you'r resolu'd fir, it was neuer she.

Alex. I finde it in the musicke of my heart.

*Enter Mol maskt, in Sebastians hand, and Fitz-
Allard.*

See where they come.

Goff. A proper lusty presence fir.

Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies coun-
feld him

To choose a goodly personable creature,
Iust of her pitch was my first wife his mother.

Seb. Before I dare discouer my offence,

I kneele for pardon.

Alex. My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue
could aske it,

Rise, thou hast rais'd my ioy to greater height

As deerely as that flesh, I call myne owne.
 Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindness
 When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,
 Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes
 Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere
 I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

Mary. Duty and loue, may I deserve in those,
 And all my wishes haue a perfect close.

Alex. That tongue can neuer erre, the sound's so
 sweete,

Here honest sonne, receiue into thy hands,
 The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,
 Which my first care prouided, thei'r thine owne,
 Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,
 That can in worldly shapcs to man betide,
 Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,
 Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

Seb. I hope so too sir.

Mol. Father and sonne, I ha' done you simple
 seruice here.

Seb. For which thou shalt not part *Moll* vnre-
 quited.

Alex. Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot
 now condemne thee.

Mol. Condemne mee? troth and you should sir,
 I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,
 I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and eozen the
 people.

Heard you this iest my Lord?

L. Nol. What is it *Iacke*?

Mol. He was in feare his sonne would marry
 mee,

But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.

L. Nol. Why? thou had'st a suiter once *Iacke*,
 when wilt marry?

Mol. Who I my Lord, I'll tell you when ifaith,
 When you shall heare,
 Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,
 Honesty and truth vnflandred,

Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,
Cheates booted, but not coacht,
Veffels older e're they'r broacht.
If my minde be then not varied,
Next day following, I'le be married.

L. Nol. This founds like domef-day.

Mol. Then were marriage beft,
For if I fhould repent, I were foone at reft.

Alex. Introth tho' art a good wench, I'me forry
now,
The opinion was fo hard, I conceiu'd of thee.
Some wrongs I'ue done thee.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Is the winde there now ?
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confesse firft,
For feare it come too late, and my braines feele it,
Vpon my pawes, I aske you pardon miftresse.

Mol. Pardon ? for what fir ? what ha's your rogue-
ship done now ?

Trap. I haue bene from time to time hir'd to con-
found you, by this old Gentleman.

Mol. How ?

Trap. Pray forgiue him,
But may I counsell you, you fhould neuer doo't.
Many a snare to entrapp your Worships life,
Haue I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Iewels,
And when hee faw nothing could mount you vp,
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to faue you.

Alex. To all which fhame and grieve in me cry
guilty,
Forgiue mee now, I caft the worlds eyes from mee,
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne :
I fee the moft of many wrongs before thee,
Caft from the iawes of enuy and her people,
And nothing foule but that, Il'e neuer more
Condemne by common voyce, for that's the whore,

That deceiues mans opinion ; mockes his trust,
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniust.

Mol. Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were
giuen me

As a Musitian, I pursue no pittie,
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, spare not
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

Alex. So farre I'me sorry, I'le thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,
Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*, and Noble *Fitz-Allard*,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling pre-
fence,

Are glories set in mariage, beames of society,
For all your loues giue luster to my ioyes,
The happinesse of this day shall be remembred,
At the returne of euery smiling spring :
In my time now 'tis borne, and may no sadnesse
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,
But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.



Epilogus.

A Painter hauing drawne with curious Art
 The picture of a woman (euery part,
 Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to sell :
 People (who pass'd along) veiwing it well,
 Gaue feuerall verdicts on it : some dispraised
 The haire, some sayd the brows too high were
 raifed,
 Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,
 Some wisht her nose were shorter ; some, the eyes
 fuller,
 Others sayd rofes on her cheekes should grow,
 Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,
 The workeman still as fault was found, did mend
 it,
 In hope to please all ; (but this worke being ended)
 And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
 So monstros and so vgly all men did smile
 At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt
 Is this our Comedy. Some perhaps do floute
 The plot, saying ; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too
 meane,
 Some for the person will reuile the Scène.
 And wonder, that a creature of her being
 Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing
 In the worlds eie, none weighes so light : others
 looke
 For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,

Epilogus.

(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) or Cut-
purse,
Of Nips and Foyfts, nastie, obscœne discourses,
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,
For any honest eare or eye vnfit.
And thus,
If we to euery braine (that's humerous)
Should fashion Sceanes, we (with the Painter)
shall
In striuing to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults, as either the writers wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both craue your pardons : if what both haue
done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The *Roring Girle* her selfe some few dayes hence,
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence.
Which Mirth that you may share in, her selfe does
woe you,
And craues this signe, your hands to becken her
to you.

FINIS.

Troia-Noua Triumphans.

London Triumphing,

OR,

The Solemne, Magnificent, and Memorable Receiving of that worthy Gentleman, Sir IOHN SWINERTON Knight, into the Citty of LONDON, after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudes day, being the 29. of October. 1612.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other Deuices, (both on the Water and Land) here fully expressed.

By *Thomas Dekker.*



LONDON,

Printed for *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be sold by *John Wright* dwelling at Christ Church-gate. 1612.





To the Deseruer of all those Honors,
Which the Customary Rites of this Day,
And the generall Loue of this City bestow vpon
him, Sir Iohn Swinerton, Knight, Lord
Maior of the renowned City
of London.

Honor (*this day*) takes you by the Hand, and
giues you welcomes into your New Office of
Pretorship. A Dignity worthie the Cities
bestowing, and most worthy your Re-
ceiuing. You haue it with the Harts of many people,
Voices, and Held-up hands: they know it is a Roabe
fit for you, and therefore haue clothed you in it. May
the Last-day of your wearing the same, yeeld to your
Selfe as much Ioy, as to Others does this First-day of
your putting it on. I swimme (for my owne part) not
onely in the Maine Full-sea of the General praise and
Hopes of you. But powre out also (for my particular)
such a streame as my Prayers can render, for a successe
answerable to the On-set: for it is no Field, unlesse it
be Crowned with victorie.

I present (Sir) vnto you, these labours of my Pen, as
the first and newest Congratulatory Offerings tendred
into your hands, which albeit I should not (of my selfe)
deserue to see accepted, I know notwithstanding you will

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

giue to them a generous and gratefull entertainment, in regard of that Noble Fellowship and Society, (of which you Yesterday were a Brother, and This Day a Father) who most freely haue bestowed these their Loues upon you. The Colours of this Peece are mine owne; the Cost theirs: to which nothing was wanting, that could be had, and euery thing had that was required. To their Lasting memory I set downe This; And to your Noble Disposition, this I Dedicate. My wishes being (as euer they haue bene) to meeete with any Obiect, whose reflexion may present to your Eyes, that Loue and Duty, In which

I stand Bounden

To your Lordship.

Thomas Dekker.



Troia Noua Triumphans.

London Triumphant.

T*Ryumphes*, are the most choice and daintiest fruit that spring from *Peace* and *Abundance*; *Loue* begets them; and *Much Cost* brings them forth. *Expectation* feeds vpon them, but seldome to a surfeite, for when she is most full, her longing wants something to be satisfied. So inticing a shape they carry, that *Princes* themselues take pleasure to behold them; they with delight; common people with admiration. They are now and then the *Rich* and *Glorious Fires* of *Bounty*, *State*, and *Magnificence*, giuing light and beauty to the *Courts* of *Kings*: And now and then, it is but a debt payd to *Time* and *Custome*: and out of that dept come *These*. *Ryot* hauing no hand in laying out the *Expences*, and yet no hand in plucking backe what is held decent to be bestowed. A *sumptuous Thriftinesse* in these *Ciuiil Ceremonies* managing *All*. For it were not laudable, in a *City* (so rarely gouerned and tempered) superfluously to exceed; As contrariwise it is much honor to her (when the *Day* of *spending* comes) not to be *sparing* in any thing. For the *Chaires* of *Magistrates* ought to be adorned, and to shine like the Chariot which carries the *Sunne*; And *Beames* (if it were possible) must be thought to be shot from the *One* as from the *Other*: As well to dazle and amaze the common *Eye*, as to

make it learne that there is some *Excellent*, and *Extraordinary Arme* from heauen thrust downe to exalt a *Superior* man, that thereby the *Gazer* may be drawne to more obedience and admiration.

In a happy houre therefore did your Lordship take vpon you this inseperable burden (of *Honor and Cares*) because your selfe being *Generous* of mind, haue met with men, and with a *Company* equall to your selfe in *Spirit*. And vpon as fortunate a *Tree* haue they ingrafted their *Bounty*; the fruites whereof, shoot forth and ripen, are gathered, and taste sweetly, in the mouthes not onely of this *Citty*, but also of our best-to-be-beloued friends, the *Noblest strangers*. Vpon whom, though none but our *Soueraigne King* can bestow *Royall welcomes*; yet shall it be a *Memoriall* of an *Exemplary Loue* and *Duty* (in those who are at the *Cost* of these *Triumphs*) to haue added some *Heighbr- ing* more to them then was intended at first, of purpose to do honor to their Prince and Countrey. And I make no doubt, but *many worthy Companies* in this City could gladly be content to be partners in the *Disbursements*, so they might be sharers in the *Glory*. For to haue bene leaden-winged now, what infamy could be greater? When all the streames of *Nobility* and *Gentry*, run with the *Tide* hither. When all *Eares* lye listning for no newes but of *Feasts* and *Triumphs*: All *Eyes* still open to behold them: And all harts and hands to applaud them: When the heape of our *Soueraignes Kingdomes*, are drawne in *Little*: and to be seene within the *Walles* of this *City*. Then to haue tied *Bounty* in too straight a girdle: *Proh scelus infandum!* No; she hath worne her garments loose, her lippes haue bene free in *Welcomes*, her purse open, and her hands liberall. If you thinke I set a flattering glasse before you, do but so much as lanch into the *Riuer*, and there the *Thames* it selfe shall shew you *all the Honors*, which this day hath bestowed vpon her: And that done, step againe vpon the *Land*, and *Fame* will with her owne *Trumpet* proclaime

what I speake ; And her I hope you cannot deny to beleue, hauing at least twenty thousand eyes about her, to witnesse whether she be a *True-tong'd Fame* or a *Lying*.

By this time the Lord Maior hath taken his oath, is seated in his barge againe ; a lowd thundring peale of *Chambers* giue him a *Fare-well* as he passes by. And see ! how quickly we are in ken of land, as suddenly therefore let vs leap on shore, and there obserue what honorable entertainment the Citty affords to their new *Prætor*, and what ioyfull salutations to her noble *Visitants*.

The first Triumph on the Land.

THE Lord Maior, and *Companyes* being landed, the first *Deuice* which is presented to him on the shore, stands ready to receiue him at the end of *Pauls-Chayne*, (on the south side the Church) and this it is.

A *Sea-Chariot* artificially made, proper for a God of the sea to sit in ; shippes dancing round about it, with *Dolphins* and other great *Fishes* playing or lying at the foot of the same, is drawne by two *Sea-horses*.

Neptune.

In this Chariot sits *Neptune*, his head circled with a *Coronet* of siluer *Scollup-shells*, stucke with branches of Corall, and hung thicke with ropes of pearle ; because such things as these are the treasures of the *Deepe*, and are found in the shells of fishes. In his hand he holds a siluer *Trident*, or *Three-forked Mace*, by which some Writers will haue signified the three *Naturall qualities* proper to *Waters* ; as those of fountaines to bee of a delicious taste, and Christalline colour : those of the Sea to bee saltish and unpleasant, and the colour fullen, and greenish : And lastly, those of standing Lakes, neither sweet nor bitter, nor

cleere, nor cloudy, butal together vnwholesome for the tasle, and loathsome to the eye. His roabe and mantle with other ornaments are correspondent to the quality of his person; Buskins of pearle and cockleshells being worne vpon his legges. At the lower part of this Chariot sit *Mer-maids*, who for their excellency in beauty, aboue any other creatures belonging to the sea, are preferred to bee still in the eye of *Neptune*.

At *Neptunes* foot sits *Luna* (the *Moone*) who beeing gouernesse of the sea, and all petty Flouds, as from whose influence they receiue their ebbings and flowings, challenges to herselfe this honour, to haue rule and command of those Horses that draw the Chariot, and therefore she holds their reynes in her hands.

She is atired in light roabes fitting her slate and condition, with a siluer *Crescent* on her head, expresseing both her power and property.

The whole Chariot figuring in it selfe that vast compasse which the sea makes about the body of the earth: whose *Globicall Rotundity* is *Hieroglyphically* represented by the wheele of the Chariot.

Before this *Chariot* ride foure *Trytons*, who are feyned by poets to bee Trumpeters to *Neptune*, and for that cause make way before him, holding strange Trumpets in their hands, which they sound as they passe along, their habits being *Antike*, and *Sea-like*, and sitting vpon foure seuerall fishes, *viz.* two *Dolphins*, and two *Mer-maids*, which are not (after the old procreation), begotten of painted cloath, and browne paper, but are liuing beasts, so queintly disguised like the natural fishes, of purpose to auoyd the trouble and pestering of Porters, who with much noyse and little comlineesse are euery yeare most vnnecessarily employed.

The time being ripe when the scope of this *Deuice* is to be deliuered, *Neptunes* breath goeth forth in these following *Speeches*.

Neptunes Speeches.

Whence breaks this warlike thunder of lowd drummes,
(Clarions and Trumpets) whose shrill eccho comes
Vp to our Watery Court, and calles from thence
Vs and our Trytons? As if violence
Weere to our Siluer-footed Sister done
(Of Flouds the Queene) bright Thamesis, who does
runne

Twice euery day to our bosome, and there hides Ebbe
*Her wealth, whose Streame in liquid Christall &
glides Flow.

Guarded with troopes of Swannes? what does beget
These Thronges? this Confluence? why do voyces
beate

The Ayre with acclamations of applause,
Good wifhes, Loue, and Praises? what is't drawes
All Faces this way? This way Rumor flyes,
Clapping her infinite wings, whose noyse the Skyes
From earth receiue, with Muficall rebounding,
And strike the Seas with repercussive founding.
Oh! now I see the cause: vanish vaine feares,
*Isis no danger fees: for her head weares Thamesis.
Crowns of Rich Triumphes, which This day puts on,
And in Thy Honor all these Rites are done.
Whose Name when Neptune heard, t'was a strange
Spell,

Thus farre-vp into th' Land to make him swell
Beyond his Bownds, and with his Sea-troops wait
Thy wish't arriuall to congratulate.
Goe therefore on, goe boldly: thou must saile
In rough Seas (now) of Rule: and euery Gale
Will not perhaps befriend thee: But (how blacke
So ere the Skyes looke) dread not Thou a Wracke,
For when Integrity and Innocence sit
Steering the Helme, no Rocke the Ship can split.
Nor care the Whales (neuer so great) their Iawes
Should stretch to swallow thee: Euery good mans
cause

Is in all stormes his Pilot: He that's found
 To himselfe (in Conscience) nere can run a-ground.
Which that thou mayst do, neuer looke on't still:
For (Spite of Fowle gusts) calmer Windes shall fill
Thy Sayles at last- And see! they home have brought
A Ship which Bacchus (God of Wines) hath fraught
With richest Iuice of Grapes, which thy Friends shall
Drinke off in Healths to this Great Festiuall.
If any at Thy Happinesse repine
They gnaw but their Owne hearts, and touch not
 Thine.

Let Bats and Skreech-Owles murmur at bright Day,
Whiles Prayers of Good-men Guid Thee on the way.
Sownd, old Oceanus Trumpeters, and lead on.

The *Trytons* then fownding, according to his command, *Neptune* in his *Chariot* passeth along before the *Lord Maior*. The foure *Windes* (habilitemented to their quality, and hauing both *Faces* and *Limbes* proportionable to their blustering and boisterous condition) driue forward that *Ship* of which *Neptune* spake. And this concludes this first *Triumph* on the Land.

These two Shewes passe on vntill they come into *Pauls-Church-yard*, where standes another *Chariot*: the former *Chariot* of *Neptune*, with the *Ship*, beeing conveyd into *Cheap-side*, this other then takes the place; And this is the *Deuice*.

The second Land-Triumph.

It is the *Throne* of *Vertue*, gloriously adorned & beautified with all things that are fit to expresse the *Seat* of so noble and diuine a *Person*.

Vpon the height, and most eminent place (as worthiest to be exalted) sits *Arete* (*Vertue*) herselfe; her temples shining with a *Diadem* of starres, to shew that her *Descent* is onely from heauen: her robes are rich, her mantle white (figuring *Innocency*) and pow-

dred with starres of gold, as an *Embleme* that she puts vpon *Men*, the garments of eternity.

Beneath *Her*, in distinct places, sit the *Seauen liberall Sciences*, viz. *Grammer, Rhetoricke, Logicke, Musicke, Arithmetike, Geometry, Astronomy.*

Hauing those roomes allotted them, as being *Mothers* to all *Trades, Professions, Mysteries* and *Societies*, and the readiest guide to *Vertue*. Their habits are *Light Roabes*, and *Loose* (for *Knowledge* should be free.) On their heads they weare garlands of *Roses*, mixt with other flowers, whose sweet *Smels* are arguments of their cleere and vnspotted thoughts, not corrupted with uice. Euery one carrying in her hand, a *Symbole*, or *Badge* of that *Learning* which she professeth.

At the backe of this *Chariot* sit foure *Cupids*, to signifie that vertue is most honored when she is followed by *Loue*.

This *Throne*, or *Chariot*, is drawne by foure *Horses*, vpon the two formost ride *Time* and *Mercury*: the first, the *Begetter* and *Bringer forth* of all things in the world, the second, the *God* of *Wisedome* and *Eloquence*. On the other two *Horses* ride *Desire* and *Industry*; it beeing intimated hereby, that *Tyme* giues wings to *Wisedome*, and sharpens it, *Wisedome* sets *Desire* a burning, to attaine to *Vertue*, and that *Burning Desire* begets *Industry* (earnestly to pursue her.) And all these (together) make men in *Loue* with *Arts, Trades, Sciences*, and *Knowledge*, which are the onely staires and ascensions to the *Throne of Vertue*, and the onely glory and vpholdings of Cities. *Time* hath his wings, *Glasse*, and *Sythe*, which cuts downe *All*.

Mercury hath his *Caduceus*, or *Charming Rod*, his fethered *Hat*, his *Wings*, and other properties fitting his condition, *Desire* carries a burning heart in her hand.

Industry is in the shape of an old *Country-man*, bearing on his shoulder a *Spade*, as the *Embleme* of *Labour*.

Before this *Chariot*, or *Throne* (as *Guardians* and

Protectors to Vertue, to Arts, and to the rest; and as Assistants to Him who is Chiefe within the Citty for that yeare) are mounted vpon horsebacke twelue Persons (two by two) representing the twelue superior Companies, euery one carrying vpon his left arme a faire Shield with the armes in it of one of the twelue Companies, and in his right hand a launce with a light streamer or pendant on the top of it, and euery horse led and attended by a Footman.

The Lord Maior beeing approached to this Throne, Vertue thus salutes him.

The Speech of ARETE (Vertue).

HAile (worthy Pretor) stay, and do Me grace,
 (Who still haue cald thee Patron) In this place
 To take from me heap'd welcomes, who combine
 These peoples hearts in one, to make them thine.
 Bright Vertues name thou know'st and heau'nly birth,
 And therefore (spying thee) downe she leapt to earth
 Whence vicious men had driuen her: On her throne
 The Liberall Arts waite: from whose breasts do runne
 The milke of Knowledge: on which, Sciences feed,
 Trades and Professions: And by Them, the seed
 Of Ciuill, Popular Gouvernment, is sowne;
 Which springing vp, loe! to what heighth tis growne
 In Thee and *These is seene. And (to maintaine

The Aldermen.

This Greatnesse) Twelue strong Pillars it sustaine;
 Vpon whose Capitals, *Twelue Societies stand,

The twelue Companies.

Graue and well-ordred) bearing chiefe Command
 Within this City, and (with Loue) thus reare
 Thy fame, in free election, for this yeare.
 All arm'd, to knit their Nerues (in One) with Thine,
 To guard this new Troy: And, (that She may shine
 In Thee, as Thou in Her) no Misers kay
 Has bard the Gold vp; Light flies from the Day
 Not of more free gift, than from them their Cost:
 For whats now spar'd, that only they count Lost.

*As then their Ioynd-hands lift Thee to thy Seate.
(Changing thereby thy Name for one More *Great),*
Lord Maior.

*And as this City, with her Loud, Full Voice,
(Drowning all spite that murmures at the Choice,
If at least such there be) does Thee preferre,
So art thou bound to loue, both Them and Her.
For know, thou art not like a Pinnacle, plac'd
Onely to stand aloft, and to be grac'd
With wondring eyes, or to haue caps and knees
Heape worship on thee: for that Man does leeze
Himselfe and his Renowne, whose growth being Hye
In the weale publicke like the Cypres tree)
Is neither good to Build-with, nor beare Fruit;
Thou must be now, Stirring, and Resolute.
To be what thou art Sworne, (a waking Eye)
Afarre off (like a Beacon) to descry
What stormes are comming, and (being come) must then
Shelter with spread armes, the poor'st Citizen.
Sit Plenty at thy Table, at thy Gate
Bounty, and Hospitality: hee's most Ingrate
Into whose lap the Publick-weale hauing pow'r'd
Her Golden shewers, from Her his wealth should hoord.
Be like those Antient Spirits, that (long ago)
Could thinke no Good deed sooner than twas Don;
Others to pleasure. Hold it Thou more Glory,
Than to be pleas'd Thy Selfe. And be not fory
If Any strue (in best things) to exceed thee,
But glad, to helpe thy Wrongers, if they need thee.
Nor feare the stings of Euny, nor the Threates
Of her inuendm'd Arrowes, which at the Seates
Of those Who Best Rule euermore are shot,
But the Aire blowes off their fethers, and they hit not,
Come therefore on, nor dread her, nor her Sprites,
The poyson she spits vp, on her owne Head lights.
On, on, away.*

This Chariot or Throne of Vertue is then set forward, and followes that of *Neptune*, this taking place

iust before the Lord Maior: And this concludes the second Triumphant shew.

The third Deuice.

THE Third Deuice is a Forlorne Castle, built close to the little Conduit in Cheap-side, by which, as the Throne of *Vertue* comes neerer and neerer, there appeare aboue (on the battlements) *Enuy*, as chiefe Commandresse of that infernall Place, and euery part of it guarded with persons representing all those that are fellowes and followers of *Enuy*: as *Ignorance*, *Sloth*, *Oppression*, *Disdaine*, &c. *Enuy* herselfe being attired like a *Fury*, her haire full of snakes, her countenance pallid, meagre and leane, her body naked, in her hand a knot of snakes, crawling and writhen about her arme.

The rest of her litter are in as vgly shapes as the dam, euery one of them beeing arm'd with black bowes, & arrows ready to bee shot at *Vertue*. At the gates of this Fort of Furies, stand *Ryot* and *Calumny*, in the shapes of Gyants, with clubs, who offer to keep back the Chariot of *Vertue*, and to stop her passage. All the rest likewise on the battlements offering to discharge their blacke Artillery at her: but she onely holding vp her bright shield, dazzles them, and confounds them; they all on a sudden shrinking in their heads, vntill the Chariot be past, and then all of them appearing againe: their arrowes, which they shoote vp into the aire, breake there out in fire-works, as hauing no power to do wrong to so sacred a Deity as *Vertue*.

This caue of Monsters stands fixed to the Conduit, in which *Enuie* onely breathes out her poyson to this purpose.

The speech of Enuy.

Enuy.

ADDERs shoote, hyffe speckled snakes;
Sloth craule up, see *Oppression* wakes;
(Baine to learning.) *Ignorance*,

Shake thy Affes eares, *Disdaine*, aduance
Thy head *Luciferan* : *Ryot* split
Thy ribbes with curfes : *Calumny* spit
Thy rancke-rotten gall vp. See, See, See,
That witch, whose bottomleffe Sorcery
Makes fooles runne mad for her, that Hag
For whom your Dam pines, hangs out her flag
Our Den to ramfacke : *Vertue*, that whoore ;
See, see, how braue shee's, I am poore.

rtue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are so bright,
They dazzle *Enuy*, on : the Hag's put to flight.

ny. Snakes, from your virulent spawne ingender
Dragons, that may peece-meale rend her :
Adders, shoote your flings like quils
Of Porcupines (Stiffe) ; hot Aetnean hils,
Vomit sulphure to confound her,
Fiends and Furies (that dwell vnder)
Lift hell gates from their hindges : come
You cloven-footed broode of Barrathrum,
Stop, stay her, fright her with your shreekes,
And put fresh bloud in *Enuies* cheekes.

rtue. On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are so bright,
They dazle *Enuy* : the Hag's put to flight.

unes. Shoote, shoote, &c. *All that are with Enuy.*

Either during this speech, or else when it is done,
tain Rockets flye vp into the aire ; the Throne of
rtue passing on still, neuer staying, but speaking still
ofe her two last lines, albeit, shee bee out of the
aring of *Enuy* ; and the other of *Enuies* Faction
ing still, shoote, shoote, but seeing they preuaile not,
retire in, and are not seene till the Throne comes
cke againe.

And this concludes this Triumphant assault of *Enuy* :
conquest is to come.

The fourth Deuice.

[His Throne of *Vertue* passeth along vntill it coi
to the Crosse in *Cheape*, where the presentatio

another Triumph attends to welcome the *Lord Maior* in his passage; the Chariot of *Vertue* is drawne then along, this other that followes taking her place, the Deuice bearing this Argument.

Vertue hauing by helpe of her followers, conducted the *Lord Maior* safely, euen, as it were, through the iawes of *Enuy* and all her Monsters: the next, and highest honour thee can bring him to, is to make him ariue at the house of *Fame*, and that is this Pageant. In the vpper seat sits *Fame* crowned in rich attire, a Trumpet in her hand, &c. In other feuerall places sit Kings, Princes, and Noble persons, who haue bene free of the *Marchant-tailors*: A peticular roome being referued for one that represents the perfon of *Henry* the now *Prince of Wales*.

The onely speaker heere is *Fame* herselfe, whose wordes found out these glad welcomes.

The speech of Fame.

WElcome to *Fames* high Temple: here fix fast
 Thy footing; for the wayes which thou hast past
 Will be forgot and worne out; and no Tract
 Of steps obseru'd, but what thou now shalt Act.
 The booke is shut of thy precedent deedes,
 And *Fame* vnclaspes another, where thee reades
 (Aloud) the Chronickle of a dangerous yeare,
 For Each Eye will looke through thee, and Each Eare
 Way-lay thy wordes and workes. Th' hast yet but
 gon
 About a Pyramid's foote; the top's not won,
 That's glasse; who slides there, fals, and once falne
 downe,
 Neuer more rises: no art cures renowne,
 The wound being sent to th' heart. 'Tis kept from
 thence
 By a strong armor, *Vertues* influence;
 She guides thee, follow her. In this Court of *Fame*
 None else but *Vertue* can enrole thy name.

Erect thou then a serious eye, and looke
What worthies fill vp *Fames* voluminous booke,
That now (thine owne name read there) none may
blot

Thy leafe with foule inke, nor thy margent quorate
With any act of thine, which may disgrace
This Cittie's choice, thy selfe, or this thy place :
Or that which may dishonour the high Merits
Of thy renown'd society : roiall spirits
Of Princes holding it a grace to weare
That crimson badge, which these about them beare,
Yea, Kings themfelues 'mongst you haue fellowes
bene,

Stil'd by the name of a free-citizen :
For instance, see, seuen English Kings there plac'd,
Cloth'd in your liuery, the first seat being grac'd
By second *Richard* : next him **Bullingbrooke* :

Henry the 4.

Then that Fift (thundring) *Henry*, who all France
shook :

By him, his sonne (sixth *Henry*) by his side
Fourth *Edward*, who the *Roses* did diuide :
Richard the third next him : and then that King
Who made both *Roses* in one branch to spring :
A sprig of which branch (highest now but one)
Is *Henry Prince of Wales*, followed by none :
Who of this brotherhood, last and best steps forth,
Honouring your Hall : to heighten more your worth.
I can a register shew of seuentene more
(Princes and Dukes all) : entombed long before,
Yet kept aliue by Fame ; Earles thirty-one,
And Barons sixty-six that path haue gone :
Of Viscounts onely one your order tooke :
Turne ouer one leafe more in our vast booke,
And you may reade the names of prelates there,
Of which one Arch-bishop your cloth did weare.
And Bishops twenty-foure : of Abbots seuen
As many Priors, to make the number euen :
Of forty Church-men, I one sub-prior adde,

You from all these, these from you honour had.
 Women of high blood likewise laid aside
 Their greater state so to be dignified :
 Of which a *Queene* the first was, then a paire
 Of Dukes' wiues : and, to leaue the roll more faire,
 Fiue Countesses and two Ladies are the last,
 Whose birth and beauties haue your order grac'd.
 But I too long spin out this thrird of gold ;
 Here breakes it off. Fame hath them all en-roll
 On a large file (with Others), And their story
 The world shall reade, to adde vnto thy glory,
 Which I am loath to darken : thousand eyes
 Yet aking till they enjoy thee : win then that prize
 Which Vertue holds vp for thee, And (that done),
 Fame shall the end crowne, as she hath begun.
 Set forward.

Those Princes and Dukes (besides Kings nominated before) are these.

John Duke of Lancafter.	}	In the time of Richard the Second.
Edmund Duke of Yorke.		
The Duke of Gloster.		
The Duke of Surrey.		
Humfry Duke of Gloster.	}	In the time of Henry the Fifth.
Richard Duke of Yorke.		
George D. of Clarence.	}	In the time of Edward the Fourth.
Duke of Suffolke.		
Iohn D. of Norfolke.	}	In the time of Richard the Third.
George D. of Bedford.		

Edward D. of Buckingham, In the time of Henry the 7. with others, whose Rol is too long here to be opened.

The Queene spoken of, was Anne, wife to Richard the 2. Dukes wiues these, viz :—

The Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of Richard the 2.

Elionor Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of H. the 5.

Now for Prelates I reckon onely these,
The Prior of Saint Bartholmewes.
And his Sub-Prior.
The Prior of Elſinge-spittle.
Thomas Arundell, Arch-biſhop of Canterbury.
Henry Bewfort, Biſhop of Winton.
The Abbot of Barmondſey.
The Abbot of Towrchill.
Philip Morgan, Biſhop of Worſter.
The Abbot of Tower-hill.
The Prior of Saint Mary Ouery.
The Prior of Saint Trinity in Cree-Church.
The Abbot and Prior of Weſtminſter.
Kemp Biſhop of London.
W. Wainfleete, B. of Wincheſter.
George Neuill, Biſhop of Wincheſter, and Chauncelor
of England.
Iohn May, Abbot of Chertſay.
Laurence, Biſhop of Durham.
Iohn Ruſſell, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

If I ſhould lengthen this number, it were but to trouble you with a large index of names onely, which I am loath to do, knowing your expectation is to be otherwiſe feaſted.

The ſpeech of *Fame* therefore being ended, as 'tis ſet downe before, this Temple of her's takes place next before the *Lord Maior*, thoſe of *Neptune* and *Vertue* marching in precedent order. And as this Temple is carryed along, a ſong is heard, the muſicke being queintly conueyed in a priuate roome, and not a perſon diſcouered.

THE SONG.

H Onor, eldeſt child of *Fame*,
Thou farre older then thy name,

London Triumphant.

Waken with my song, and see
One of thine, here waiting thee.

Sleepe not now,
But thy brow,

Chac't with Oliues, Oke, and Baies
And an age of happy dayes

Upward bring,
Whilst we sing

In a Chorus altogether,
Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Longing round about him stay,
Eyes, to make another day,
Able with their vertuous light,
Vtterly to banish night.

All agree,
This is hee,

Full of bounty, honour, store,
And a world of goodnesse more

Yet to spring
Whilst we sing

In a Chorus altogether,
Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Envy, angry with the dead,
Far from this place hide thy head ;
And *Opinion*, that nere knew
What was either good or true ;

Fly, I say,
For this day

Shall faire *Iustice, Truth, and Right,*
And such happy sonnes of *Light,*

To us bring,
Whilst we sing

In a Chorus altogether,
Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Goe on nobly, may thy name,
 Be as old and good as fame,
 Euer be remembred here,
 Whilst a blessing, or a teare
 Is in store,
 With the pore,
 So shall *Swinerton* nere dye,
 But his vertues vpward flye,
 And still spring,
 Whilst we sing,
 In a Chorus ceasing neuer,
 He is liuing, liuing euer.

And this concludes this fourth *Triumph*, till his lord-
 returne from the *Guild-hall*.

returning backe from the *Guild-hall*, to performe
 ceremoniall customes in *Pauls Church*, these
 march in the same order as before; and com-
 with the Throne of *Vertue*, *Enuy* and her crue
 s busie again, *Enuie* uttering some three or foure
 at the end of her speech onely: As thus:

Friends and furies, that dwell vnder,
 Lift hell-gates from their hindges: come,
 You clouen-footed brood of *Barathrum*,
 Stop, stony her, fright her with your shreekes,
 And put fresh blood in *Enuyes* cheekes.
 On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are so bright,
 They dazzle *Enuy*; on, the Hag's put to
 flight.

is done, or as it is in doing, those twelue that
 armed discharge their pistols, at which *Enuy* and
 est vanish, and are seene no more.

hen the *Lord Maior* is (with all the rest of their
 mphs), brought home, *Fuslice* (for a fare-well) is
 nted on some couenient scaffold close to his en-
 ce at his gate, who thus salutes him:—

The speech of Iustice.

MY this-dayes-sworne-protector, welcome home,
 If Iustice speake not now, be she euer dumbe :
 The world giues out shee's blinde ; but men shall see
 Her light is cleere, by influence drawne from thee.
 For one-yeare therefore, at these gates shee'll sit,
 To guid thee in and out : thou shalt commit
 (If shee stand by thee) not one touch of wrong :
 And though I know thy wisdome built up strong,
 Yet men (like great ships) being in storms, most
 neere

To danger, when vp their sailes they beare.
 And since all Magistrates tread still on yce,
 From mine owne schoole I read thee this aduice :

Do good for no mans sake (now) but thine owne,
 Take leaue of friends and foes, both must be knowne
 But by one face : the rich and poore must lye
 In one euen scale : all suiters, in thine eye,
 Welcome alike ; euen hee that seemes most base,
 Looke not vpon his clothes, but on his case.
 Let not *Oppression* wash his hands i' th' teares
 Of widowes, or of orphans : widowes prayers
 Can pluck downe thunder, and poore orphans cries
 Are lawrels held in fire ; the violence flies
 Vp to Heauen-gates, and there the wrong does tell,
 Whilst *Innocence* leaues behind it a sweet smell.
 Thy Conscience must be like that scarlet dye ;
 One fowle spot stains it all : and the quick eye
 Of this prying world, will make that spot thy scorne.
 That Collar (which about thy necke is worne)
 Of Golden Eſſes, bids thee so to knit
 Mens hearts in loue, and make a chayne of it.
 That sword is feldome drawne, by which is meant,
 It should strike feldom : neuer th' innocent.
 'Tis held before thee by anothers hand,
 But the point vpwards (heauen must that command)
 Snatch it not then in wrath ; it must be giuen,
 But to cut none, till warranted by Heauen.

The head, the politicke body must aduance
For which thou hast the cap of maintenance,
And since the most iust magistrate often erres,
Thou guarded art about with officers,
Who knowing the pathes of others that are gone,
Should teach thee what to do, what leaue vndone.
Nights candles lighted are, and burne amaine,
Cut therefore here off thy officious traine,
Which *Loue* and *Custome* lend thee ; all delight
Crowne both this day and Citty : a good night
To thee, and these graue senators, to whom
My last fare-wels in these glad wishes come,
That thou and they, (whose strength the City beares),
May be as old in goodnesse as in yeares.

The Title-page of this Booke makes promise of all the shewes by water, as of these on the land ; but *Apollo* hauing no hand in them, I suffer them to dye by that which fed them ; that is to say, powder and smoake. Their thunder (according to the old gally-foyst-fashion), was too lowd for any of the *Nine Muses* to be bidden to it. I had deviz'd *one* altogether musicall, but *Time's* glasse could spare no sand, nor lend convenient howres for the performance of it. Night cuts off the glory of this day, and so consequently of these triumphes, whose brightnesse beeing ecclipsed, my labours can yeeld no longer shadow. They are ended, but my loue and duty to your Lordship shall neuer.

——— *Non displicuisse meretur,
Festinat (Prætor) Qui placuisse tibi.*

FINIS.



IF

IT BE NOT GOOD,

The Diuel is in it.

A

Newv Play,

AS IT HATH BIN

lately Acted, vvith great
applause, by the Queenes Maiesties
Seruants : At the Red Bull.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.



LONDON,

Printed for J. T. And are to be sold by *Edward Marchant*,
at his shop against the Crosse in *Pauls*
Church-yarde. 1612.





TO MY LOVING, AND LOVED FRIENDS

and fellowes, the Queenes

Maiesties seruants.

Knowledge and Reward dwell far a-funder. *Greatnes* lay once betweene them. But (in his stead) *Courtousnes* now. And ill neighbour, a bad *Benefactor*, no pay maister to *Poets*. By *This Hard-Houskeeping*, (or rather, *Shutting vp of Liberalities Doores*,) *Merit* goes a *Begging*, & *Learning* starues. *Bookes*, had wont to haue *Patrons*, and (now,) *Patrons* haue *Bookes*. The *Snufft* hat is lighted, consumes *That* which *Feeds* it. A *Signe*, the *World* hath an ill *Eare*, when no *Musick* is good, vnles it *Strikes-up* for *Nothing*. I haue *Sung* so, but wil no more. A *Hue-and Cry* follow, his *Wit*, that sleeps, when sweete *Tunes* are sounding. But tis now the *Fashion*. *Lords*, look wel : *Knights*, *Thank* well ; *Gentlemen*, promise well ; *Citizens*, *Take* well ; *Gulles*, *swear* well : but *None*, *Giue* well, I leaue therefore *All*, for *You* : and *All* (that *This* can be) to *You*. Not in hope to *Haue* ; but in *Recognition* of *What I Haue* (as I think) *Already* (your *Loues*.)

Acknowledgement is part of payment sometimes, but it neither is, nor shall be (betweene you and me) a *Cancelling*. I haue cast mine eye vpon many, but find none more fit, none more worthy, to *Patronise this*, than *you*, who haue *Protected* it. Your *Cost*, *Counsell*, and *Labour*, had bin ill spent, if a *Second* should by my and snatch from you *This Glory*. No : When *Fortune* (in her blinde pride) fet her foote vpon *This imperfect Building*, (as scorn-
ing the *Foundation* and *Workmanship* :) you, gently raised it vp

(on the same *Columnes*,) the *Frontispice* onely a little more *Enriched*: To you therefore deferuedly, *Whole Frame* is the consecrated: For I durst sweare, if *Wishes* and *Curfes* could become *Witches*, the necke of this *Harmles Diuell* had long a bin broken.

But I am glad that *Ignorance* (so insolent for being flattered is now stript naked, and her deformities disconered: And I am glad, that *Ennie* sits maddingly gnawing her owne *Snakes*, while *Stinges* she had armed to strike *Others*. *Feede* let her so still. still let the *Other* be laughed at. Whilst I (*pitty*ing the *One*, not *Dreading* the *Other*,) send these *my Wishes* flying into *your Bosomes*; That the *God of Poets*, may neuer pester you with a *Cherilus*, nor a *Suffenus*, (*Males*, *Eminent* in nothing in *Long Eares*, in *Kicking* and in *Braging* out *Calumnies*;) whose *Cruppers* may be aptly pind, *That Morrall* of poore *Old* making *Ropes* in *Hell*, whil't an *Ass* stands by, and (as he tw bites them in funder. But if *His Versifying Deity*, sends *Any*, I wish they may be such, as are worthy to sit, *At the Feet of the Sun*. None els.

I wish a *Faire* and *Fortunate Day* to your *Next New-Play* (the *Makers-fake* and your *Owne*,) because such *Braue Trium*phs of *Poesie*, and *Elaborate Industry*, which my *Worthy Friend* *Muse* hath there set forth, deserue a *Theater* full of very *Much* themselves to be *Spectators*. To that *Faire Day* I wish a *Free*, and *Knowing Auditor*. And to that *Full Audience*, a *Honest Doore-keeper*. So, *Fare-well*.

Yours. Tho: Dekker.



Prologue.

WOULD t'were a Custome that at all New-playes
The Makers sat o'th Stage, either with Bayes
To haue their Workes Crownd, or beate in with
Hissing,

Pied and bold Ideotes, durst not then fit Kissing
A Muses cheeke : Shame would bafe Changelings weane,
From Sucking the mellifluous Hypocrene :
Who write as blinde-men shoote, (by Hap, not Ayme,)
So, Fooles by lucky Throwing, oft win the Game.
Phæbus has many Bastards, True Sonnes fewe,
I meane of those, whose quicke cleare eyes can viewe
Poesies pure Essence, It being so diuine
That the Suns Fires, (euen when they brightest shine)
Or Lightning, when most subtile Ioue does spend it,
May as soone be approchd, weyed, touchd, or com-
prehended.

But tis with Poets now, as tis with Nations,
Thil-fauourdst Vices, are the brauest Fashions.
A Play whose Rudenes, Indians would abhorre,
Ist fill a house with Fishwiues, Rare, They All Roare.
It is not Praife is sought for (Now) but Pence,
Tho dropd, from Greasie-apron Audience.
Clapd may he bee with Thunder, that plucks Bayes,
With such Foule Hands, & with Squint-Eyes does
gaze

On Pallas Shield ; not caring (so hee Gaiues,
A Cramd Third-Day, what Filth drops from his Braines.
Let Those that loue Pans pipe, daunce still to Pan,
They shall but get long Eares by it : Giue me That
Man,

Who when the *Plague* of an *Impostumd Braynes*
 (*Breaking out*) infects a *Theater*, and hotly raignes,
 Killing the *Hearers* hearts, that the vast roomes
 Stand empty, like so many *Dead-mens toombes*,
 Can call the *Banishd Auditor* home, And tye
 His Eare (with golden chaines) to his Melody:
 Can draw with *Adamantine Pen* (euen creatures
 Forg'de out of th' *Hammer*, on tiptoe, to *Reach* vp,
 And (from *Rare silence*) clap their *Brawny hands*,
 T' *Applaud*, what their *charm'd soule* scarce vnder-
 stands.

That Man giue mee ; whose Brest fill'd by the *Muses*,
 With Raptures, Into a second, them infuses :
 Can giue an Actor, Sorrow, Rage, Ioy, Passion,
 Whilst hee againe (by selfe-same Agitation)
 Commands the *Hearers*, sometimes drawing out
Teares,

Then smiles, and fills them both with *Hopes & Fears*.
 That Man giue mee : And to bee such-a-*One*,
 Our *Poet* (this day) striues, or to bee *None* :
 Lend not (*Him*) hands for *Pittie*, but for *Merit*,
 If he *Pleasse*, hee's *Crownd*, if *Not*, his *Fate* must beare
 it.





IF THIS BE NOT
A GOOD PLAY, THE
DIVELL IS IN IT.

Enter (at the found of hellish musick,) Pluto, and Charon.

Plu. H A !

Cha. So.

Plu. What so.

Cha. Ile be thy slaue no longer.

Plu. What slaue ?

Cha. Hels drudge, her Gally-slaue. I ha' wore My flesh toth' bones, bones marrowles, at the *Oare* Tugging to waft to' thy Stygian empire, Soules, Which (but for *Charon*) neuer had come in Sholes, Yet (swarmde they nere so) them on shore I set, Hell gets by *Charon*, what does *Charon* get ?

Plu. His Fare.

Cha. Scuruy fare, ile first cry garlick.

Plu. Doe ;

And make hel stinck, as that does hither.

Cha. If I doe

Some like that smell, my boate to shore ile pull;
Not worke a stroake more.

Plu. How!

Cha. Not touch a Scull.

Plu. Why!

Cha. I ha' no doings: Graues-end-barge ha
more,

And caries as good as any are in hell;
I feare th' infernall riuers are frozen or'e
So few by water come: els the whores that dwell
Next dore to hell, goe about: besides, tis thought,
That men to find hell, now, new waies haue sought,
As Spaniards did to the Indies. *Pluto*, mend
My wages, or row thy selfe.

Plu. Vgly, grumbling slaue,
Haue I not raisde thy price? yet still do'st craue!
Such bold braue beggers (heard off ner'e before,
Are thy fares now, they teach thee to beg more.
Thy fare was (first) a halfe-peny, then the soules gaue
thee

A peny, then three-halfe-pence, we shall haue thee
(As market-folkes on darth,) so damned deere,
Men will not come to hell, crying out th'are heere
Worse racke then th'are in tauernes: why doest howle
for mony?

Cha. For mony: Ile haue ij.d. for each soule
I ferry ouer; I'me old, craz'd, Stiffe, and lam'de,
That soule thats not worth ij.d. wou'd twere damb'd.

Plu. Thou shalt not.

Cha. I will haue it, or lye still,
If *Charon* fill hell, hell shall *Charon* fill:
For Ghosts now come not thronging to my boate,
But drop by one and one in; none of note
Are fares now: I had wont braue fellowes to ply,
Who, (hack't and mangled) did in battailes dye.
But now these gallants which doe walke hells
Rowndes,

Are fuller of diseases, than of woundes.
If wounded any take my boate, they roare,

Being stabd, either drunke, or flaine about some
whore.

Thats all the fight now.

Prod. Charon.

Within.

Plu. Get thee gon :

That call'd for.

Prod: Charon.

Cha. Ball not. Ile come anon.

Haggas of hell gnaw thee with their fowle furd-
gummes.

Plu. *Pluto*, no wonder if so few hither comes ?

Cha. Why :

Gingerly : See See,

One of thine owne promooters, (with hawkes eyes,
That should for prey be watching) here snoring lyes.

Plu. With a mischife ! cabind ! a fury.

Char. Ile Ferret out more.

Ruffman comes vp, Furie Enters.

Cha. Another : looke : dancing a bawde on's
knee.

Enter Shackle-foule comes vp.

Shack. I doe enquire if rich bawdes Carted bee
On earth as well as poore ones : I sleepe not *Pluto*.

Plu. Twist stronger-knotted whips, Ile wake you
(flaues !)

Cha. Two of thy Summers dead-drunke here too.

Lur. Thou lyeft.

Charon.

Lurchall and another Spirit comes vp.

Cha. I come : If I must worke, let these
Thy Prentices, plye their occupation,
T'vphold hells Kingdome, more must worke then one.

Exit.

Plu. Ha ; Are there whipping-posts for such as
dwell

158 *If this be not a good Play.*

In Illenes on Earth, and yet shall Hell
(As if wee make helles here now) be full of Hell
He haue you worse: Is not the world as that?
Ouer mother of Rages, Incess, and Gallies,
Atheisme, and Blasphemies, plump Rages, and
That lack'd (our Dams here) is there now here
Ha!

Is there a dearth of villaines?

Omn. More now then ever?

Plu. Is there such penurie of man-kind Hell
hounds?

You can lye fasting.

Ruff. Each Land is full of Rake-hells.

Shac. But shoals of Starkes eate up the Hell
Sea.

Lur. Brave pitchy villaines there.

Plu. Yet you playing here.

Omn. No, No; most awfull Plays.

Plu. Were you good Hell-hounds, every
should bee

A Symon-and-Iude, to crowne our bord with Feall
A blacke eyde foules each minute: were you he
diuels

Each officer in hell should haue at least,
A brace of whores to his break-fast: about vs dw
Diuels brauer and more subtile then in Hell.

Omn. Weele fill thy pallas with them.

Plu. He trye that: goe:

Rufman, take instantly a Courtiers shape
Of any country: choose thine owne disguise
And returne swiftly.

Ruf. Yes.

Plu. Shackle-foule weare thou
A Friers graue habit.

Shac. Well.

Plu. Grumshall walke thou
In trebble-ruffles like a Merchant.

Lur. So: tis don.

Plu. The barres of our latigious Courts had w

To crack with thronging pleaders, whose lowde din
 shooke the infernall hell, as if 't had bin
 An earth-quake bursting from the deepe Abisse,
 Or els *Ioues* thunder, throwne at the head of Dis
 (The God of gold,) for hiding it below,
 Thereby to tempt churles hither. Nor did we know
 What a Vacâtion ment: continuall terme
 Fattend hels Lawyers, and shall so againe.

Enter *Rufman*, *Shackle-foule* and *Lurchall*.

Ruf. Here.

Shac. Here.

Lur. Command vs.

Plu. Fly into the world :

As y'are in shapcs transformde be so in name,
 For men are out-fides onely : be you the same ;
 Hye thee to *Nâples*, (*Rufman*), thou shalt finde
 A Prince there (newly crownde,) aptly inclinde
 To any bendings ; least his youthfull browes
 Reach at Stars only, wey down his loftiest boughes
 With leaden plomets, poison his best thoughts with
 tast

Of things most sensuall ; if the heart once wast
 The body feesles consumption ; good or bad kings
 Breede Subiects-like them : cleere streames flow from
 cleere springs.

Turne therefore *Nâples* to a puddle : with a ciuill
 Much promising face, and well oylde play the court
 diuell.

Ruff. Ile doo't in brauery : if as deepe as hell,
 Thy large eares heare a Land curse me, my part's
 playd well.

Plu. Fly *Shackle-foule*.

Shac. Whither ?

Plu. To the Friery,

Best-famde in *Nâples* for striât orders : throw
 What nets thou seeest can catch them : Amongst
 'em sow

Seedes of contention, or what euer fin
They most abhor, sweate thou to bring that in.

Shac. A wolfe in lambe skin leapes into the rout,
Bell, booke, or candle cannot curse me out ;
He curse faster than they.

Plu. Doe : *Grumball.*

Lur. Here.

Plu. Be thou a cittie-diuell, make thy hands
Of Harpyes clawes, which being on courtiers lands
Once fastend, ne're let loofe, the Merchant play,
And on the Burse, see thou thy flag display.
Of politicke banck-ruptisme : traine vp as many
To fight vnder it, as thou canst, for now's not any
That breake, (theile breake their necks first) if, beside
Thou canst not through the whole citie meete with
pride,

Riot, lechery, enuy, Auarice, and such stufte,
Bring 'em all in coach'd, the gates are wide enough.
The spirit of gold instruct thee : hence all.

Omn. Fly.

Plu. Stay, least you should want helpers at your
calling
Any diuels shall come, (Starch hound, Tobacco
spawling,
Vpshotten, Suckland, Glitterbacke, or any
Whom you shall neede to imploy, but call not many,
The're but few good in hell. And stay, remember
We all meete to heare how you prosper.

Omn. Where ?

Plu. The Tree

Blasted with Goblins, that about whose roote
5. Mandrakes growe, i'th Groue by *Naples* there,
Meete there.

Omn. Wee shall.

Plu. Our blessings with you beare.

Ruff. Dread King of Ghosts, wee le pley our thrift
so well,

Thou shalt be forc'd to enlarge thy Tayle of Hell.

Plu. Be quicke th'at best, let sawcy mortals know,

Where they sleepe, there's one wakes here below.

Exeunt.

¶ *Enter Alphonso (King of Naples) Crownde, wearing Robes Imperiall, Swordes of State, Maces, &c., being borne before him, by Octavio Astolfo, (2. vnckles) Narcisso, Iouinelli, Brisco, (Counts with others, Counte Spendola meeting them.*

Spem. One of those gallant Troupes went forth to meete

our admirde Mistresse (*Erminhild* the faire)
 hath left your Conuoy with her on the way.

K. And brings glad newes of her being here (this day)

let Canons tell in Thunder her Arriuall,

Flourish When shee's at hand our selfe will meete her.

Omn. On.

Hee takes his Seate; All kneele.

K. Pray rise; vntill about our browes were throwne,

These sparkling beames, such adoration
 Was not bestowde on vs: whom does the knee
 Thus louely worship? this Idoll, (Gold) or mee?
 Indeede 'tis the worlds *Saynt*, if that you adore,
 Doe, pray to your coffers. None to vs shall bow,
 Give God your knees.

Oct. Whose owne voice does allow
 That Subiects should to those who are *Supreme*,
 Tend, as to God, (all Kings being like to him)

Ast. Thou wonder of thy time, Ile pay no more
 To thee of dutie than has bene before
 And euer shall be payd to those fit Hye.

K. Pray mocke not mee with such Idolatry,
 Kings, Gods are, (I confesse) but Gods of clay,
 Brittle as you are, you as good as they,

Onely in weight they differ, (this poore dram)
 Yet all but flesh and bloud ; And such I am.
 If such, pray let mee eate, drinke, speake, and walke.
 Not look'd cleane through, with superstitious eyes,
 (Not star'de at like a Comete.) As you goe
 Or speake, or feede (vn wondered at) let mee so.

Off. Not Kings of Ceremonie.

K. Vncle what then ?

Still are they Kings.

Off. But shew like common men.

K. Good vncle know, no Sunne in this our
 Spheare,

Shall rule but Wee, let others shine as cleare,
 In goodnes, None in greatnes shall.

Asl. Blest raigne !

The Golden worlde is molding new againe.

K. All that I craue is this, and tis not newe,
 Pay vnto *Cæsar* onely *Cæsars* due.

Off. We owe thee loyall hearts, and those wee le
 pay,

Each minute (Mirroure of Kings.)

Iou. Marke, the olde Lords promise their hearts,
 but no money.

Off. Here are the names of bold conspirators,
 (Yong *Catilines*, and farre more desperate)
 Who in your Fathers dayes kindled the fires
 Of hote Rebellion.

K. Which are now burnt out.

Off. Who knowes that ? embers in dead Ashes
 lye.

King, Set thy hand to this let Traytors dye.

Asl. Tis fit you should doe so.

Off. Sound Pollicie.

K. Men many things hold fit, that are not good,
 A yong Beginner and set vp in blood !
 (Butchers can doe no more.) Shall Recordes say
 Being Crownde, he playd the Tyran the first day,
 How should that Chronicler be curs'd ? your paper.
 When such a fatall booke comes in my sight,

with *Vespasian* with I could not write,
their bond is canceld. I forgiue the debt,
that at liberty, they all be fet.

Omn. A Princely Act.

Off. If wisely tis well done.

Spem. That raigne must last, which mercy has
begun.

K. Beare witness all, what pace the Chariot
wheeles

our new gilded Soueraigntie shall run.

Ruf. A mayne gallop I hope.

K. And here I vow to end as tis begun.

Asl. Heauen fill thee full of dayes, but (being all
told)

adding no worfe, their summe wee le write in gold.

Off. The course you le take deere Lord.

K. This : pray obserue it.

Iou. Call you this Coronation day ? would I were
in streetes where the conduites run claret wine, there's
some good fellowship.

Off. Peace.

K. Each weeke within the yeere shall be a booke
which each day ile reade o're : I well may doe't,
the booke being but six leaues (six dayes,) the
seuenth

he his that owes it ; Sacred is that and hye ;
and who prophanes one houre in that, shall dye.

Spem. How manie wil be left aliue then this day
fortnight ?

Off. First, beate all Tauernes downe then, Soules
are lost

(Being drownde in Surfets) on that seuenth day most.
day (best of Kings) mine owne hand shall set downe
that lawes thou mad'st first day thou wor'st a
Crowne.

egin, begin thy weeke.

K. Write Monday.

Off. So so, -Monday.

Iou. They say Monday's Shooemakers hollie
Ile fall to that trade.

Of. I haue writ it downe my liege.

Iou. Peace, harken to your lesson.

K. That day, from morne till night, Ile execute
The office of a Iudge, and wey out lawes
With euen scales.

Iou. Thats more than grocers doe.

K. The poore and rich mans cause
Ile poize alike : It shall be my chiefe care
That bribes and wrangling be pitch'd o're the barre.

Iou. We shall haue old breaking of neckes then.

K. Downe with that first.

Of. O for a pen of gold !
Youle haue no bribes.

K. None.

Of. Yet terme-time all the yeere !
A good strong law-suite cannot now cost deere.

K. Haue you done ?

Of. I'me at bribes, and wrangling done
sently.

Nar. We must all turne pettifoggers, and in steed
of gilt rapiers, hang buckram bags at our girdles.

Iou. All my clients, shalbe women.

Spen. Why ?

Iou. Because they are easiest fetched ouer : there's
something to be gotten out of them.

Of. Thy monday's taske is done : whats next ?

Iou. Sunday if the weeke goes backward.

King. Tuesdays wee'le fit to heare the poore
man's cries,

Orphans and widowes : our owne princely eyes
Shall their petitions reade : our progresse then
Shal be to hospitalls which good minded men
Haue built to pious vse, for lame, sicke, and poore
Weele see whats giuen, what spent, and what flourisheth
or'e

Churles (with Gods mony) shall not feast, fwill win

fat their rancke gutts whilest poore wretches
pine.

Al. This is a braue world for beggers, if it hold.

El. Poore wretches pine, So are they left : tot'h
next.

Kin. Wednesdaies weele spend—

ou. In fish dinners.

Kin. In th' affaires

farren states, treat with embassadors,
are them and giue them answeres. Thursday, for
warres.

ou. That's well : better be together by th' eares,
n to goe halting to hospitalls.

Kin. Our Neapolitane youths (that day) shall try
eir skill in armes, poore scorned Soldiers

ll not be suffer'd beg here (as in some landes)

stoope slaue-like to Captaines proud commands,

ue, and lie nastie, when the selfe-same pay,

e Souldier fights for, keepes the Leaders gay.

r shall he through ice and fire make gray his
head,

are out new Moones, onely to earne his bread,

de vp to'th beard in torrents ; and be drownd

saue the head ; march hard to meete a wound

very face, and euen his heart-strings cracke,

win a towne, yet not to cloath his backe :

d the blacke storme of troubles being gon,

nd like a creditor, not looked vpon,

t as court-pallats (when bright day drawes nye)

ld vp in some darke corner is throwne by.

cle write that.

Al. Fast as my pen can trot.

Spn. What a number of tottred roagues wilbe
n'd into braue fellowes a this new change of the
one.

ou. The brauer they are, the sooner are mercers
lon.

Al. Souldiers are downe too.

Kin. Downe with Learning next.

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For friday shalbe spent it'h reuerend Schooles,
Where wee le sif branne from floure, (hisle
fooles,
But crowne the deepe-braind disputant) none
hold
Three or four Church-liuings (got by Sym
gold)
In them to fat himfelfe as in a flye,
When greater Schollers languish in beggery:
And in thin thred-bare cassacks weare out their
And bury their worth in some by vicorage:
This wee le see mended.

Enter Iouenella.

Iou. Tyth pigges you'l'e smoake for this.

Kin. So fet it downe.

Off. Schollers languish in beggery—So :
Thy fridaies law is writ ; for Satterday, what ?

King. I mary fir, All our cares now for that
Well to begin, and not end so were base,
The winning of the gole crownes each mans race

Narcisso stepping in before in the Scene, Enters

Nar. Sir, theres a stranger newly ariu'd
court,
And much importunes to behold your Highnes

Kin. What is he ?

Nar. Of goodly prefence.

Kin. Let him see vs.

Rufman brought in by all.

Ruff. The powers that guide me, guard
haue heard thy name
In regions far hence, where it does resound
Lowder than here at home ; to touch this grou
I ha pass'd through countries, into which none

ld willingly faile I thinke, and with me bring,
oue and seruice, which to your grace I tender.

n. What are you, and whence come you ?

eff. From *Heluetia*.

en. What hell sayes hee ?

n. Peace you shall know hot hell time enough.

eff. I am an Heluetian borne, the house from
n I am descended, ancient and well knowne to
r princes : Bohor is my name.

n. Zounds ! Bohor ! has struck two of my teeth
out with hls name ;

eff. A Shalcan Tartar being my grandfather
call me *Shalkan Bohor*. About the world
rauailles make a girdle (perfect round :)
at, what wonders Kings on earth euer found
ow, and what I know, Is yours.

Braue Heluetian,
gine you thanks and welcome : your arriual
re and to our wifh, of all those dayes.
h Time sets downe, to number vp a weeke,
y day haue we tasked ; saue only one,
in these courts of Kings (through which you
haue gon,)

Princes wast their hōwres ?

eff. How but in that,
which they are borne Kings ? (Pleasure :) euery
man's ayme,

hit pleasure : onely tis changde in name,
s all the difference ; Are Kings Tirants ? Blood
en their pleasure : thirst they after warres !
ition tickles them : that for which man most
cares,

l or bad, tis his pleasure, and to gaine it,
foule must compasse it, tho hell restraine it :
his marke all mens thoughts, Creation drew,
all might striue for a thing, thats got by fewe :
are those few but Kings ? and tis fit they
ld haue it, becaufe true pleasure does foone de-
cay.

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K. How like you his counsell?

Omn. Rarely.

Of. What ruffians this?

K. Bohor tha't warm'd our yong blood; Al cares
of state,

Shall that day sleepe, to our selfe weelee Saturday
haue,

Pleasure (the slaue of Kings shall then be our slaue,

Lords let there be a proclamation drawne,

What man soeuer (strange or natiue borne,) *K.*

Can feast our spleene, and heighthen our delight,

He shall haue gold and be our fauorite.

Tilts, turneys, masques, playes, dauncing, drinking
deepe

Tho ere noone all *Naples* lye dead-drunke a sleepe.

Of. How King?

Kin. Weele haue it so vncke.

Omn. Downe with that too.

Iou. Print Satterday in great text letters.

Of. Well, well, it shall.

Our swan turnes crow, poisond with one drop of
gall.

Kin. Ile haue this proclamation forthwith drawne.

Nar. And publish al the daies.

Prif. And Satterday.

Iou. Especially that at large if you can in red, like
a Dominicall letter.

Kin. Goe see it don.

Iou. My taske.

Exit.

Kin. Why sigh you? Of fix dayes wo'd you not
spare me one?

Of. Thine owne lawes from thine owne mouth,
weele proclaime,

If thine owne words thou e'atst, bee't thine owne
shame.

Enter Iouinelli hastily.

Iou. Your long expected happines is arriu'd,

princeffe of Calabria.

Thou crown'ft me agen :
vncle, honored Lords, with our whole court
her hither ; I am rapd with Ioy,
oft till I behold her : fetch me my loue.

I feare deepe whirlepooles tho it run smooth
boue.

To our worthy friend your welcomes.

Exit Ocl. & Afl.

But pray Sir tell vs, meane you that we
indeed
haue but one playing day through the whole
weeke?

All *Iouinelli*, weele be Iouiall all.

Till Satterday came, we liu'de in terrible
care.

Bohor, who your dead fpirits vp did reare.

Had I (as first I did begin) gon on,
a Schoole-boy should haue worne my crowne,
I had borrowed it.

Had bin most vile.

Ile be a Sea, (boundles.)

Thou art a funne,
et no base cloudes muffle thee.

Braue Kings all !

ne, Scepter, Court, Cittie, Country, are at your
all.

There fpake young *Ioue* indeede.

The tyde now turnes.

And now weele fwim.

And laugh, tho the whole world mournes.

Florish. Omn: Tantara, hey. Trumpets.
Erminghild brought in.

After Oclavio and Aftolphe, vshering Erminhild,
attended by Ladies and others.

Call vp your lustiest fpirits : the Lady's
come.

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K. O my earthly blisse ! embraces ! kisses ! how sweete

Are you to parted Louers when they meete ?
That entertainment which the Duke your Father,
Lent royellie (late to mee,) I now can pay
At a Kings charge ; to our *Neapolitane* Court,
None (brightest *Erminhild* can come longd for
More then your selfe.) You haue stolne vpon vs
(Ladie)

Erm. You haue good Law against me, (playing
the thiefe)

Your Grace may keepe mee prifoner.

K. In these Armes ;

From whence not *Ioue* shall raunsome thee ; We
Twaine

Will wed, and bed, and get a Prince shall raigne

In *Naples* brauely, when wee both lye dead :

Till then, Pleasures wings, to their full bredth be
spread. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Scumbroth, ringing a Bell ; Alphege, a Fryer
& Shackle-foule, in a Friers weede, with cloth to lay.*

Scum. A mangier, a mangier, a mangier, I must
needs haue a mangie voice, when I doe nothing but
ball for a company of hungry Scabs ; a mangier.

Alph. You must be nimble *Rush.*

Sha. As a drawer in a new Tauern, first day the
bush is hung vp.

Scum. A mangier, a manger, a mangier. *Exit.*

Alp. So : the Lord Priors napkin here, there the
Sub-priors : his knife and case of pick-toothes thus :
as for the couent, let them licke their fingers in stead
of wiping, and suck their teeth in steede of picking.

Shac. What other dutie Sir, must I call mine ?

Alp. As you are nouice, you are to say grace de-
murely, waite on the Priors Trencher soberly, steale
away a mouthfull cunningly, and munch it vp in a
corner hungerly. Ply your office, *Rush.* *Exit*

Shack. Thankes good Frier Alphege : yes, Shackle-
foule will play
The taske hee's fet to : Diuels neuer idle lye :
Frier Rush! ha, ha : y'haue now an excellent quire,
To sing in hell, the Diuell and the Frier.

*Enter Prior, Subprior, Alphege, Hillary, Rush,
and other Friars. All sit : dishes brought in
before.*

Pri. Where's *Rush*, our *Iunior Nouice* ?

Ru. Here Lord Prior.

Pri. Stand foorth, and render thankes.

Ru. Hum, hum :

For our bread, wine, ale and beere,
For the piping hot meates heere :
For brothes of fundrie tafts and fort,
For beefe, veale, mutton, lamb, and porke.
Greene-sawce with calves head and bacon,
Pig and goose, and cramd-vp capon.
For past raiz'd stiffe with curious art,
Pye, custard, florentine and tart.
Bak'd rumpes, fried kidneys, and lam-stones,
Fat sweete-breads, luscious maribones,
Artichoke, and oyster-pyes,
Butterd Crab, prawnes, lobsters thighes,
Thankes be giuen for flesh and fishes,
With this choice of tempting dishes :
To which proface : with blythe looks fit yee,
Rush bids this Couent, much good do't yee.

Pri. How dar'st thou mock vs thou ill nurtur'd
snaue ?

Sub. Contemn'st thou our order and religious
fare ?

Shac. He has spoken treason to all our stomaches.

Omn. Downe with the villaine.

Sub. Mischiefe on vs waites
If wee feede so vile a wretch.

Pri. Thrust him out at gates.

Shac. I doe coniure you by my hallowed beades
To heare me speake.

Pri. Canst thou excuse thy selfe ?

Shac. Alas (my Lord) I thought it had bin here
As in the neighbouring Churches, where the poore
Vicar

Is filled vp to the chin with choice of meates,
Yet seekes new wayes to whet dull appetite,
As there with holy spels mens soules they cherish,
So with delitious fare, they themselues nourish.
Nor want they argument for sweete belly-cheere
To proue it lawfull.

Sub. Most prophane and fearefull.

Shac. But since your order (pious and reuerend)
Tyed to religious fasts, spends the sad day
Wholy in meager contemplation,
I absolution beg on both my knees,
For what my tongue offended in : las ! poore *Rush*
(See't by his cheekes) eates little : I can feede
On rootes, and drinke the water of the Spring
Out of mine owne cup : make an Anatomy
Of my most sinfull carcas : then pardon mee.

Pri. Thy ignorance is thy pardon, wee beleue
thee.

Shac. *Gratias reuerende domine Prior.*

Pri. But do our brethren in parts more remote,
Feede so delitious faist thou ?

Shac. *Rush* cannot lye.

Sub. Thou falsely doest accuse those holy men.

Pri. How can it stand with their profession ?

Sub. Thou faist (vile yongman) they haue argu-
ments

To proue it lawfull gluttonously to feede.

Omn. *Rush*, answere the Sub-prior.

Shac. *Audite fratres*, they doe not onely proue it
lawfull, but make it palpable, that hee who eates not
good meate is damde.

Sub. *Benedicite.*

Scu. What shall become of all vs then ?

Pri. Thou art distracted, whence canst thou force argument?

Shac. From fillie reason, would you heare me speake?

Pri. Speake freely and be bold, listen.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Shac. He that eats not good meate is dambd:

Sic Disputo.

If he that feedes well hath a good foule, then è

Contra.

No, he that feedes ill, hath a bad and a poore foule.

Scu. Thats wee.

Shac. And so consequently is dambd, for who regards poore foules? and if they be not regarded they are cast forth, and if cast forth, then they are dambde.

Sub. I deny your minor, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Shac. *Sic probo*: the foule followes the temperature of the body, hee that feedes well hath a good temperature of body, *Ergo*, he that feedes well hath a good foule.

Pri. A ful and edyfying argument.

Omn. Hum, hum, hum.

Sub. I deny that the foule followes the temperature of the body.

Shac. *Anima sequitur temperaturam Corporib*, It is a principle, & *contra principia non est disputandum*. All wee.

Pri. Its most apparent.

Scu. O most learned *Rush*!

Sub. A shallow Sophister, heare me farder.

Pri. Subprior, wee heare the rest disputed at our leifure: you take too much vpon you.

Scu. Shall I take this vpon me my Lord?

Pri. Hence with this trash, we haue too long forborne to tast heauens blessings fully, which to our dutie had more enabled vs, *Rush* thart some Angel.

Sub. Rather some diuell sent to bewitch our foules.

Pri. Sub-prior no more.

Sub. I must speake, heare me brethren,
Shall we (bound by solemne oathes) t' abiure
world,

And all her forceries : to whom night and day
Are as one hower of prayer ? whose temperance ma

vs

Endure what ful-fild bellie Gods admire ;
Shall we (by zealous patrons) tyde to obserue
Dirges and *Requiems* for their peacefull soules,
In glotinous riot bury sacred almes ;
Turne Sanctimonious zeale and Charitie
To loathsome surfet ? and those well-got goods
Our benefactors sau'd, by their owne fasts
And moderate liuing, shall we feede vpon
Ful-gorging vs till we vomit ? fore-send it heauen ?
By all the Saints, by him first taught our order
What temperance was, here shall poore *Clement* feede
Till his ore-wearied life, takes her last leaue
Of this all tempting world where all sinnes breede.

Pri. Howes this ? are you become our confessor
Best thrust vs out at gates, locke vp the Cloister,
And cal in whom you like : be you the Prior.
Speake are you agreed, *Rush* be our maister-cooke ?

Scu. You haue my voice.

Alp. And mine.

Pri. Doe you all consent ?

Omn. Yes, all.

Sub. First send this fiend to banishment.

Pri. We haue most voices on our side.

Sub. You may ;

Las ! most men couet still the broadest way.

Pri. Giue *Rush* his charge then, *Scumb* : you must
resigne.

Scu. With a good maw, I shal haue a fatter off
to be his scullion.

Shac. Worthy Lord Prior, heare me yet,
I must not my profession let,
To *Scumbroath*, what I know ile teach,

To make caudels, Iellies, leach,
Syrup of violets, and of roses,
Cowslip fallads, and kick chofes,
Preferue the apricock, and cherry,
Damfin peare-plom, raspis berry;
Potates ike if you shall lack,
To corroborate the back:
A hundred more shall *Rush* deuce,
And yet to early mattins rise,
Our ladies office, sing at prime,
At euen-song, and at compline time.
Chant Anthems, Aniuerfaries, Dirges,
And the dolefull *de profundis*.

Pri. Thou shalt not change thy order: Sirra,
cooke,
From *Rush* take lessons against night, for fare
Abundance and delitious.

Scu. I shall be greedy to learne of him fir, since
your lordship is turnde, our very Iack and his spits
shall turne too. *Exit.*

Enter 2. Pilgrimes.

Pri. What men are these?

Sub. Welcome good holy father.

Both. Thankes reuerend maister.

i. Pil. Blest fir, according to the Churches rite
We (Pilgrimes, to Ierusalem bound) this night
Desire repose, and pious charitie
In your most holy Couent.

Pri. You are most welcome.

Alphege, goe lead 'em in.

Shac: By no meanes.

Pri. Why.

Shac. Tis mortall sin.

Sub. O black impietie!

Pri: How? sin to feed religious votaries!

Shac: Rather to nourish idle vagabonds:
The Cleargy of other lands, haue with much pietie

286 *If this be not a good Play,*

And thrift destroyde those drones, that lazily
Liue eating vp the labours of the bee.
A churchman there cares but to feede the foule,
He makes that charge his office. Alsmisdeeds! alas!
They through the Lawyers hands are fitt't to passe.

Sub. Can you heare this Diuell?

Shac. Besides my reuerend Lord,
These manderers here as spies, and soone beare word
To Princes eares of what they heare and see.

Pri. Ha *Ruffe*! thou speak'st right.

Sub. Dambd iniquitie!

Pri. Hence with those runnagates.

Omn. Come, hence.

Pri. Spurne 'em away.

Sub. Oh had mine eyes drop'd out ere seene this
day.

Stay comfortles poore foules, my pittying teares
Shall speake what my tongue dares not, here holy men,
You nere shall say when next we meete againe,
Frier *Clement* to the hungrie grutch'd his meate,
Or to the weary pilgrim lodging, this makes you eate,
And when you haue relieu'd your fainting limbes,
Commend me in your prayers, and midst your
hymmes

Thus wish, that he who did your Iorney further,
May neuer liue, to breake his holy order.

Pri. Old superstitious dotard; beate hence these
beggars.

1. *Pil.* Many old mans curses will on his foule be
spent,

Who thus defaces, Charities monument: *Exeunt.*

Shac. I told you they were curs, that cease to
barke, no longer then you feede them.

Pri. Frier, thou speak'st right:

Make hast with fare delitious, wee le crowne the night.

Exeunt. Manet Shackle-foule.

Shac. Ha ha, laugh Lucifer, dance grim fiends of
hell,

If foules thou iudge iust, but most terrible,
 must exact a double pay from thee,
Nere hadst thou Iorney man deferude such fee,
 et me cast vp my reckonings, what I ha won
 n this first voiage : Charity ! shees vndon :
Eat gluttony broke her back : next her step'd in
 Contention (who shakes Churches) now the sweete sin
 Sallow lechery,) should march after : Auarice,
Murder, and all sinnes els, hell can deuice,
Ile broach : the head's in, draw the body after,
Begin thy feast in full cuppes, end in slaughter.
That damnedst fury : oh, but Frier *Clement's* free !
TTrue : ha'st no snare t' intrap him ? let me see.
Hees old, choake him with gold ; hold on thy
 Reuells,
Pluto makes Shackle-foule president of Diuels. Exit.

Enter K. Octauio, Narcisso, Iouinelli, Spendola.

K. What pictar's that (*Vncle Octauio* ?)

Oct. The picture of thy state, (drawne by thy
 selfe,)

This is that booke of statutes, were enacted
 In the high Parliament of thy roiall thoughts
 Where wisedome was the speaker. And because
 Thy subiects shall not be abusde by lawes
 Wrap'd vp in characters, crabbed and vnknowne,
 These thine owne language speake.

K. Hang 'em vp vncle.

Oct. What sayes the King ?

Iou. You must hang vp the lawes.

Oct. Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through
 which great flies
 Breake through, the lesse being caught bith wing,
 there dies.

No no, thy lawes ile fix full in thy sight,

Hangs a table vp.

(Like sea-markes,) that if this great ship of sway
 And kingly ventures, loose her constant way.

I'th bottomles gulph of state, (beaten by the storme
Of youthfull follie, raging in monstrous formes)
Shee may be sau'de from sinking and from wrack,
(Steerd by this compasse, for the points of it
Shall guide her so, on rockes she cannot split.

Kin. You are our carefull pilat. In this voiage
Of Gouernment, be you our Admirall.
Wisedome and Age being props, realmes feldome fall

Enter Brisco.

Or. Oraculous is thy voice.

Kin. How now count *Brisco*?

Me thinkes I read a comedy in thy lookes.

Nar. Has met some merry painter, hees drawt
so liuely.

Omn. Come count your newes.

Brisf. I shall bestow them freely :

The physicke of your proclamation workes :
Your guilded pills (roll'd vp in promises
Of princely fauours to his wit, who highest
Can raise your pleasures) slip so smoothly downe
Your Subiects throates, that all (vpon a sudden)
Are loofely giuen.

Kin. How ? loofely giuen ? why count ?

Br. Name but what sport, your Highnes wot
haue Acted

I'ne prologue toot ; your court must haue more gait
To let in rusling Saturday : without (now) waites
Musicke in some ten languages : each one sweares
(By *Orpheus* fiddle-case) they will tickle your eares
If they can doo't with scraping.

Bri. Theres feuen score Noife at least of eng
fidlers.

Io. 7. score ! they are able to eate vp a citie
very scraps.

Bri. Very base-viall men most of 'em : beside
whole swarmes of welsh harpes, Irish bag-pipes, Iew
trompes, and french kitts.

All theſe made I together play :
But their dambd catter-wralling, frighted me away.

Oſ. Theſe ſports to pleaſe
A Princes eyes ?

Bri. How like you then of theſe ?
The cittie-waterbearers (trimly dight)
With yellow oaker-tankerds (pind vpright)
Like brooches in their hatts ; In their freſh loues
A may-game bring, All, wearing dog-skin gloues.
Made not to ſhrinke it'h wetting.

Kin. Bid theſe poore men drinke well, and ſo be
gon.

Bri. What will you haue then ?
Will you ſee the Turners ſhew, brauely preparede
With colours, drumes, and gunnes (with ruſt halfe
mar'de

Bearing that, of which they long haue bin depriu'de.

Kin. What iſt ?

Bri. Their daring Giant, (newly reui'de)

Omn. For *Ioues* ſake lets ſee that.

Oſ. O ſie (Prince) ſie !

In thy court painted monſters, they come not here,
Ride forth, thou ſhalt meete Giants euery where.
Me thinkes (yong Lords) your ſoules being new re-
finde

With beames of honor, ſhould not be declin'de
To ſports ſo low and vulgar : but ſince the King
Of birdes (the Eagle) letts you ſpred a wing
So neere his owne, you ſhould put vp ſuch game
As fits an Eagle, and purſue the ſame.
And not like rauens, kites, or painted Iayes
Soare high, yet light'on dunghills, for ſtinking preyes.

Iou. Old Lord you raue.

Nar. What ſports woud you deuife ?

Oſ. Moſt fit for Kings. Were I (before his eyes)
To preſent obieſts, they ſhould all be rare,
Of Romane triumphs, laden w'th the ſpoiles of warre :
Or Lions, and wilde-Boares kill'd by actiue force :
Or ſea-fights : or land-battailes on foote, or horſe :

Such fights as these, kindle in Kings braue fire,
And meeting spirits that dare mount, mount
higher,

Where apish pastimes lay our soules downe flat,
Groueling on earth, base and effemminate.

Bri. I haue bowles of this bias too, for
Lordships alley.

King. Trundle 'em out before him.

Bri. The wodden-leg Souldier,
Waites to present you with his shew of warre.

Off. I mary my liege.

Bri. The Scholler has his deuice, the Mariner

Off. These are Kings sports indeed.

Bri. Will you see these?

Kin. Faith be it so; because wee le now rather
please

Our vncler than our selfe, pray fetch in these.
The rest cashere.

Spen. Send the filders merily home.

Bri. And yet pa 'em scurily! tis impossible.

Iou. And bid the water-bearers clenfe the citie
Ther's many a foule thing in it.

Off. Marshall 'em in.

Bri. Ile fetch these worthy spirits in my selfe.
No, no, wee le ayde you fir.

Iou. March: and giue vs roome.

Exe.

Ki. Sdeath! if these doting gray-beards might
haue their wills,

We neuer shall haue ours: let vs crosse them
As they crosse vs.

Omn. How, how!

Kin. Euery deuice
Their Ningles bring in, abuse with scurvie iest,
Beet nee're so good.

Omn. Agreed.

Nar: If *Ninies* bring away the Nest.

Ki. Teach *Iouinelli* and *Brisco* when to giue fir
Dromes and *trompets* sounding.

*Enter Oflauio, Iouinelli, Brisco, Rufman, the Souldier,
Scholler, Mariner.*

Sol. I am a Souldier.

Tou : We know that by your legges.

Sol. Does my stump grieue you ?

Bri. Not if you bestir your stumps nimble fir.

Var. What hot shot's this ?

Sol. A Souldier fir : thats all :

ats more than fir I thinke you dare be. Zounds !

ould for my limbes lost in seruice ! your noble
father

as clapt this buff-ierkin, when this Stump of wood
as vp tot'h knee stucke three howres in french blood :

hen such as you, with your Spangled roses, that day
auely bestird their heeles, and ran away :

stand toot, I.

Spem. With one leg.

Sol : Yes : with one.

Of. Yong Lords, thus to scorne Souldiers, tis ill
don.

Kin. Vncle, heres no man scornes 'em ; must we
be brau'de

r a staring fellow, for a little fighting ? goe.

Sol. Fighting ! I cannot halt I, but speake plaine,
o King on earth baffalls me, ide baffall againe,
h' whole race of great turkes, had iem ith field : I ha
brought

with me a hundred Souldiers, (old Seruitors)
more as my selfe in clothes ; picke out fise hundred
if such filke-stocken men, if they beate vs, hang vs,
bloud if we tosse not them, hang's agen : a fort
e ha built without, and mand it, this was the sport
Souldier wood ha giuen thee : my one hundred
had taught thee all the rules i'th Schoole of warre.

Kin. All this ile read without mayme, wound or
scarre.

Sold. What say you to an Engine, that at once
hall spoile some thirtie men ?

Iou. Thirtie men : nothing.

Sold. If nothing ! hast thou bin beate for the
farewell.

Iou. I can fetch twenty scriueners haue don more
With a bare goose-quill.

Sold. Maist thou but liue, to need a Soule
arme,

That laught to see him bleed.

Bri. You haue lost the day sir, for your Soule
fly.

Kin. Fly to the diuell let 'em.

Iou. Your leaders before.

Spen. You fight all vnder one cullors ! doe
not ?

Scho. Sir :

These pleasures to the King which I prefer,
Flow from *Ioues* braine.

Nar. Heyda ! heres one has beaten out
braines.

Spen. Wud I had thee hung vp at our maine ke

Sch : No Sir *Ioues* braine, (*Minerua* queen
wit)

If all the *Muses* and the Arts can fit
With their high Tunes, such choice and Princely
Apollo (Father to them all)—appeares——

Iou. *Apollo* was an Asle ; he let a wench who
lou'de to be turnd into a Bay-tree, and now shees
for a peny to stick Ale-houise-windowes, and w
dead coarfes.

Bri. Let *Apollo* goe and lye with his
Daughters.

K. Are you a Scholler Syr ?

Iou. A school-master as I take it, and com
present a verie prettie show of his schollers in br
Latin.

Of. Can wee be dumb and see this ?

Sch. O haples Learning !

Flie and complaine, to Heauen (where thou
borne)

at thou (whome Kings once nurse,) art now their
scorne. *Exit.*

Var. How blowes the winde Syr?

Seaf. Wynde! is *Nore-Nore-West.*

Var. To hoyse your sayles vp too, I thinke tis
best.

Sea. A blacke Gust is comming; vp a-low-ther
: A young-man vp toth Top-mast-head, and looke-
: stand to your Sayles: stand to your Top-failes:
goe your Harriars, let goe, amaine louere amaine,
icke, quick, Good fellowes.

Omn. Hees mad.

Sea. Whoes at Helme? beare vp hard: and hard
: and thou beeest a man beare vp; Star-borde, Port-
ein: off with your Drablers, and your Banners;
at with your Courfes: Ho,—I spie two Shippes
onder, that yaw too and agen, they haue both sprung
Leake, I thinke the Diuell is sucking Tabaccho,
eres such a Mist: out with your boate, and you
esmen, cut-downe Mast-bith borde; beare vp,
ne a Blunt-fellow you see, All I say is this,
ou that scorne Sea-men, shall a Sea-man misse. *Exit.*

Off. Now by my life I haue patient stood too long.
o see rich merit and loue, payde with base wrong:
earning! and Armes! and Traffique! the triple wall
hat fortifies a Kingdome, race em downe All!
his Seaman, (hee that dearest eames his bread)
ad rigd and mann'd 4. Gallies brauely furnisht,
ith Souldiers, Rowers, and Fire-workes for a Sea-
fight.

K. You are full of Squibs too, pray goe fire em all.

Off. Must I bee then cashierde too? mary and
shall.

o faue thy sinking Honour, Ile fend hence
hese men with thanks, with praise, and recompence.

Exit.

Omn. Pray doe.

K: Braue *Shalcan-Bohor*, all this while
ur eye has followed yours, and seene it smile,

(As twere in scorne) of what these men could do
Which made vs slight them off; to ingrosse you
(Our best and richest prize :) ith Courts of King
Through which you ha pass'd, you ha seene what
shew em.

Ruff. I shall at opportune howers. If your
Arride the toyes, they bragd of (Fire-workes,
And such light stufes) Sit searelesse without danger
Of murdring shot, which villaines might discharge
In (idle counterfet Sea-fights) you shall see
At opening of this hand, a thousand Balles
Of wilde-Fire, flying round about the Aire—there.

Fire-workes on Lines.

Omn. Rare, Rare.

K. Tis excellent, Sdeath from whence flew they

Bri. Hell, I thinke.

Iou. Hell! Nay, if any that are in Hell, skip
euer so nye Heauen, as these Diuells that spit fire do
He drinke nothing but Gun-powder.

Ruff. Ha, ha, a trifle this. Your Scholler there
Come with his Arts and Muses shallow, leaden brain
Your swaggering Souldier, lead a tottered traine
Of ruffianly Boore-hallers: I noted all
These feasts for Kings: ith garden of varietie
The vast world! you are staru'de midst your satietie
Plucke no one Apple from the golden Tree,
But shake the fruite of euey pleasure downe.

K. Thanks *Bohor*; why else weares a King
Crowne?

Shalcan, all *Naples* shall not buy thee from mee.

Ruff. Nor you and these from me.

K. Aske what thou wilt haue
But to stay here.

Ruff. Loe, this is all I craue.

K. Thou hast our fast embraces.

Ruff. Swift as mans thought,
Various delights shall bee each minute borne,

I dye as fast that fresh may rise ; we scorne
 serue vp one dish twice ; bee't nere so rare,
 I you that gainst to morrow I prepare
 Feast of strange Mirth for you ?

K. Deare *Bohor* doe.

Ruff. I shall ; Nor doe I thus your loue pursue,
 th seruile hopes of Golde, I neede it not :
 Out the jawes of Hell Golde may bee got
 'acke *Artes* are mine to doo't ; and what delights
 those worke bee yours.

K. Thou art gracious in our fight. *Exeunt.*

*A Table is set out by young fellowes like Merchants
 men, Bookes of Accounts upon it, small Deskes to
 write upon, they sit downe to write Tickets, Lurchall
 with them.*

1. Come fellow *Lurchall* write.

Lur. Fuh, Stay not for mee,
 shall out-goe you all.

2. I hold 5. Crownes,
 We all leaue you behinde vs.

Lur. Don ; but I
 Must not leaue you behinde mee ; what paines a poore
 Diuell

takes to get into a Merchant ? hees so ciuill,
 One of Hell must not know him, with more ease
 A Diuell may win ten Gallants, then one of these,
 Yet a Merchants wife, before these ten is wonne
 To entertaine her Diuell, if Pride be one.
 But *Lurchall*, now tha'rt in, and for yeares bound,
 To play the Merchant, play him right : th'aft found
 A Master, who more villenie has by hart,
 Then thou by rote ; See him but play his owne part,
 And thou doest Hell good seruice ; *Barteruile*,
 Theres in thy name a Haruest makes mee smile.

Bart. *Lurchall* :—within.

Omn. My master calls.

Lur. I.

*Enter Barteruile.**Men too and fre bring in Bags, & haue Bills.**Bart:* Oh, art there!

This day twist one and two a Gallants bound
 To pay 400. Crownes to free his Landes
 Fast morgag'de to mee, *Lurchall*, get thee vp hie
 Into my Turret, where thou mayest espie
 All commers euery way; if by thy guesse,
 Thou seeest the Gull make hither.

Lur. So Syr.

Bart. That, his Hower
 Lye gasping, at the last Minutes; let him beate
 dore,

Within Ile beate his heart out.

Lur. Ile let him stand.

Bart. Do, take my *Watch*, go faster. All his Land
 Is sumd with these two Figures, (2. and 1.)

At past one, (his,) strike but two, tis mine owne.

Lur. Ile turne the wheelles: and spin the how
 vp faster.

Bart. The Citie-clockes then strike, and kill
 Master.

Would all the Citie Sextons, at my cost
 Were drunke this day 4 howres.

Lur: Troth so wud I,
 And wee their Iackes ath Clocke-houfe.

Bar. Wee'de strike merily.
 Fly vp to'th top ath house,

Lur. There fir, Ile sit,
 And croake like a Rauen, to damb thee in hels pit.
E.

*Barteruile set amongst his men reading a long scroll.**Bar.* How goes this moneth?*Om.* Much shorter than the last.

Bar. Weddings this moneth 12. thousand: n
 worth the scoring,

But thinke ther's little marying, we ha so much whoring.

Grinding milles so much vsde ; about the citie
Such grinding, yet no more mony ; suites in law,
Full brought to an end this moneth, no more but ten :

This law will begger vs : had I the bags againe,
I bought this combrous office with, the King
Should make his best of't : hee that did farm't before
Had it for lesse than I, yet receiude more.

How much remaines of the salt tribute due ?

1. *Ser.* 7000. Crownes.

Bar. Thats well : a fauorie summe :

These our Italian tributes, were well deuifde,
Me thinke tis fit a subiect should not eate
But that his Prince from euery dish of meate
Should receiue nourishment : for (being the head)
Why should he pine, when all the body is fed ?
Besides, it makes vs more to awe a King,
When at each bit we are forc'd to thinke on him.

Enter a Brauo with mony.

1. *Ser.* What payment's this ?

Bra. The pension of the Stewes, you neede not vntye it, I brought it but now from the sealers office : ther's not a peece there, but has a hole in't, because men may knowe where twas had, and where it will be taken againe : blesse your worship ? Stew-mony fir, Stew-Prune cash fir.

Bar. They are fure, tho not the foundest pay-maisters,
Read whats the summe.

1. *Ser.* But bare 200. crownes.

Bra. They are bare crownes indeede fir, and they came from Animals and vermin that are more bare : wee that are clarkes of these flesh-markets haue a great deale of rotten mutton lying vpon our hands, and finde this to bee a fore payment.

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Bar. Well, well, the world will mend.

Bra. So our surgeons tell 'em euery day; but the pox of mendment I see.

Bar. Doe not your gallants come off roundly then?

Bra. Yes sir, their haire comes off fast enough, we turne away crack't french crownes euery day. I haue a suite to your worship in behalfe of all our dealers in small wares, our free-whores sir, you know my meaning.

Bar. If your whores are knowne, whats thy suite?

Bra. I should haue brought a petition from 'em, but that tis put off sir, till clensing-weeke, that they may all be able to set to their hands, or else a whores marke.

Bar. Well, well, whats their request?

Bra. Marry sir, that all the shee-tobacco-shops, that creepe vp daily in euery hole about the Citie, may bee put to silence.

Bar. Why pray thee honest fellow?

Bra. I thanke your good worship, I had not such a sweete bit giuen me this 7 yeeres, honest fellow; marry sir Ile open to you your suppliant's cases: they that had wont to spend a crowne about a smocke, haue now their delight dog-cheape, but for spending one quarter of that mony in smoake: besides sir, they are not contented to robbe vs of our customes only, but when their pipes are fowle with spitting and driueling in those forefaide shops, they haue no place to burne 'em in, but our houses.

Bar. Draw their petition, and weelee see all cur'de.

Bra. Let a frost come first sir: I thanke your venerable worship; the pox gnaw out so many small guts as haue payde thee crownes. *Exit.*

Enter Lurchall running.

Lur. The tyd's against you sir, the crownes are come.

Bar. How goes my watch ?

Lur. As most watches vse to goe fir, sleepily,
quaily.

Bar. Not reach'd to one yet ; wert thou to be
hangd,

we hower had gallop'd.

Lur. I spur'd it all that I could.

Bar. S'death keep his howre, heauen helpe poore
Citizens,

Gentlemen grow thus warie : let him in.

Exit Lurchall.

arren now, that hast in craft so fruitfull bin.

our businesse fir to me.

Enter with 2. Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doe you not know me fir ?

Bar. No in good truth fir.

1. *Gent.* To know you I am bold fir,
ou haue lands of mine in morgage, this is my day,
nd heres your crownes.

Bar. Signior *Innocentio* ;
y memorie had quite lost you, pray sit both,
bowle of wine here.

1. *Gent.* Sir it shall not neede :
lease you to fetch my euidence, whil'st we tell.

Bar. What needes this forward spring ? faith two
moneths hence
ad bin to me as welcome.

1. *Gent.* Sir I thanke you.

2. *Gent.* Your hower drawes on Signior *Inno-
centio*,

Bar. Goe beate a drumme ith garret, that no
tongues

f clockes be heard but mine.

Lur. Little past one.

Bar. Winde, winde.

Lur. Thus wind'st thou to damnation.

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2. *Gent.* Ile part with none fir, pardon me, till I see

Your writings : will you fetch the euidence fir.

Bar. What euidence fir, haue I of yours ?

1. *Gent.* My friend fir, whose mony hee lends me to redeeme my morgage.

Bar. Which you would haue for your securitie.

2. *Gent.* Tis so fir ?

Bar. No fir *Innocentio*,

To morrow on your bare word will I lend you 30. crownes more : I loue you fir, and wish you beware whose hands you fall into : the worlds a serpent.

2. *Gent.* This does but spend the hower fir, will you take your mony ?

Bar. With all my heart.

1. *Gent.* Let me see my writings then.

Bar. Haue you such couenant from mee ? I remember none.

1. *Gent.* Your conscience is sufficient couenant fir.

Bar. Ha ! whats that conscience ? I know no law-terms I,

Talke to me as to Citizen.

2. *Gent.* Weele dally no longer ;

We knew what snake would sting vs, and therefore brought

Our medicine gainst his venome : youle keepe the writings,

And weele ith Court of conscience tender your crownes,

Whither this writ does summon you.

Lur. A fox, and ore-taken ?

Bar. Serue writs vpon me, yet keepe my mony too ?

Dull slaue hast thou no braine ?

Lur. Braine ! trye this.

Bar. Peace.

2. *Gent.* Will you as fits a Christian giue vs in What is our right, and take your crownes fir yet ?

Bar. Tis good to try mens patience, fetch me
downe *Exit Lur.*

*H*ose writings on my pillow, there they ha slept
*H*ese two howers for you: must not friends iest?
ha!

Both. Yes sir: let your men tell, iust 400.
crownes.

Bar. Besides the vse.

1. Gent. The vse is there too.

Bar. Hold:

*I*e take it without telling, put it vp.

Both. Not till we see the writings.

Enter Lurchall.

Bar. Dare you touch it?

Both. Dare! yes sir, and dare stab him to the
heart,

*O*ffers to take it from vs:

Bar. Who stabs first? *Flings mony amongst it.*

*N*ow touch it if you dare: ther's gold of mine,

*A*nd if they lay one finger on't, cry theeues,

*T*hey come to rob me, touch it if you dare:

1. Gen. Dambde wretch, thou wilt goe quicke to
hell I feare.

Bar. No sir, the diuell shall fetch me when I goe.

Lur. That all my errand.

2. Gent. We are cheated both.

Bar. Proceede, in your chancery suite, I haue be-
gun your bill.

*H*umbly complayning.

1. Gent. Of thee villaine Ile complaine

*T*hat sels thy soule for mony, diuels on earth dwell,

*A*nd men are no where, all this world is hell.

Exeunt.

Bar. I kisse thy forehead, my wittie *Oedipus*

*T*hat canst vnfold such riddels:

One ringes. Exit. 1. Seruant.

Lur. Sir, I am bound

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To doe you all service, till I you all comfort.

1. *Ser.* Maister Silverpen the practiser in law
word, if you come not in to morrow and personall
depose your payment of the 200. crownes, your
non-suited.

Bar. That is a law-draught goes downe easily.

Lur. Why sir? Tis but your swearing the matter
is payde.

Bar. If oathes had back-dores to come in
without danger of damnation, to catch a mans for
bith back, swearing were braue.

1. *Ser.* What answere shall I giue the Procu-
man?

Lur. Tell him my maister shall come in and
fweare.

Exit and Enters.

Bar. Doe, tell him: on thee Ile build: now
my feare

Is for apparance at the Chancellors Court.
No trick to saue that?

Lur. I haue a braue one fort.

Exit. 1. for wine: bring't in.

Bring in a pottle of wine: will Carlo here
fellow,

Depose a truth if he see it, to helpe his maister?

Bar. What thou not honest Carlo?

2. *Ser.* Yes sir.

1. *Ser.* Here's the wine. *Enter with wine*

Lur. Set this to your head anon sir, when
there

Away you, and to morrow thou mai'st fweare
Before the Chancelor, and fweare true, if hee
Were in that case thou leftst him, twere in vaine
To hope he could liue, till thou cam'st back againe.

Bar. All Knights a'th Post learne this trick: it
fits vpon me now.

Lur. Take a good draught, twill helpe you fir: It
gulpes,
Hees almost breathles Carolo, away.

Car. I am gon. *Exit.*

Lur. Hees gon, hees gon fir.

Bar. One gulpe more had choaked me ;
This wine had washed my feares off, th'aft giuen mee
power
To make me doate vpon thee. Carolos gon.

Lur. Yes and will fweare his heart out, to your
good.
Sweare let him ; bee thy felfe and hee dambde too.

Bar. So I may get by it. In my bofome sleepe
(My doue, my loue,) prosper but thou and I.

Lur. And let all els finck.

Bvr. Let 'em: fo I kiffe gold,
The yongmans whore, the faint of him thats old.
Exeunt.

*Enter Prior, Alphege, Hillary, and Friers with
pruning kniues, fpades, &c., met by Subprior,
and Shackle-foule.*

Sub. Whither (mad-men) run you ?

Omn. To our Vines.

Sub. Your Vines ?

(The tree of fin and shame ?) this Serpent here,
Has with that liquorish poison, fo fet on fire,
The braines of *Nicodeme* and *Siluefter*,
That they in drunken rage haue flabd each other.

Pri. Stabd !

Shac. Yes, they bleede a little, but haue no
harne,
Their yong blood with the grapes Iuice being made
warne,

They brawld and struck, but I kept off the blowes,
Yet the Subprior faies from me their quarrell rose.

Sub. It did.

Shac. In very deede (for I not fweare)

It did not sir: to me you malice beare,
 As if that all such mischief don, were mine,
 But cause your selfe shall see how I repine
 To see vice prosper, pardon me good Lord Prior,
 If I a tell-tale be of what mine eyes
 Beheld with water in them: sin will rise
 In holy circles I see sometimes.

Pri. What sin?

Sub. What hast thou seene?

Shac. Wud present I had not beene,
 But till I had vtter it, my clogd conscience beares
 A man vpon a woman.

Omn. Ha!

Shac. I speak't in teares:
Scumbroth our cooke, and a female I beheld
 Kissing in our orchard: on her lippes he dwelld
 I thinke some halfe howre.

Sub. Shame to our reuerend order!
 A woman in our couent! Sin black as murder.

Pri. Our cooke shalbe feuerely punished:
 woman,
 A tempter here.

Omn. Abhominable!
 Rush, thoult rebuke sin.

Shac. Though my Lord I'me bad, I'me not giuen
 that way.

Pri. Let vs some plagues inuent to lay on this
 lecherous knaue.

Shac. Some light punishment
 (Good my Lord Prior) suppose twere your owne fault,
 Whip as you would be whipt, the best's naught.

Sub. He shalbe punisht, and then loose his place.

Pri. That sir shall be as we will: to our Vines:
 away.

Sub. For shame giue or'e, dare you prophane this
 day
 That is to holy vses consecrate?

Pri. Why? what day is this?

Omn. Lambert the marter.

Pri. No matter,
To vex thee deeper, this whole day wee le spend,
Onely about our Vines.

Sub. You vex not me,
But heauen : what warrants you to this ?

Pri. Our will.

Sub. Thou hast thy will, thy wish thou ne're shalt
haue,

In sight of heauen who sees and punishes
Mens blacke impieties ; And in sight of these
(Sharers in thy full sin :) And in his sight,
T' expresse whose vilenes, there's no epithite.

Pri. No matter what he saies Rush.

Shac. I'me knowne what I am.

Sub. To thee I prophecie, (vicious old man to
thee,

Who er't with lift-vp-hands, and downe-bowed knee,
Seemest to' haue had worke in heauen : now (full of
spite,

Onely to eate a liquorish appetite ;
Digst our religious wales vp, planting there
Luxurious fruits to pamper belly-cheere :
(For all thy paines to dresse it,) of this Vine
Thy lustfull lips shall neuer tast the wine.

Pri. Distracted foole, in stead of my iust anger,
Thou onely hast my pittie : thou prophecie ?

Omn. Ha, ha.

Sub. Laugh on, but since nor prayers preuaile nor
teares,

Ile powre my grieve into my Princes eares. *Exit.*

Shac. Heele goe and complaine to the King.

Pri. Let him complaine,

Kings cannot Subiects of their foode restraine.
Away.

Exeunt : Manet Shackle-foule.

Shac. Ingender sin with sin ; that wines rich
heate

May bring forth Lust, Lust murder may beget,
 But here strike saile, this barke awhile hale in,
 And lanch into the deepe, a brighter sin :
 Ho, *Glitterbacke*, ascend, to shackle-soule,
 To shackle-soule ascend, ho *Glitterbacke* ;
 Thou richest spirit, thrust vp thy golden head
 From hell thus hie : when ? art imprisoned
 In misers chests so fast thou canst not come ?
 Or fearst thou theeues, or cutpurpes ? he
 some
 Can saue thee from their fingers : when ? Arise
 And dazle th' approaching night with thy g
 eyes.

Glitt. Here.

A golden Head ascends.

Shac. How thou sweatst with comming ? Se
 those drops
 (Golds pure *Elixar*) stilling from thy lockes :
 Shake from thy browes and hayre that
 showre,
 So : get home : quicke : (to hell) least hel
 poore,
 If Rich mens pawes once fasten thee, and bew
 It'h way thou meetst no Lawyers : theile pu
 bare,
 Hence : downe.

Glitt. Ime gon.

Descendit.

Shac. Coole night will call Frier *Clemen*
 anon :
 Angels, be you his strong temptation :
 Wines lustfull fires him warme not : At this spi
 (Scorde by the rest for him,) spred thy guilt wir
 Full in his eye ; As he drinks water downe,
 In streames of *Auarice*, let his weake soule dro

*Enter the King, Narcisco, Brisco, Spendola, Fouinelli,
Rufman, followed by Astolfo.*

Ast. I doe beseech your Highnes, yet turne backe
and comfort the sad Lady, whose faire eyes
are worne away with weeping.

Iou. If her eyes be worne away, what should a man
doe with a blind wife? kill her with flyes?

Kin. I cannot abide a woman thats fond of me.

Spen. Nor I.

Nar. I would loue a woman but as I loue a walnut,
to cracke it, and peelee it, eate the meate, and then
throw away the Shell.

Iou. Or as noble-men vse their great horses, when
they are past seruice: sell 'em to brewers and make
them drey-horses: So vse a woman.

Ast. So so.

Ruf. The Indians are warme without clothes, and
a man is best at ease without a woman: or if your
Highnes must needs haue one, haue
Factors to buy the fairest, doate not any,
But like the turke, regard none, yet keepe many.

Kin. You heare the Iuries verdict.

Ast. Whose foreman's the diuell?
These counsell thee to thy destruction.

Kin. Destruction? why? the heauen can abide but
one sin,
I hope we on earth may loue many mens daughters:
Tell *Erminhilda* so: send her home to the duke her
father:

And tell him too, because the disease of mariage
Brings the stone with it, I hate a woman; I loue not
To be cut: inclosde grounds are too rancke.

Ruf. Best feeding on the Commons then,
Will you not marry this chaste Lady then?

Kin. No sir, and will you now my reason haue?
A womans is an insatiate graue
Wherein hee's damnd that lyes buried.

Omn. On, on, away.

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Ruf. Braue battailes ! fight you, but ile
day.

Manet Astolpho. Enter Octauio and Ermyni

Erm. I heard the storie, tell't not or'e againe
Twere crueltie to wound men, being halfe slain

Oct. Tis crueltie too much, and too much
That one of your high birth, youth, beautie, na
And vertues shining bright, should hence be se
(Like some offender into banishment)

Abusde by a King, and his luxurious traine,
Of parasites, knaues, & fooles, (a kingdomes b
For them, by him not carde for ; you came no
But as his bride, his Queene, and bedfellow.

Erm. And yet am neither, from my fathers
Came I (being sude by Princes too) for this ?
To see him, his subiects scorne, and my selfe h
Once thought I that his loue had bin (as fate)
Vnmoueable ; and ist now turn'd to hate ?
Yes, yes, hees wauering as the running streame
And far more ydle than a mad-mans dreame.

Ast. Send to the duke your father, let him
Your plighted mariage.

Erm. Worfe than a diuorce.
No : to his eyes since hatefull I am growne,
He leaue his Court and him, and dye vnknow

Ast. All runnes I see to ruine.

Oct. If he persue,
These godles courses, best we leaue him too,
That land to it selfe must a quick downefall br
Whose King has lost all, but the name of King

*Enter Subprior with an earthen pot, and a lam
Scumbroath with him with a peice.*

Sub. Get thee to bed thou foolish man and

Scu. How? Sleepe? no fir no, I am turnd a tyrant
and cannot sleepe:

I stand centinell perdu, and somebody dyes if I sleepe,
I am possest with the diuell and cannot sleepe.

Sub. What diuell possessees thee?

Scu. The fencers diuell, a fighting diuell; Rush
has committed a murder vpon my body, and his car-
cas shall answere it; the cock of my reuenge is vp.

Sub. Murder! what murder?

Scu. He has taken away my good name, which is
flat manslaughter, and halfe hangd me, which is as
much as murder, he told the Lord Prior and you that
I was kissing a wench: Its a lye, I giue him the lye,
and he shall fight with me at single pistall against my
caliuer, do I looke like a whore-monger? when haue
you seene a wench thus hiary as I am: Rush thou
diest for this treason against my members concupiscen-
tiallitie.

Sub. Thou wut not kill him, wut thou?

Scu. No, but Ile make him know what tis to boile
a cooke in's owne greafe.

I am scalding hot, I am chargd with furie, I carie
a heart-burning within me. I kisse a whore? I shall
haue boyes cry out to me, now who kist Mary? No
Rush, *Scumbroth* shall giue thee fuger pellets to eate, I
will not be danc'de vpon.

Sub. Let me perswade thy peace of minde to
night,

Get thee to rest, if Rush haue thee belide,
Reioyce, by wrongs to haue thy patience tride.
He shall forgiuenes aske thee.

Scu. Let me but haue one blow ats head with my
cleauer Ith kitchin, and I freely forgiue him, or let me
bownce at him.

Sub. These bloudie thoughts will dam thee into
hell.

Scu. Doe you thinke so? what becomes of our
roaring boyes then that stab healths one to another,
doe you thinke they will be dambd vp too?

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Sub. I thinke so, for I know it, deere fount
prayer,
Two sinnes beset thee, murder, and despaire,
I charge thee meete me at my cell anon,
To saue thee will I spend my orison.
In name of heauen I charge thee to be gon.

Scu. Well sir, the cold water of your counsell
laid the heate of my furie : he had met with
match, but I wil shoote off my anger, I will be
and why ? Looke you, because the moone is vp
makes hornes at one of vs ; As the noblemans c
is drawne by foure horses, the knights by two, &
cuckold by three, euen so am I drawne away
none at all. *Vale, Bonos Noches* : I am possell
It buzzes, here. *Vale.*

Sub. Blest star of light, flucke there to illumine
This world darkned or'e with sin : thou watchest
To guide mans comming home, shewing thereby
Heauens care of vs, seeing how we tread awry.
We haue two great lights for midnight and for no
Because blacke deeds at no time should be don.
All haile to thee (now my best guide) be giuen,
What needs earths candle, hauing the lamp
heauen ?

Now *Benedicite* ? where am I ?

Enter Russh.

Russh. O whether am I going ? which way can
Ah wellada, I come to fill my pot,
With water not with thee ; thou art mis-begot.
Else wouldst thou not lye there ; what Orphans b
Hast thou suckt out, to make this golden flood ?
None drinke this well but I, how is it than
Thou thus way-lay'st me, (theefe to the soule of m
Would some poore wretch (by losse of law vndone
Had thee : goe doe him good : me canst thou ne
My wholesome cup is poyfond, it flowes or'e
With mans damnation (gold,) drinke there no mo

Shac. Not tast what all men thirst for? old and
so braue,
When mony assaults, one combat more Ile haue.]

Enter Scumbroth.

Scu. So, ho, ho, father, Subprior.

Sub. Whoes there? what art thou callst me?

Scu. One that feedes the hungry, the cooke fir,
Scumbroth.

Sub. Come hither, I haue for thee a golden
prize.

Shac. Ha ha: heele take it.

Villaines and fooles will ha gold, (tho got from hell,)
But they who doe so, (as thou shalt) pay for't well.

Exit.

Scu. But stay, father Subprior, before we goe one
step farder, what doe you thinke I haue done since I
went from you?

Sub. No hurt I hope, say hast thou?

Scu. Hurt? If I did hurt in that, how much
harme doe Almanake makers, wholye coldly quiuering
at it all the yeare long? I did doe nothing but stand
staring at the man in the moone.

Sub. And what good thoughts bred that within
thee?

Scu. This: I thought to my selfe, what a happy
fellow that man in the moone was, to see so many
fooles and knaues here below, and yet neuer to be
troubled with 'em, nor meddle with 'em.

Sub. Hees happy that meddles not with this world
indeed.

Scu. If that man in the moone should write a
prognostication, oh he should not neede to tell astro-
nomicall lyes to fill his booke, nor talke in gibrish no
man vnderstands, of *Quartiles, Aspects, Stations, Re-*
trogradations, Peragratings; Centricall, Eccentricall,
Cosmicall, Acronicall, and such *Palquodicall, Solar,*
Lunar, Lunaticall vaulting ouer the railes of heauen,

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that no Christian dare looke vpon their tricks, for feare his wit breake his necke.

Sub. Thou puttst into a Sea, thou canst not found Ignorance still is foe to Arts profound.
Come hither man, come hither.

Scu. Arts profound, Arts make men as very affe as women doe, I haue no Art, and yet I knowe the Moone that shines to night, fees more than you or doe, for all your spectacles.

Sub. True, tis the eye of heauen.

Scu. Which of the eyes? tis but the left eye: as the Sun is the right: and yet the left sometimes fees more than the right, and the right as much as the left there's paxonisme for you father, globicall paxonisme.

Sub. I vnderstand thee not.

Scu. No, why heres the oyster opend, I say Sun fees much knauery in a yere, & and the Moone more in a quarter: the Moone fees men caryed by quarelling watch to prison, and the Sun fees the stable and the booke-keeper share fees the morning.

Sub. Thats not well.

Scu. Yes, but they sweare tis well: the Moone fees bastards come bawling into the world, & the fees 'em shifted and shuftled in dosfers, away to nurse & thats the cause we haue so many dosfer-headed the Moone fees old curmudgeons come reeling from Tauerns with sipping of halfe pintes of Sacke, and the Sun fees the same churles the next day, soberly cut any mans throate for a pennie.

Sub. Enough of this: come hither: looke vpon here lyes.

Scu. What here lyes: mary, father Subprior, diuell and some Vfurers mony haue bin here at the lecherie, and see what goodly children they haue got: if you will ile keepe the bastards at nurse.

Sub. I am content that halfe this gold be thine (If it bee ask'd for neuer, for tis not mine,) So thou wilt promise tother halfe to giue

such as I appoint.

Scu. By this gold I will lay it out brauely, as you appoint me.

Sub. Looke not to prosper; if thou dealst amisse; God workes are keyes opening the gates of blisse, at golden key, thou in that heape maist find; with it thou relieue the lame, sick, blind, and hungry.

Scu. I will doe it I protest.

Sub. One halfe bestow'd so, take thy selfe the rest. fare thee well. *Exit.*

Scu. Farewell good father,—foole: Ile giue theinde a dog to lead 'em, the lame shall to the whipping-post, the sick shall dye in a cage, and the hungry rap at a crust: I feede roagues, the pox shall: the world is changde: a begger yesterday, and full of gold to day: an asse to day, and a prow'd scab tomorrow.

Glit. Stay: stand. *Golden head ascends.*

Scu. Stand: cannot a Gentleman grow rich, but we must keepe knaues about him?

Glit. That gold is none of thine.

Scu. But all the craft in that great head of yours cannot get it out of my fangers. Zounds who the diuel art thou?

Glit. A spirit sent vp from hell to make thee rich,

Scu. Thanke hell for it: hell makes worse fooles rich in a yeere.

Glit. That gold I laide there for thee.

Scu. When doe you lay againe, that I may haue more of these egges?

Glit. Spend those I charge thee first.

Scu. Yes, Head.

Glit. And brauely I charge thee.

Scu. What neede you be at such charges, Ile doe't: but shall the poore be a pennie the better for me, as the old fellow charged me, yea, or no?

Glit. No.

Shac. No,

Within.

314 *If this be not a good Play,*

Scu. Whose that?

Glit. Tis thine owne Genius cryes vnto thee.

Scu. My Genius, I am a cooke, my Genius belike is a scullion; but when this is spent, can Genius tell mee whither I shall haue more.

Shac. More.

Glit. More.

1. More. } *within.*
2. More. } *In a big voice.*

Scu. Because my Genius keepes company with a great man, Ile take all their wordes; and his boy

Glit. When thou hast spent all that: I charge thee come

To the blacke tree, that stands in Naples groue,
Clymbe boldly to the top, and keepe fast hold,
For there ile rayne on thee a showre of gold,
If what thou see'st there, thou to any tell,
Diuels shall teare thee.

Shac. Away.

Omn. Away.

Scu. Farewell.

Enter Shacklefoule laughing.

Shac. Ha, ha! downe downe bright spirit,
wut bee mist anon, hell mynt stands ydle.

Glit. Loose not that foole.

Shac. Be gon.

Glit. Haue care to meete at next infernall
The day drawes nye. *Goes*

Shac. I thanke thee for this spirit.

Enter K. Rufman, Narcisso, Spendola, Brouinelli.

K. You that complaine gainst *Barteruill*
ceiuer
Of all our tribute-monies) speak your wrongs;
Nay you haue deaff'd our eares too much already

ee does confesse your crownes (payde and receiue)

at to giue backe your writings ther's no claufe, them youle win, fight it out by our lawes.

Bar. I humbly thanke your highnes. A gracious doome.

1. *Gent.* One day to try this plea, to hel thowlt come. *Ex. 2.*

K. Toth' next, we ha businesse of our owne, toth' next :

Barteruile! for these 200. crownes.

Bar. I payde 'em to that man.

Bar. Now afore the King

And his Lords here, thou liest : th'ast payde me none.

K. Your chollers firra too hye.

Far. Tho my collar stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.

Thou say'st thowlt sweare th'ast payd it : vds nailes sweare so,

And the fowle feende goe with't : 200. crownes ?

I ha lost as much at loggets : sweare but to reuel,

And spend't in hel, gallop thee and that toth' diuel.

Far. Man wherefore doest not sweare ?

K. Reach me a booke.

Bar. Let me before I sweare, on my notes look, Ile tell you the very day ; pray hold my staffe, Till I draw out my false eyes.

Far. Draw thy heart out an't wut : thou maist wel say thy false eyes.

Bar. The day : August, 14.

Far. Thats now, be dambd, and so away.

Bar. On this day (August, 14.) I sweare I payde Into these handes, 200. crownes in gold.

Far. Zounds nor in siluer : by this booke I had none.

K. One of you two is periuriously forsworne.

Far. He, he, as I am true Christian man.

316 *If this be not a good Play,*

Iou. He sweares,
To your owne hands he payde them.

Bar. Else let that eye,
Which sees me play false, scourge my periury
With fearefull stripes.

Far. O iustice ! false downe dead !

Lurchall & Rufman about
Wud I had lost all, tho I had bin cozened,
Rather than thou thy soule.

Omn. He bleedes at mouth.

Far. See his staffe (beating the earth, for he
loues truth

Is burst in shiuers, and that gold he swore
Was pay'd to me, lyes scattred on the flore.

Ruff. He comes againe, the diuell will not re-
him.

K. Take him away, wee le punish him for
cryme.

Ruff. Beg his office : you a Courtier ?

Spem. I haue a suite to your highnes.

K. What ist count *Spendola* ?

Lur. Maister, looke vp man,
In this black trance had thy soule flyen away,
I had wrought hard and made a holliday.

Ruff. Loose not a minute (pue-fellow) leau
not yet,

I haue whales here too, lye playing in the net.

Far. Ile take this gold at venture, (sweete
King,)

For all this hel-hound owes me.

K. Doe, and be gone.

Far. I am pay'd: the diuels turn'd purit
feare,
He hates (me thinkes) to heare his own child fw

K. The office of this periurde *Barteruile*,
I frankly giue away, diuiding it
To the Count *Spendola*, and our worthy friend
Braue Bohor here ; farme it to whom you please

Both. We thanke your Highnes.

Spem. Who bids most, he buyes it.

K. If to his life, the diuel giues longer lease,
To build more worke for hel; goe see, & from him
Exact a strict account of what he owes vs.

Ruff. That strict account ile take.

Exit.

K. Show him no fauour.

Enter Octauio with petitions.

Oct. If now thou art a iust King, keepe thy word,
With thy poore subiects.

K. How now vncke? why.

Oct. This is thy day to heare the poore mans
crye:

And yonders crying enough, at thy Court gates;
Fiue hundred white heads, and scarce 10. good hats,
Yet haberdashers too, of all trades some,
Crying out they are vndon.

Omn. Vndon, by whom?

Oct. Mary, looke: by such as you are, who goe
gay,

Weare't out, booke downe more, set to their hands but
neuer pay;

Neuer in deare yeares was there such complayning
Of poore staru'd seruants, or (when plagues are raign-
ing)

Mourne orphans so and widdowes, as those doe
That owe these sorrowfull papers.

K. Pray how can I

To their complainings adde a remedy?

Oct. Ile tell thee how: are any here in debt
To Merchants, Mercers, Taylors? let 'em iet
In their owne sattins, pay for what they ha tane,
And these will goe lesse braue, tother lesse complaine.

Omn. Ha ha!

Oct. The mightie wrongs the weake, the rich the
poore,
This man should haue his owne, could he greaze more

318 *If this be not a good Play,*

His too-fat lawyer ; that wretch for's coat does sue,
But his coat's gon, and his skin flead off too,
If his purse bee ore-match'd : these grosse impure
And ranck diseases, long vnto thy cure,
Thy word's in pawn fort, these are the poores cryes,
How wilt thou stop their throates ?

K. With halters.

Omn. Hang 'em.

Oct. Hang 'em ! any halters here ! ist so set
down ?

This law-booke speakes not so, yet tis thine own.

K. Still brauing me with this ? burne it.

Oct. Yes doe.

If you burne all the weeke, burne saterday too :

Doe one good dayes-deed first, read poore mens
plaints.

K. Hels plagues confound 'em : in their heads and
thine.

Vex me no more.

Oct. I warrant thee ile saue mine. *Meetes the Sub*
Holy Saint pardon me, (las good father, my braine
So wilde is I forgot thee, but ile to him againe,
Tis but an old mans head off. King take it, il
speake whilest this stands on my shoulders.

K. But that you are——

Oct. An honest man, thoud'ft haue this, o
beseeke

Thy attention to this Reuerend sub-Prior,
Who plaines against disorders of this House ;
Where once Deuotion dwelt and Charitie,
Ther's Drunkenesse now, Gluttonie, and Lecherie,
Tell thou the Tale.

Sub. Bad Storie soone is tolde ;
Because tis foule, that Lease does all in folde,
Their sinnes grow hye, and fearefull, and strike a
Heauen,

Punish them *THOV*, whose power from thence is giuen

K. Your Friers so lustie !

Iou. All the Barbers in *Naples* tell newes of that Priorie.

Brif. I would your Grace would let me purge this house of her infection ; bestowe the Liuing of it on mee, ile sweeten it in one Moneth.

Iou. Heele lay it in Lauender.

K. The Couent, the Demeafnes, Immunities, Rents, Customes, Chartres, what to this house of *Baall* soeuer is belonging—*Brisco* tis thine.

Of. Wut rob the Church too, (Now th'ast nothing left scarce for thy selfe?)

Sub. O heauen for-fend such theft !

K. Bestowe it at thy pleasure.

Of. Woe to those dayes,

When to raise Vpstarts, the poore *CHVRCH* decayes.

Sub. Call backe thy gift (ô King) and ere these eyes

Behold vnhalloved hands to Tyrannize
Where many a good man has his Orisons said,
And many a *Requiem* bene sung out for the Dead,
(Till I am thrust out by Death) ô let mee haue
My dwelling there, there let me dig my Graue,
With mine owne Nayles, (shut vp from worldly Light,
Betweene two walls,) and dye an *Anchorite*.

K. I referre you to your Patron there.

Brif. Thats I :

Shew mee first where your Abbey-gold sleeps, then goe dye.

Sub : I feare *RELIGIONS* Fall : Alacke I see
This world's a Cittie built by the most Hie,
But kept by man, (*GODS*) greatest enimie. *Exit.*

Of. Let ill-Newes flye together, thou art full of teares,

But I more full of woes, of cares, of feares. *Exit.*

Enter Asolphe.

K. S'death shall wee haue yet faire weather ?

Iou. Heeres one storme more.

320 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ast. Calabrias Duke demaunds of you a Daught

K. Let me but lye with's wife, Ile giue hi
Sonne.

Ast. Hee sends for *Erminghild*.

K. Deliuer her.

Ast. Shees not to be found.

K. Ya're an olde Foole,
To aske for that which is not.

Ast. Thus hee sayes,
Denie her and looke for warres.

K. So goe your wayes.

Ast. I'me quickly gone.

Enter Ruffman and Barteruile.

K. With Sacke ile sweare you are,
This was short and sweete,—Seemes then we l
warres,

Bohor, the Drumme must scolde, the Canon th
Fighting about a wench.

Omn. Tush, thats no wonder.

K. Who bayld him out of Hell? dambd po
caytiffe!

Out of mine eye.

Ruff. I neuer begd before,
Pardon his crime (I intreate) and backe restore
Both your hye fauour to him, and his place.

Bar. Let me want life, rather then want
Grace.

Spn. Doe you thinke Ile loose the Kings gi

Bar. Ile send you Golde.

Spn. That stops my mouth, pray let him st
hold,

This Office of *Receiuer*, I resigne
That part which I haue in it.

Ruff. And I all mine.

K. Sirra, thanke these Lords.

Bar. I shall their loues deserue.

K. *Barteruile*, wee haue warres, Ile haue

and mee some 30000. Chicquines at least.

Bar. Take all my Golde.

K. Wel, get you home with your bags fir, weele make bold.

Bart. Your Maiestie shall haue what bags you will,
bags onely, but Ile keepe my money still. *Exit.*

Enter Oflauio and Astolphe.

K. Now *Shalcan*, some newe Spirit.

Ruff. A thousand wenches
stark-nak'd, to play at Leap-frog.

Omn. O rare fight!

Iou. Your vnkle.

K. Sdeath, still haunted with this gray sprite.

Ofl. You need no Taylors now, but Armorers,
theres a deere reckoning for you all to pay,
about a Ladie; the *Calabrian* Duke
is on a March: the Lightning flashest now,
youle heare the cracke anone. Before the starre
to call whome vp, the wakefull Cocke doth sing
ee twice more seene abroad; At your Citie gates
the Diuells purfeuants will beate (the Canon)
till these briske leaders (stucke with Estridge-
feathers)

oe braue your enemie now, and beate him backe?
haue thee, thy Kingdome, and themselues from
wracke?

K. Dotard, I scorne to take prescription
from any breath to which ours is supream,
stood Diuels with fire-works on your battlements,
a thousand Armed *Ioues* at your proude walls
furling forked Thunder, and the gates rambd vp
with piles of Citizens heads, our spring-tyde pleasures
to aduerse windes, no *Torrent* shall resist:
lidst flames weele dance, and dye a *Neronist*. *Exit.*

Omn. Fight you, yare good for nothing else.

Exeunt.

322 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ast. They mocke vs.

Ol. All sharke mad : let vs be wife,
And flye from buildings falling to'th surer side,
If wee can his safety, if not, (our owne prouide.)

Exeunt

Enter Barteruile like a Turke ;—Lurchall.

Bar. Thou hadst like t'ha sent mee swearing into
Hell,
Ile weaue my Nettes my selfe, how doest thou like
mee ?

Is not this habite *Turke-Merchant-like* ?

Lur. A meere *Turke* sir, none can take you for
lesse.

Bar. King borrow 30000. Chequines of mee,
ha, ha !

Lur. But pray sir, what ist turnes you into a
Turke ?

Bar. That, for which manie their Religion,
Most men their Faith, all chaunge their honestie,
Profite, (that gilded god) *Commoditie*.
Hee that would grow damnd-Rich, yet liue secure,
Must keepe a case of Faces, sometimes demure.
Sometimes a grum-furly sir, now play the Iewe,
Then the Precisian ; Not a man weele viewe.
But varies so. My selfe, (of bashfull nature)
Am thus supplied by Arte.

Lur. Mine owne deere creature.
But sir, your Aymes, and endes in this.

Bar. Mary these——
A hundred thousand-Florens fill my Coffers,
Some of it is mine owne, and some the Kings,
Some taken vp at vse of fundry Merchants,
To pay at six six monthes, on mine owne band,)
Sue that, Ile keepe the monies in my hand.

Lur. Youle breake sir.

Bar. Not mine owne necke, but their backes ;
To get their monies, *Bartaruile* must die,
Make will, name an executer, which am I.

Lur. Rare!

Bar. Giuen out his kinsman, lately employed him
Turky.

Lur. What will hence befall?

Bar. Like an executer will I cozen all.

Take creditors Orphans, and widowes spend those
teares

They sau'de from their late husbands burialls;

They get not i.j.d. it'h pound.

Lur. Theile tell the King.

Bar. The King? ha ha: the King is going this
way;

He meanes to borrow,

For the warres holds) my gold: yes: when to morrow.

His debts of mine, on him shall be conferrd,

His breifes and tickets which from time to time

He what large summes his minions ha fetcht from
me,

His tribute mony has payd it, that's no matter,

The world bites these dead, whom aliuie they flatter.

And so must I; then giue it out I left

A compleate state, but the Kings death bereft

Me of those summes he owde.

Lur. Say the King preuailes.

Bar. With that wind must I likewise shift my
failes:

And where the fox gets nothing, will turne Ape,

Make legges, crouch, kisse my paw, present some stale

Deuice of vertues triumph to expresse

How much I ioy him safe, with nothing lesse.

Lur. But how can you excuse your turning Turke?

Bar. Easiest of all: Ile sweare, this faude my
life,

Pursued by kennells of barking creditors:

For my much loue to him, and thus being forcde

To walke obscure, my credit fell to wracke,

Want of returne made all my factors breake,

In parts remote; to recompence which losse,

And that with safetie I may giue direction
To my disturbd state, craue I the Kings protection.

Lur. Protection ! whats that ?

Bar. A merchant, and yet know'st not
What a protection is ? Ile tell thee.

Lur. Pray sir, for I neuer broke with any man.

Bar. It is a buckler of a large fayre compasse
Quilted within with Fox-skinnes : In the midst
A pike sticks out, (sometimes of two yeeres long,
And sometimes longer.) And this pike keepes off
Serieants and Bailiffs, Actions, and Arrests :
Tis a strong charme gainst all the noisome smells
Of Counters, Iaylors, garnishes, and such hels ;
By this, a debtor craizde, so lustie growes,
He may walke by, and play with his creditors nose.
Vnder this buckler, here ile lye and fence.

Lur. You haue out-reacht me.

Bar. Ile out-reache the diuell :

But I tempt danger : goe thou and fetch some Frier
As if (at point of death,) I did desire,
(No, *Barteruile* did desire (to make confession :
If any creditors beate, or raile at dore,
Vpstarts this Turke and answeres them.

Lur. Why fetch I a Frier ?

Bar. I haue a reaching plot in that (boy) hasten
That we may smile in our securer port :
Seeing others sea-tost : why tis but a sport
For him thats safe, to see the proud waues swallow
Whole fleetes of wretched soules : it needes m
follow,

Nature sent man into the world, (alone,)
Without all company, but to care for one,
And that ile doe.

Lur. True Citie doctrine sir.

Bar. Away, thy hast, our richest loue sh
earne.

Lur. I came to teach, but now (me thinkes) m
learne.

Exit

Enter Scumbroth like a begger.

Scu. What saies the prodigall child in the painted oth? when all his mony was spent and gon, they rind him out vnneccessary; then did hee weepe and ist not what to don, for he was in's hofe and doublet erily, the best is, there are but two batches of people oulded in this world, thats to say Gentlemen and eggers; or Beggers and Gentlemen, or Gentleman-ke Beggers, or Beggerlike Gentle-men; I rancke with me of these I am sure, tag and rag one with another: Am I one of those whom Fortune fauours? No, no, f Fortune fauourd me, I should be full, but Fortune auours no body but Garlicke, nor Garlike neither now, yet she has strong reason to loue it; for tho Garlicke made her smell abhominably in the nostrills of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stuncke worse but for garlike: One filthy sent takes away another. She once smilde vpon me like a lambe, when shee gaue me gold, but now she roares vpon me like a Lion. Stay what said head? Spend this brauely, and thou shalt haue more: can any prodigall new-come vpstart spend it more brauely? and now to get more, I must goe into the groue of *Naples* thats here, and get into a blacke tree, heares a blacke tree too, but art thou he?

Glitt. He.—*within.*

Scu. Ha ha, where art thou my sweete great head?

Glitt. Head.

Scu. O at the head, thats to say at the top: how shall I get vp? for tis hard when a man is downe in this world to get vp, I shall neuer climbe hie.

Glitt. Hye.

Scu. I will hie me then, but I am as heauy as a fow of lead.

Glitt. Leade.

Scu. Yes, I will lead (big Head) whatfoeuer followes, Many a gallant for gold, has climbde higher on a gallowes.

326 *If this be not a good*

The storme euen as Head **nodded**
Cooke, licke thy fingers, now or neuer
Glitt. Now or neuer.

Rayne, Thunder and lightning : .
Diuels.

Omn. Oooh.

Luc. This is the tree.

Scu. On which would you were
were off it ; and safe at home.

Luc. And this (I am sure t'
groue
Where witches broodes ingender,
ing).

Scu. Doe witches ingender ha
bee the diuels bawde whilest he ge

Luc. And this the hideous bla
Ha ! no appearance yet ? if their
Our vaffailes breake, finck shall th

Scu. Alas !

Luc. This groue ile turne into
Which shall be euer-burning.

Scu. The best is, if I be a m
tinderbox, I can finck no worfe t

Luc. Not yet come ? Oooh !

Enter Shacklefoule, Rufman and i
dores with other di.

Omn. Oooh, oooh.

Scu. Sure these are no Chrif
loue one another.

Luc. Stand forth.

Sits vnder the tree all at

Scu. Frier *Ruf*,ⁿ amongst 'em !

Luc. And here vnlade you of t.
For which you vⁿant, (mens foules
made ?

humbes thrust,
 cares.
 the eye peeres
 ruffles, ruffs,
 muffs, and puffs.
 ay,

lo vs : loofe 'em

you owe.
 ching breath,
 of death.
 Ambroath falls.

of gold? I am
 with sweating
 pence that some
 might I haue
 haue vndone
 and three Pees

moake
 ke.

allant : but I can
 ent doe, zounds I
 downe, deiefted,
 out a thirddendale
 at wants of his true
 raw him out of his
 hee's pulld downe ;
 nde : *Singulariter*,
 allant.

a lick,
 Punck.
 s will growe lo
 lifting vp her lo

28 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ther's onely one Lambe scapes my killing,
But I will haue him : then theres a cooke—

Scu. Whose arse makes buttons.

Sha. Of whom I some reuenge haue tooke.

Scu. The diuell choake you fort.

Sha. He mickle scath has done me,
And the knaue thinkes to out-run me.

Scu. Not too fast.

Luc. Kick his guilty foule hither.

Sha. Ile driue him to despaire,
And make him hang himselfe.

Scu. For hanging I stand faire.

Luc. Goe, ply your workes, our Sessions are
hand.

Fire. We fly to execute thy dread command.

Exeunt

Scu. Would I could flye into a bench-hole.

Luc. But what haue you don ? nothing.

1. Diu. We haue all like bees

Wrought in that Hyue of foule (the busie world :)
Some ha lyen in cheefmongers shops, paring lea
waites.

Scu. Wud I were there but with a paring
cheefe.

1. Diu. For one halfe ounce, we had a chand
foule.

Scu. If he melted tallow, hee smelt sweetly as I

1. Diu. Walke round hels shambls, thou shalt
there sticks

Some 4. butchers foules, puffed queintly vp with pri

Scu. 4. Sweete-breads I hold my life, that diuels
affe.

1. Diu. Taylors ore-reachers, for to this
growne,

They scorne thy hell, hauing better of their owne.

Scu. They fear not fattin nor all his workes.

1. Diu. I haue with this fist beate vpon rich-m
hearts,

make 'em harder : and these two thumbes thrust,
open Churches) into braue dames eares.
winning vp attention ; whilst the loose eye peeres
at fashions of gowne-wings, laces, purles, ruffles,
shoes, calcs, tires, wires, caps, hats, and muffs, and puffs.
or so the face be smug, and carkas gay,
hats all their pride.

Luc. Twill be a festiuall day

when those sweete Duckes comes to vs : loose 'em
not : goe :

More soules you pay to hell, the lesse you owe.

This Ewe-tree blast with your hot-scorching breath,
marke, (toth' witch who next sits here) of death.

Omn. Ooooh.—*Fireworkes : Scumbroath falls.*

Exeunt Omn.

Scu. Call you this, rayning downe of gold ? I am
swet toth' skinne in the showre, but tis with sweating
for feare : had I now had the conscience that some
Vintners and Inholders haue ? here might I haue
gotten the diuell and all. But two sinnes haue vndone
me, prodigalitie, and couetousnesse ; and three Pees
haue pepperd me,

The Punck, the Pot, and Pipe of smoake

Out of my pocket my gold did foake.

I cannot sweare now, zounds I am gallant : but I can
sweare as many of the ragged Regiment doe, zounds I
haue bin a gallant. But I am now downe, deieſted,
and debaſh'd, and can better drawe out a thirdendale
gallant, thats to say, a gallant that wants of his true
measure, than any tapſter can draw him out of his
scores : thus he ſets vp, and thus hee's pulld downe ;
thus is he raiſed, and thus declinde : *Singulariter,*
Nominatiuo, Hic Gallantus, a Gallant.

Genetiuo, Huius, braue.

Datiuo Huic, If he gets once a lick,

Accusatiuo Hunc, Of a taffaty Punck.

Accusatiuo Hanc, His cheekes will growe lanck,

Hunc, Hanc, & Hoc, With liſting vp her ſmock.

330 *If this be not a good Play,*

Vocatiuo, ô! Hees gon if he cryes fo.
Ablatiuo, *ab hoc*, Away with him, he has the pock.
Pluraliter, *Nominatiuo*, *Hi. gallanti*, If the pox be
 defie.

Genetiuo, *Horum*, Yet hees a begger in coram.
Datiuo, *His*: His gilt rapier he does misse.
Accusatiuo Hos, Without his cloake he goes.
Accusatiuo Has, To the Counter he must passe.
Hos, has, & Hæc, With two Catchpols at his back.
Vocatiuo, ô! A hole he desirde, and to th' hole
 must goe.

Ablatiuo, *ab His*, Thus many a Gallant declined is.

Enter Erminhild to the Subprior.

Sub. What art thou?

Er. Daughter to the Calabrian Duke.
 The haples troth-plight wife to your sad King.

Sub. Alack! what notes are these I heare
 sing?

Pardon me madam:
 O Lady! want of you has bred much woe;
 Calamitie does euery where ore-flow,
 All long of your strange absence.

Drummes afar off march.

Er. I confesse,
 Loaden with your Kings contempt, and loath to
 Shame to my country, who from thence
 freighted

With many glorious honours, I preferd
 An obscure life before a publick shame;
 O then (good father) be it not my blame
 If my supposde death, on the King haue throwne
 Dangers, which from himselfe are meerely growne

Sub. What (princely Mayden) would you wish
 doe?

Er. I doe coniure you sir, by all the bonds
 Tye you to pious Acts, you would make way
 To my incensed father; giue him these lines,

This Ring, pledge of that blessing he deliuerd me
At our last parting : adde vnto these, if euer
His daughters memory to him were deare,
To wound the Prince let his rash hand forbear :
Since through each wound he giues him, I am flaine,
If the sad king you meete, venture to tell him
That more for him, than he for me, I bide,
And am his subiect stil, tho not his bride.

Sub. This shall I doe, how shall we meete againe?

Er. Feares follow me so, I know not where nor
when.

Sub. Hearke how the found of horror beates the
Ayre,

Your fathers vp in Armes and does prepare
Sharpe vengeance, for this citie, woe is me : trust
you

To me, who nere made much of woman yet,
Rest here sweete maide, till an old Frier beget
What ioyes he can to comfort thee? Is *Clement*
growne

A womans man now? No, I am not mine owne,
Where your command may fway me : Much more in
this,

Where heauen (through vertues triall) makes you his.

Exit.

*A table is set out with a candle burning, a deaths head,
a cloke and a crosse ; Subprior sits reading :
Enter Shackle-foule, leading in an Italian Zany,
fue or 6. Curtizans, euery one holding a Iewell.*

Shac. Thats he, & theres your golden hire to
charme him ;

Your fees ile treble, let but lusts flame be felt ;
The Alpine-snow at the sun's beames does melt,
So let your beauties thaw his frozen Age, *Musick.*
First t'act an old Lecher, then a diuell on hells black
Stage :

Strike, strike your silver strings : braue set of whores !
At your striking vp, diuells dance, and all hell roares.

Zany and Curtizans fall into a short dance.

Sub. What sound offends mine eare ? Soule of
temptation ?

Enchanters I defie yee, get you gon ;
I me blind to your enticements, from this I learne,
At how deere rate the careles world does earne,
That thing calld pleasure : how many soules doe
fall ?

(Sold for a little guilt to daube this wall ?)

Hence with your witchcrafts, the fight of this driue
hence

All thoughts besieging our voluptuous fence.

Shac. Another baite, at this he will not bite.

*The Zany sings : Subprior holds his head downe
as fast asleepe.*

Zany. Will you haue a daintie girle ? here tis :
Currall lippes, teeth of pearle : here tis :
Cherry cheekes, softest flesh ; that's shee,
Breath like *May*, sweete and fresh ; shee shee.
Be she white, blacke, or browne,
Pleasure your bed shall crowne,

Chose her then, vse her then,

Women are made for men.

Prettie, prettie wast :

Sweete to be embracde :

Prettie leg, o prettie foote,

To beauties tree the roote,

This is she shall doo'te,

Or she shall doo't, or she shall doo't, she shall doo
she shall doo't.

Kisse, kisse, play, play, come and dally,

Tumble, tumble, tumble, in beauties valley.

Shac. His foule is chaind in pleasures, bind it
fast,
If he breake your charmes, the strongest spell comes
laft. *Exit.*

All wake him.

Sub. Hence diuells incarnate, tis not the forcerie
Of your deceitfull tunes, shuts vp mine eye,
Mine eares are likewise stop'd, hence, hence I say.

Om. Ha ha, a man of yce, a clod of clay.

Exeunt.

Enter Shackle-foule, or some spirit in a frightfull shape.

Sub. Are all thy incantations spent now? art
come againe?

Base workmanship of heauen, what other traine,
Were all hells frightfull horrors stucke in thy looke,
Thou canst not shake me.

Shac. I can.

Sub. Thou liest, thou shalt not.

Shac. I bring thee tydings of thy death this
night.

Sub. How dost thou know that houre of my laft
fight?

Falſe herald, Miniſter of deſpaire and lyes.

Shac. I know to how many minutes thy daies
muſt riſe.

Sub. Who giues thee the number.

Shac. All things to vs are knowne,
What euer haue bin, are or ſhalbe don.

Sub. Ile poſe thee preſently, whats this thou ſiend
Which now I haue turnd too, doe but tell me that
And Ile belieue thee.

Shac. I ſcorne to be thy ſlaue.

Sub. Downe, downe, and ſincke into thy damned
caue:

Looke here, doeſt fly thou hell-hound? I dare thee
ſtand,

Or'e thee by these holy spells haue I strong
mand,

Thy battries are too weake : by good mens prayes
The continence of saints, (by which as slayres,
They ascend to heauen) by Virgins chastitie ;
By Martirs cround deaths, which recorded lye
In siluer leaues, aboue : I charge thee downe,
Howle where tha'rt bound in flauerie, till the la
dome. En

Shac. Stormes, thunder, lightning, rip vp the earth
wombe.

Sub. Eternall power, thanks on my humble
knee,

Thou still to constant breasts giu'st victory.

Shac. No way to conquer thee ? Ile giue thee
Ne're fished I fo, (yet lost a foule) before. E

Allarums. Enter King, Rufman, Spendola, Briss
with drawne weapons. Iouinelli here.

Kin. Blacke horrors, mischiefe, ruine and
fufion

affright vs, follow vs.

Ruf. Dare them to the face,
And you fright them.

Spen. No safetie but to fly.

Kin. Whither *Spendola*, whither ? better flay,
die.

Enter Narcisco : King, Allarums afar of.

Omn. What hope ? what newes ?

Kin. Is my vncke fled ?

Nar. Hee is gon :—And fights against you.

Kin. Follow him damnation,
That leaues his Prince so in distresse, in miserie ;
O bane of Kings ! (thou enchanting flatterie,)
Thy venome now I feele, eating my heart,
More mortall than an Indians poisoned dart.

uf. Yar'e too deiected, gather head and fight it out.

in. The head's here, where are hands to lay it?

Enter Iouinelli.

u. Where is the King?

in. The man that title mockes

ere, (thou sad-vifage man) are any hirde to kill me,

etray me? let 'em come:

es growing extreame, death is a gentle doome.

u. Prepare then for the worst.

in. I am armd fort: shew it.

u. Thy kingdome is a weake ship, bruizd, split, finking,

haft thou any pilot to waft vs o're

of this foule Sea, to some calmer shore.

peoples hearts are turnd to rocks of flint,

Scholler, Souldier, and the Mariner,

m (as themfelues say) once thou trodst vpon,

ferue as wheelles of thy destruction.

g swiftly backward, the kingly Lions quaild,

shall the weaker hearde doe, if he fall?

en. Lets fly.

in. Zounds whither?

if. So we may be safe ——

u. But where?

en. At *Barteruile*: the churle's to me beholden, house so stands, we may enter without feare.

in. Beet so, to *Barteruile*.

in. What will your Highnes doe?

u. Die *Spendola*, a miserable King,

here can hinder vs of that.

in. How? die? —— ha you any stomach to leath firs?

in. Not I.

in. Nor I.

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Shouldst thou in this hot broiles, be met abroad,
It will be iudge you leaue your Priory,
Caryng gold and siluer with you.

Fri. Las I haue none.

K. But Frier if you be thus taken, your life is
gon,
Here, here, cast off thy habit, better that lye
Ith Streetes, than thou poore wretch ; weare mine, &
away
Strike downe that lane.

Fri. Thankes maister, for your liues ile pray.

Exit.

K. This *Bohor* shall disguise me, whither wilt thou
fly ?

Ruff. Ile shift I warrant : hast thou toth' Priory.

K. If we nere meete againe, (best friend) farewell.

Ruff. Not meete, yes, I hope, you must not thus
cheate hel.

K. I will not trust this fellow : toth' Priory, no :
Barteruiles Confessor : if to betray
Thou findst the churle apt, leaue him, if not, there
flay,
The downefall of that Prince, is quick and steepe
Who has no heart to leaue, nor power to keepe. *Exit.*

Enter Barteruile and Lurchall, with the Courtiers.

Lur. Make the doore sure the house is round
beset.

Omn. Beset !

Bar. Put vp : feare nothing : Armies should they
enter,
Cannot here find you.

Omn. How shall we escape ?

Bar. Send for your truncks and iewels, ile ship
you this night meane time, this vnknowne way, leads
to a cellar, where a world cannot fetch you forth : In,
In, if danger pursue you, in a dry-fat ile packe you
hence.

1. Zounds into the dungeon?

So to Sardini: *Exeunt.*
cloakes and your gilt rapiers, downe, downe,
owne.

How soone meetes Babels-pride, confusion?

What nest of birds are these new-kild with
are?

Fowle cannot last long sweete, therefore kept
ere *(Sericants.*
cold cellar; stay, house beset? what fees?

Such as strike dead the heart, yet giue no
wes.

This . . . footra for 'em: proclamations
shall,

ownes are his, can these betray,
and, wee le share, fetch the Calabrian hither,
here say: dam 'em.

You shall be dambd together. *Exit.*

Enter King as a Frier.

her's that deuote sicke man desires to take
this world? *Deus hic* to all now here.

Now Domine Frier; what I to you con-

und by oath to keepe.

er no lesse.

eepe then this clofe, I am no Turke, not I,
ile disguisde in pollicy.

you the Sick man?

k of a disease,

gue to Citizens, I must breake,

crowts part) I haue monie of the kings,

ts, Ile keepe all, these are Citie-springs;

ericants Leaguer: about my doores;

me is an hospitall, they the fores

ily, (peepe I but out,)

seige, thus cast I about.

how?

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Bar. Thus, thus sweete Domine Frier,
He be like you, a Capuchine : So, by your Prior,
Sub-prior, and couent, I may be fetcht hence,
Spite of all Showlder-clappers violence.
Tho the King should lay hands on me, I wud not
tary.

K. You neede not.

Bar. You are my guard, my Sanctuary.

K. But what your leuel in this, when this is don?

Bar. Alas! what leuell but pure deuotion?

K. The Diuell you haue.

Bar. When I dye there, take All :

Will you goe to your prior and tell this?

K. Yes I shall.

A March afar.

Bar. He send him an earnest peny (a 100. Crownes)
As the first stone my charitie builds vpon.

What drom's this? come, dispatch Frier, and be gon.

Exit.

K. Out of this hell thou meanest : yes ile fly
from thee

As from the Diuels hangman : thowlt else betray
mee.

World! to what crest of villanie art thou growne!

When (of good men) whole kingdomes scarce breede

One.

Exit.

Lur. Heres the Duke of Calabria sir if you haue
made mee tell a lye, theile send me of a voiage to the
yland of Hogs and Diuels, (the *Barmudas*,) the Duke
sir.

Bar. His grace is welcome, las! I had more
neede

To haue Phisitions and Apothecaries,

Than fighters at my gates : *Lurchall* why come they!

Cala. Deliuier vp those monsters in thy house,
That haue deuourd a Kingdome and the King.
Tis death to thee, and him, if thou detainst 'em.

Bar. I detaine 'em, here, here, here.

Ast. Reward if thou deliuerst them.

Bar. Ime past rewarding in this world, I looke onely for good mens prayers, theres the key *Lurchall*.

Cal. Vnbind him : stay why did thy house receiue them ?

Bar. Full fore against my will : the bed I rise from

Count I my death-bed ; for (each minute) I looke
When Angells (heauens good porters) will let me in,
Yet (like my betters) I'me heauy laden with sin.
And being thus sicke, and at last gaspe, I sent
For my neerst cozen, my executor,
Who seeing braue fellowes beating at my gates,
Tooke 'em for honest men, let 'em in simply,
And vndertooke this night, to ha shipd 'em hence ;
My faithfull Seruant telling me this, (In zeale,
To you and my country) I bid him, All reueale.

Cal. That's plaid a Subiects part in't.

Bar. Heele lead you to them.

Cal. My Lord, take force and feize 'em, nere stand vpon

More trialls ; giue 'em speedie execution.

Ast. Come fellow.—

Excunt Ast : and Lurchall cum Militibus.

Bar. Your grace has don with me ?

Calab. Goe, looke to thy health :

The crownes the proclamation promised,
Shall to thy man be payd.

Bar. Thankes to your Grace :

Las what I did in this, was for no hire.

Cal. Ha ha, the rent of a cellar neuer was so deere.

On beate the drum.

Exit.

As they goe off ; Enter Oclauio with Rufman and a guard.

Ocl. Are the rest tane ?

Cal. Yes.

Ocl. The graund-Pyrat's here.

Heres the Diuells bellowes, kindled all those fires,
Which now are burning: This is the Snake, whole
sting

(Being kept warme in the bosome of a King)
Struck him to'th-heart: This hee, who by the force
Of his damb'd Arguments, was the first-diuorce,
Of the Kings Loue, this is *Bohor*.

Cal. This that Serpent,
Y'haue all (like Traytors) wrought a Princes fall,
And all shall taste one death.

Off. Sirra, wheres the King?

Ruff. Warrant mee life, ile bring you to the place
where you shall take him.

Off. Wult thou betray him Slaue?

Ruff. Yes.

Cal. Thou shalt haue life.

Ruff. And you the King shall haue.

Off. And the Gallowes shall haue thee, else hang
me.

Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Scumbroth.

Scum. Alas, wheres the sub-Prior?

Sub. Here; what ailest thou?

Scu. Can you picke nothing out of my face?
Is there not a Deaths-head standing on my shoulders?

Sub. Why, what's the matter?

Scu. The Lord Pryor is calld away.

Sub. Whither, by whome?

Scu. By the Great-head, I thinke he couzened mee,
Hee is gone to the blacke-squibbe-tree, to *Iudas Okes*,
set by the Diuell, I tolde you then, I saw Frier *Ruff*
spit fire amongst other Hel-cats, and yee woud not
belieue me. Now I tell you, that the Pryor is choackt;
will his choaking goe downe your throate?

Sub. How choackt?

Scum. Yes, choackt: that of which men die ore-
night, and are well the next morning, wine has kild
the Lorde Pryor: he woud in a brauerie taste the

liquor of our Vines, because you threatned he should neuer licke his lippes after. And the Kernell of a grape stopt his winde-pipe, for want of a skowring-slicke.

Sub. Art thou fure hee is dead?

Scum. How dead, because I wud be fure, I cut his throate of purpose, to take out the Kernell.

Sub. Most fearefull and prodigious, whither runst thou?

Scum. To see more throates cut, and Execution certaine Gallants is this morning. And I came running to see them, who like a whore spoyles euery good thing that comes into his hand.

The hang-man, I leaue you to the Gallowes.

Enter Barteruile like a Frier, brought in by the Sub-prior, the King, Shackle-soule, and Lurchall, with others.

Rush. Welcome deare brother: now your heede must be

Not to looke backe at this worlds vanitie,
Riches and pleasures; you haue laide aside
That Garment, and must now be mortifide.

Bar. I am mortifide, I warrant you.

K. So is the Diuell.

Pri. Your Gold and siluer, you must see no more.

Bar. O Fye! giue it euery farthing to the poore,
When I haue sent for't hither.

Lur. That will be neuer.

Rush. Your money shalbe spent in pious fort.

Bart. I know that: Let my soule be the better
for't,

Thats all I craue for, after I am dead.

Pri. Many a *Requiem* for it shall be said.

Omn. What Drum is this?

Shack. Fryers stand vpon your Guard.

The Priorie is beset with Armed-men,
Of which some Troupes are entred.

Kin. I am betrayd.

Bar. *Lurchall* I feele my wezand pipe cut.

Lur. I warrant you.

*Enter Calabria, Oſtauius, Aſtolfo, Rufman led by
two holding piſtalls, Souldiers, drums,
and Cullors.*

Cal. Guard the Abbey gates, let not a Frier go
forth :

You haue a King amongſt you, which is he ?

Omn. A King !

Sub. I know of none here.

Cal. Villaines you lie :

Oſ. This caitife does delude you, tortur him.

Cal. Hang him, and theſe vp or'e the Abbey wall
Our wrath ſhall ſmite like thunder where it falls.

Bar. I ſhall like a dog, die without mony, *Lurchall*

Lur. I warrant you.

Kin. Tyran, that royall hart thou huntſt, is here,
Stand from me all, you haue betrayd me all,
And ile truſt none of you, if the Lion muſt fall,
Fall ſhall he like a Lion ; thinkſt thou (baſe Lord)
Becaufe the glorious Sun behind blacke cloudes
Has a while hid his beames, hees darkned for euer
Ecclipſd neuer more to ſhine, yes, and to throw
Fires from his ſparkling eyes, thee to confound,
Touch not that noble friend of mine, (It ſeemes,
For my ſake markd for danger,) let your arrowes
(Dipd in rancke poyſon) be ſhot all at me,
Since all is loſt, die nobly, and looſe life too :
O vncke ! muſt the firſt dart fly from you ?

Oſ. Into thy boſome fly I.

Kin. To betray me ?

Oſ. To fight for thee till I can fight no more :
Hadſt thou poſſeſt this Kingly ſpirit before,
We ne're had left thee : what makes Iudas here ?

Aſ. Heres he that to the Duke thy life betraide

K. *Bohor* !

Oñ. I, *Bohor.*

Ruff. I told him where you were.

Oñ. I tell thee tha'rt a traitor & ile haue
Thy head off, or thou mine.

Ruff. Head?

Oñ. Thart a slaue?

Thou seeft Duke what to trust too.

Bar. I haue confest, and shal be hangd, the King?

Cal. Our faire game come to this? our swordes
I fee

Must from your hearts-blood let out al my wronges,
A muredred daughter for iust vengeance cryes,
Whom to appeafe, your liues wee le sacrafize :
Beate the drom.

K. Thunder mock thunder, beate ours.

Sub. O let thefe fires be quenched out with my
teares.

If waters cannot, (Duke) I bind thy rage
With this strong charme, and this read ore that spell,
And let thy hard brest grow more flexible. *Exit.*

K. Wheres *Iouinelli*, and that bastard crue
Of my false friendes?

Oñ. Beheaded.

K. They haue their due.

Cal. The ring I gaue her, and her hand: old
man, ——

Wheres the old Frier deliuerd thefe?

Omn. Hees gon.

Cal. Make after him, tis some delusion.

Enter Subprior and Erminhild.

Erm. Tis no delusion (father) am I the ground
Of this your quarrell, which must both confound
If you goe on: your battailes thus ile part,
The first blow giuen, shall run cleane through my
heart.

K. Oh noble constant maid, forgiue my wrongs,
The warmth of heauen to a pyning spring

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Cannot such comfort giue as thy glad presence
Does to my bosome.

Olla. Will you fight or no ?

Cal. Twere madnes to wish stormes when faire
windes blow :

Will you your faith yet keepe ?

Kin. Inuiolate.

Cal. Then here end all my warres.

King. And all my hate.

Hast all these Friers vp to the Abbey walles,
And with shrill voyces, this our peace proclaime,
Stay holy father : *Bohor,* See you this don. *Exeunt.*

Ruf. Vengeance, I haue now lost more than I
haue won.

Bar. I shall goe scot-free *Lurchall.*

Lur. Passing well ?

Bar. They doe not smell me, yet my selfe I smell. *Exeunt.*

Ocl. Why sends your Highnes, thus these Friers to
play

Your heralds parts in publishing this peace ?

Kin. There's in't a riddle (vncke) which by
none

But by these Friers onely, can be don.——

Enter Friers aboue.

So : are you mounted ? Sing now.

Omn. Sing.

Kin. Yes sing,

Like Swannes before your deathes : there you all
shall dye.

Giue fire to this most damned priory.

Sub. Alacke for pitty !

Kin. Father, but for thee,

Thunder from heauen had (long ere this) to dust
Grinded these hellish buildings : that hand was iust,
Which struke your vitious Prior, so is our doome,
That Synagogue of diuells, let fire confume.

Bar. But meanes the King that I shall burne here too?

Kin. Thou? the grand villaine, giue him a villaines due.

Bar. I am no Frier, fee I'me poore *Barteruile*.

Omn. How? *Barteruile*?

Kin. He lyes the slaue's a Turke.

Bar. A Christian by this hand, Your officer.

Kin. The cittie canker, the courts cozener,
A diuell in shape of man.

Bar. Halfe that I haue
I freely giue, so you my life will faue.
Ile lend your Hyghnes 30000. chequines.

K. Ten Kingdomes cannot buy thee; were there
10. hels

Thart damd in all. S'death! fire that house of diuels.

3. *Diu.* Doe: lets not want light to fet forth our
Reuels.

Ruff. King, little doest thou know, whom (all this
while)

Thy court, this Couent, and this *Barteruile*,
Haue entertaind: of hell, 3. Spirits we are.

Omn. How?

Ruff. Sent to catch foules for *Pluto*, our Prince
and maister.

Omn. Defend vs heauens.

Ruff. Thy selfe hast burst those bandes
In which I once held thee: these are in our handes.

Bar. If you be right Sericants, for mony youle
let mee goe. 5000. Crownes ile giue but to goe
home.

All. 3. No.

Bar. Ile put in 4. brokers to be my baile: I hope
theile be taken.

Ruff. Yes as thou art, (to hell,) you dog leaue
howling.

This pile of greene young diuels, needes no fire
Of mortals kindling to confume, these frames,

348 *If this be not a good Play,*

You shall with vs to hell ride, all in flames.

Shac. Catch.

All. 3. Come.

Ru. Let euery spirit his owne prize beare.

All. They are so heauy with sin, theile soone there.

Ruff. Away then and be dambd, wud you all w here.

Omn. Oooh.—*Sinck downe, aboue flames.*

K. Immortall thanks for our deliuerance :
Race to the ground those wals : no stone shall stand
To tell fuch place was euer in our land,
What welth can there be found, giue to the poore,
Another house wee le build and thee restore,
To former virginitie : weepe not for these ruines,
Thou shalt from vs haue honours. Here we begin
Our reigne anew, which golden threds shall spin,
Iustice shall henceforth sit vpon our throne,
And vertue be your Kings companion.
Warre here resignes his black and horrid stage
To sportfull Hymen, God of Mariage. (Exeunt)

*The play ending, as they goe off, from under the
ground in seuerall places, rise vp spirits, &
them enter, leaping in great ioy, Rufman, Shac-
kle-foule, and Lurchall, discovering behind a
curten, Rauillac, Guy Faulx, Barteruile, &
Prodigall, standing in their torments.*

Omn. Spir. Ha, ha, ha.

Omn. Dam. Torments in-vtterable ! oh ! dambd
for nothing ?

Rauil. Terrors incomprehensible.

Fau. Back : y'are blowne vp else.

Bar. Whooh : hot, hot, hot,—drinck,—I am bea-
burnt.

Prod. One drop, a bit.

ul. Now, now, now.

ir. I am perbold, I am flewd, I am fod in a
e of brimstone pottage . . . it scaldes, . . it
es, . . it scaldes, . . it scaldes . . whooh.

tu. Ha ha ha.

od. But one halfe crom, a little little drop,

ul. Towers, towers, towers, towers, pinnacles &
rs, battlements and pynnacles, steeples, abbeys,
ches and old chimneys.

ir. Zounds drinke, shall I choake in mine
? drinck.

nn. Drinck, drinck, oh ! one drop, one drop, to
e vs.

uff. So many tapsters in hell, and none fill drinck
:

nn. Ball no more, you shall be liquord.

Exeunt.

tu. Why art thou dambd toth' horrors of one
hell,
feelft ten thoufand.

tu. Wherefore is thy foule
e fenfible of tortures which (each minute)
thee ten thoufand times, yet canft not dye ?

ir. Some facke.

od. Why for a few finnes that are long hence
paft,

I feele torments that shall euer laft ?
, euer.

ir. Let the facke be mulld.

tu. Why is the diuell,
nan be borne good) fuffred to make him euill ?

ir. Man is an affe, if he fit broyling thus ith
e houfe without drinke : two links of my chaine
u threehalfe peny bottle of mother consciences
: drinke.

nn. One drop of puddle water to coole vs.

Enter Shacklesoule with a burning torch, and a long knife, Lurchall with a handfull of Snakes. A third spirit with a ladle full of molten galls. All three make a stand, laughing.

Omn. Leaue howling and be dambd.

Shac. Heres drinke for thee royall villaine.

Stabs Rauillac.

Rau. Oh !

Shac. Ist not good !

For bloud th'ast thirsted, and thy drinke is bloud.
Strikes it so cold to thy heart ? heres that shall warme thee. *(Agon.)*

Rau. Damnation, furies, fire-brandes.—

Hand burn't off.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha,

Prod. One drop of moisture, but one crum.

Lur. Art hungry, eate this adder : dry ? Sucke this Snake.

Prod. Sucke and be dambd thy selfe : Ile starue first.

Away.

Bar. Is not this all waters ? Ruby water, some Ruby water, Or els a bottle of posterne water to saue charges, or els a Thimble-full of lymon water, to coole my stomatch.

Spir. The ruby is swilld vp all, heres lymon, downe with't.

Bar. Foh, the great diuell or els some Aquauite woman has made water, It scalds me.

Omn. Oooh.

Diu. Ha ha ha——*Curtaines are drawne ouer them.*

Enter Rufman.

Ruf. Hell grinnes to heare this roaring : wheres this black child of faddomles perdition ? rarest diuell

What euer hould in *Barathrum* ? here, (deere pupill)
of a new damnations stamp, Saucer-eyde *Lucifer*,
as drunke to thee this deepe infernall boule off,
but pledge his vglines ?

Fau. Reach it mee.

Ruf. Choake with it.

Omn. Ha ha ha.

Fau. Giue fire, blow all the world vp.

Ruf. Bounce : tis don : Ha ha ha.—

Fires the barrell-tops.

Fau. I shalbe grinded into dust ; It falls : I am
mad.

Omn. I am mad, I am mad.—

Within.

All 4. Ha ha ha.

Others. Ho ho ho.—

Spirits from below.

Enter Pluto, attended by Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth, and 3. Furies.

Plu. Fetch whippes of poysoned steele, strung
with glowing wires,
And lash these faucie hell-hounds : ducke their soules,
Nine times to'th bottome of our brimstone lakes,
From whence vp pull them by their sindged hayre,
Then hang 'em in ropes of yce nine times frozen o're :
Are they scarce hot in hell, and must they roare ?
What holliday's this ? that heres such grinning, ha !
Is hell a dancing Schoole ? yare in extreames,
Snoring, or els horne-mad ? who are set on shore,
On this vast land of horror, that it resounds,
With laughter stead of shrikes, who are come to our
bounds ?

Ha !

Ruf. Dread Lord of this lower tortary, to thy
Iayle

Haue we thy busie Catch-polls (prisoners) brought
Soules, for whose comming all hell long hath fought.

Plu. Their
come!

Om. Yes!

Plu. Wheres
factor! ha!

Ruf. *Charon* has
To tug at's oare; he se

Charon will make him;

Plu. Wheres War?

Ruf. The Merchants
enough,

They are yet but shaven, who
come.

And bring to hell fat booties of
A crew of sweaters and drinkers.

Om. Vard is not ripe for dam.

Plu. Who is it then?

Cutlar the Sericant: ha! he come.

Ruf. *Philp*:

Cutlar has bin here long, sent in by a ca

But his sterne looks the feindes did

Bound hand and foote, he houles in

Having eny mace to comfort him: he

And rane, because he cannot rest in neli.

Plu. Is not for him, that we this hall

Ruf. The blade of Shorditch Is that

come!

Plu. No: but that's bin a long time

Ruf. *Philp* who is it then?

Plu. *Charon* who is the come!

Om. Our com come! No.

Plu. This not yet fit Mali *Charon* here tho

Ruf. Too late a fore-tormented come.

Plu. What is our daughter? ha! Is she ydle?

Ruf. No.

Plu. *Charon* hemp in bridewell to choke theen

Ruf. *Philp*

Plu. *Eac.*

Ruf. view

Plu. Of those

o spare this shee-ramp she beseeches,
r felfe all women weare the breeches.
fall Cutpurfe plyes her taske and cannot

or whom then is this wilde Shroue-tuesday
?

See King of gloomie shades what foules
t,
hy most iust, and least-fying court.

Stay, since our Iayle is with braue fellowes
de,

ron that no more yet come aboard.

ur Iudges of hell here likewise are

a Sessions: fet the foules to a barre.

he iust :) *Rhadamanth* (the temperate)

acus (the feuerer,) each take his state.

Not an officer here?

A Fury.

z. Make an Oyes?

Oyes! All manner of foules, if they loue
vne quietnes, keepe out of hell, vnlesse they
rrible businesse at this infernall sessions, vpon
f being damnably plagude for their lustines.
here, let those shackeld rake-hels shew their

Roome here, we must come into the court

What damned fiends are those dare make
se?

A Iury of Brokers impanelde, and deeply
to passe on all the villaines in hell.

7. *Euill-Conscience* be their keeper.

Looke to the Iury: *Euill-Conscience* looke
the Brokers.

Now proceede.

Stay, let the King of Ghosts haue first a
w

te who are doom'd to paines horrid, but new.

roduce those who came to your prison vntrued

354 *If this be not a good Play,*

Fur. Peace there.

Omn. Heres one, hels tortures does denide.—
Rauillac.

Rau. Arraigne me, rend me peece-meale, ile confesse nothing.

Ruff. Peace, thou shalt ball thy throate out.

Rau. Merciles hangmen ! to tiranize ouer so braue a Roman spirit.

Plu. Ho, ho, what country diuell is this ?

Rau. Thine owne.

Ruff. A french.

The eagerest bloodhound that ere came from thence ;
Is there a King to be muredred, whilest he does stand
Colossus-like, supporting a whole land,
And when by his fall that Land most feares a wracke,
Send forth this diuell ; his name is *Rauillac*.

Rau. *Rauillac* : I am *Rauillac*, that laughes at tortures, spurnes at death, defies all mercy : Iybbets, racks, fires, pincers, scalding oyle, wilde-horfes, I spit in the face of all.

Fur. Peace.

Rau. No: were my tongue torne out with burning flesh-hookes, Fames 1000. tonges shall thunder out *Rauillacs* name, extoll it, eternise it, Cronicle it ! Canonise it : oh !

Min. Downe with this diuell to'th dungeon, there let him houle.

Rau. Worlds shall applaud my Act, and crowne my foule.
Exit.

Plu. Another.

Omn. Come, you leane dog.—

Prodigall. Brought in.

Prod. One drop, a bit.

Plu. Whats he ? what staruelings this ?

Prod. One that lacks a medicine for hunger : I am falne away.

Omn. From heauen.

Judg. To'th common Iayle with him.

Fur. He must feede on beggeries basket : leaue
balling ferra.

Prod. Shall I be vndon for a little drinke.

Lur. No, thart vndon for drinking.

Plu. Starue him away———*Exit Prodigall.*
What was he when he liu'de.

Lur. A prodigall :

Who (in one yeare,) spent on whores, fooles and
flaues,

An Armies maintenance, now begges for cromes, and
raues

To see his sumptuous buildings, pastures, woodes,
That flood in vplands, dround in Rhenish floodes.

Plu. Is here all ?

Shac. All ! no, the Arch-helhound's here.

Faulx Enters.

Plu. What Peter Goner's this ?

Fau. Speake softly, within an inch of giuing fire,
within an inch.

Shac. Had all thy gray diuells in their highest lust
fat,

T'haue litterd furies, they could not haue begot
One to match this : ith' darke he groapd damnation.

Fau. Now, now.

Shac. Digd cellars to find where hel flood and
has found it

There was but one villainy vnborne, and he crownd
it.

Fau. So : all the billets lye close ; glorious bon-
fire ? pontificall bonfire ; braue heads to contriue this,
gallant soules to conspire in't, resolute hand to seale
this with my blood, through fire, through flint ; ha, ha,
ha, whither fly my selfe to heauen, friends to honour,
none to the halter, enemies to massacre, ha, ha, dismall
tragicall Comedy now ?

358 *If this be not a good Play,*

3. *Iud*: To thy grim Father of Hell.

Bar. No, to my olde brother, Syr *Achitophell*
Pinch-gut.

Plu. Hence with him, the Churl's mad :
In *Lethes*-flood drownd all the wealth hee had.

Bar. My chaine, Let me hang in chaines, so it bee
my Golde chaine ; Theeues, theeues, theeues. *Exit.*

Min. Throwe him head-long into our boyling-
Lake,
Where molten Golde runnes.

Lur. His thirst it cannot flake,
Seas could not quench his dropie : Golde to get
Hee would hang a Citie, starue a Countrey. Euen
yet

Raues hee for Bonds and incombers : to faue whole
foule,

(Tho hee fed none liuing) Saw-fages were his dole.

A confused noyse to come pressing in.

Omn. What coyle is that?

A Noyse.

Enter a Ghoast, cole-blacke.

Pur. Tis a burning zeale must consume the
wicked, and therefore I will not bee kept out, but will
chastize and correct the foule Fiend.

3. *Iud.* Whats this blacke *Incubus* ?

Shac. An Arch-great Puritane once.

Omn. Ha ! How ! a Puritane ?

Min. An Arch-great Puritane ! How comes thy
foule so little ?

Pur. I did exercise too much with a liuely Spirit.

Plu. Are there any more of his Synagogue ?

Ruff. Yes a whole Hoy-full are Landed.

Omn. Ha !

Plu. Are they all so blacke as he is ?

Omn. Worfe.

Min. Syrre, why being a Puritane is your soule so black ?

Pur. Wee were all smoakt out of our owne Countrey, and sent to *Rotterdam*.

Min. How camst thou lame and crooked, why do'st halt ?

Pur. All the brethren and sisters for the better part are crooked, and halt : for my owne part, I neuer went vpright.

Iudg. And yet a puritane ? hence with him.

Pur. Alacke !

How can I choose but halt, goe lame, and crooked ?
When I pulld a whole church downe vpon my backe.

Min. Hence with him, he will pull all hell downe too.

A noise to come in.

Pur. Let in the brethren, to confound this wicked assembly.

3. *Iud.* Thrust him out at hell gates.

Plu. Theile confound our kindome,
If here they get but footing: rise therefore, away ;
Keepe the Iurie of brokers till our next court day.

Min. Adiourne this.

Fur. O yes ! Sessions is deferd
Because of Puritanes, Hell cannot be cleerd.

Plu. Set forward to our Hall pauerd all with
brasse,

Iudges we thanke you : let our officers drinke,
Ith bottome of hells celler, for their good seruice.
Since to this heighth our Empyre vp you reare,
Hell shall hold triumphes, and (thats don,) prepare,
Agen to walke your circuites o're the earth,
Soules are hells Subiects, and their grones our mirth.

FINIS.



Epilogue.

I F't be not good, the Diuell is in't, (they say,)
The Diuell was in't, this then is no good play
By that conclusion, but hereby is meant,
If for so many nones, and midnights spent
To reape three howres of mirth, our haruest-seede
Lyes still and rot. The Diuels in't then indeed:
Much Labour, Art, and Wit, make vp a Play
As it does a Ship, yet both are cast away,
(When brauely they haue past the humorous Seas)
At landing, What black fates curseth both these?
Sayle it, or sinck it, now tis forth, and nere
The Hauen at which it longs t'ariue: if there
It suffers wrack, the spitefuller Rockes shoote forth,
Yet non may bring it home laden with much worth.
By wonted gentle gale, (sweete as the Balme,)
Or by extending your faire liberall Palme,
To fan away all stormes, if you see it lowers,
The ayre shall ring thanks, but the glory's yours.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 4.

the other for Westchester.

On their way to Ireland : "My refuge is *Ireland* or Virginia ; necessity cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*." Cook's *Green's Tu Quoque*, ed. 1622. "Hee came into *Ireland*, where at Dublin hee was stricke lame ; but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, landed at *West Chester*, whence taking poste towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor the water poet's *Praise of cleane Linnen*,—*Works*, 1630, p. 170. It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Chester is called *West Chester* from its relative situation, to distinguish it from several other towns which bear the name of Chester with some addition.

PAGE 5.

and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

From Shakespeare :—

"'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."
Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.

PAGE 10.

you shall finde me playing at Span-counter.

A pun is intended here : *span-counter* being a common game among boys, *counter*, the prison, to which, if he could procure no bail, Philip was to be confined.

PAGE 11.

Doe you laugh you unseasonable puck-fist?

This word, often used by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus: "All the falllets are turn'd to Jewes-ears, mushrooms, and *Puckfists*." Heywood and Brome's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634.

PAGE 12.

Are all the Quest houses broken up?

About Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city used to hold a quest to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances, brothels, &c. *Quest-houses* were the houses where the quest was held, and which were usually the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the quest.

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there: "Such a day I lost fifty pound in hugger-mugger at dice, at the *quest-house*." *Any thing for a quiet life*,—*Works*, iv. 425, ed. Dyce.

Quest-houses generally adjoined churches: "But you may say, it is like a farthing candle in a great church: I answer, that light will not enlighten the by-chapels of the church, nor the *quest-house*, nor the belfry; neither doth the light move the church, though it enlightens it."—*Philosophical Letters* by the Ducheſs of Newcastle, 1664, p. 189.

Ib.

with a chaine about his neck For that, Saint Martins and wee will talke.

So Brathwait:

"By this hee trauels to Saint Martins lane,
And to the shops he goes to buy a chaine."

The Honest Ghost, &c., 1658, p. 167.

PAGE 13.

double chin.

The characteristic of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists:

"The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
 Their chins will hang like udders, by Easter-eve."
 Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*,
 iv. 32.

PAGE 13.

neuer had the Grincoms :

Or *crincomes*, a cant term for the venereal disease : "Grink-comes," says Taylor, the water poet, "is an Utopian word, which is in English a P. at Paris."—*Works*, 1630, p. 111.

PAGE 15.

WIFE. *Good Sir, lend me patience.*

MAY. *I made a sallade of that herbe.*

Patience was the name of an herb : "You may recover it with a sallet of parfly and the hearbe *patience*."—*A pleasant commodie called Looke about you*, 1600.

PAGE 19.

Farewell, Father Snot.

This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song. In *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, we find,

"My bush and my pot
 Cares not a groate
 For such a lob-coate,
Farewell, Sinior snot."

PAGE 20.

the bragging velure-canioned hobbi-horses.

Velure is velvet.

"Cannions, of breeches. G. canóns : on les appelle ainsi pource qu'ils font aucunement semblables aux canóns d'artillerie, —because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans or pots."—*Minshew's Guide into the tongues*, p. 61, ed. 1617.

Strutt explains *canions* to be "ornamental tubes or tags at the ends of the ribbands and laces which were attached to the extremities of the breeches."—*Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii. p. 263.

Canon-hose, decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second.

In a MS. copy of a comedy called *The Humorous Lover*, by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act:—

“ I conjure thee, I conjure thee,
By the Ribands in thy Hatt,
By thy pritty lac'd Cravat,
By the Ribands round thy Bum,
Which is brac'd much like a Drum,
By thy dangling Pantaloons,
And thy ruffling Port Cannons,
By thy freezeld Perriwige,
Which does make thee look so bigg,
By thy Sword of Silver guilt,
And the Riband at thy Hilt,—
Apeare, apeare.”

PAGE 26.

by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell)

Compare Dekker, *Satiromastix* :

“ I markt, by this candle, *which is none of God's Angell*.
(See Notes to Vol. II. p. 368.)

PAGE 27.

Mi cara whee, en hellon.

Qy.? Mi gara chwi yn nghalon.

Ib.

there is the most abominable seere.

The captain does not use *abominable* in a bad sense, quite the reverse : so in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ *Abraham.* Does she so love me say you ?

“ *Pendant.* Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does love you *abhominable*.”

Is it necessary to add that by “*seer*” he means *cheer*, and, a little after, by “*kernicles*,” *chronicles* ?

PAGE 28.

fare-well Sidanien.

"Sidanen, s. f. *dim.* (sidan) that is filken, or made of filk. It is the name of an old tune; also an epithet for a fine woman; and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth."—Owen's *Dictionary of the Welch Language*.

PAGE 33.

I left her at Bosfomes Inne.

"Antiquities in this Lane [St. Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that, among many fair Houses, there is one large Inne for receipt of Travellers, called *Blossoms Inne*, but corruptly *Bosfoms Inne*, and hath to sign S. Laurence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers."—Stow's *Survey of London*, &c., B. iii. p. 40, ed. 1720.

PAGE 34.

he would goe the Iland voiage.

Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585. The fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty-one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers. They took possession of St. Domingo.

PAGE 35.

some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.

Garden-houses were used for such purposes: so in the opening of Barry's *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"what makes he heere,
In the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field,
And at a garden-house? a has some punke,
Upon my life."

PAGE 37.

with a cartoofe collour and a pickadell.

A *piccadell* is described as an upright collar with stiffened plaits: here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar.

PAGE 38.

He haue you make 12. poesies for a dozen of cheefe trenchers.

Cheefe-trenchers, at the time this play was written, used frequently to have poesies inscribed on them. In Dekker's *Honest Whore, Part First*, George quotes six lines, "as one of our cheefe-trenchers sayes very learnedly :—" (Vol. II. p. 72.) Compare too Middleton's *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's*;

"*L. Gold.* Twelve trenchers, upon every one a month!
January, February, March, April—

Pep. Ay, and their poesies under 'em.

L. Gold. Pray, what says May? she's the spring lady.

Pep. [*reads*]

*Now gallant May, in her array,
Doth make the field pleasant and gay," &c.*

ed. Dyce, v. 40.

Ib.

I had three nest of them giuen mee.

So in the opening of Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605; "cogging Cocledemoy is runne away with a *neast of goblets*;" and so in Armin's *Two Maides of Moreclacke*, 1609;

"Place your plate, and pile your vitriall boales
Nest upon nest."

The term *nest of goblets* is still made use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to describe a large goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up.

PAGE 40.

Pax.

For *pax*; it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in *The late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, "*Pax*, I think not on't;" Brome in the *Joviall Crew*, 1652, "*Pax* o' your fine thing;" and Middleton, in *Your Five Gallants*, "*Pax* on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at university.—*Works*, ii. 235.

PAGE 41.

the tree in Cuckolds Hauen.

A little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called

Cuckold's Point, which is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John, a miller who had a handsome wife; that his majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave the husband, as a compensation, all the land on that side, which he could see from his house, looking down the Thames,—which land, however, he was to possess only on the condition of walking on that day (the 18th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head; and that the miller, having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above-mentioned terms. (In several books which condescend to notice this story we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point; but the version of it which is here given is what the watermen on the Thames were wont to repeat.) Horn-fair was long held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event.

PAGE 49.

garlick has a white head and a greene flalke.

So in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616; "I'm like a leeke, though I have a gray head, I have a greene," &c. And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, &c. This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio; "E quagli che contro alla mia età parlando vanno, mostra mal che conoscano che, *perche il porro abbia il capo bianco, che la coda sia verde.*" *Decamerone*,—Introduction to *Giornata quarta*.

PAGE 50.

as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.

The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with death's-heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show. But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen: "the olde Countesse spying on the finger of Signior Cosimo a *Ring with a Death's head ingraven*, circled with this Posie, *Gressus ad vitam*, demaunded whether hee adorde the Signet for profit or pleasure; Signior Cosimo speaking in truth as his conscience wild him, told her that it was a favour which a Gentle-

woman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake." Greene's *Farwell to Follie*, ed. 1617.—Underwood the player bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two seal-rings of gold, *one with a death's-head.*" See his will in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 216, ed. Boswell.

PAGE 52.

my white Poet.

White was employed formerly as an epithet to express fondness: "*white boy*," "*white son*," and "*white girl*," occur frequently in our old writers. Lee uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens* to the Earl of Mulgrave. (Though Mayberry a little after calls Bellamont "*my little hoary poet*," we are not to conclude that "*white*" in the present instance means *hoary*.)

PAGE 58.

I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage.

The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty-one thousand men, commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris: it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Antonio on the throne of Portugal; but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish to revenge themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory.

Ib.

the prentices made a riot upon my glasse windows, the Shrove tuesday following.

Shrove-Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and attempt to demolish houses of bad fame:

"It was the day of all dayes in the yeare,
That unto Bacchus hath his dedication,
When mad-braynd prentises, that no men feare,
O'rethrow the dens of lawdie recreation."

Pasquils Palinodia, 1634.

PAGE 59.

Mother Walls cakes.

We learn where this dame resided from the following passage of Haughton's *English-men for my money*, 1616; "I have the scent of London-stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch-lane of *Mother Walles* pasties."

PAGE 59.

like squibs that run upon lynes.

So Marston, in his *Parasitaster, or the Fawne*, 1606;

"*Page*. There be squibs, fir, which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdie gallants, fir, keepe a smother, fir, with fiffhing and flaffing, and in the end, fir, they doe, fir——

Nymphadora. What, fir?

Page. Stink, fir."

In *A Rich Cabinet with Variety of Inventions*, &c., 1651, by J. White, are instructions "How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward."

PAGE 81.

The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat.

There can be no doubt that *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat* consists merely of fragments of two plays,—or rather, a play in Two Parts,—called *Lady Jane*, concerning which we find the following entries in *The Diary of Henslowe*:

- "Lent unto John Thare, the 15 of octobr 1602, to geve unto harey chettell, *Thomas Deckers*, *Thomas Hewode*, and *Mr. Smyth*, and *Mr. Webster*, in earneste of a playe called *Ladye Jane*, the some of 1s
- "Lent unto *Thomas Hewode*, the 21 of octobr 1602, to pay unto *Mr. Dickers*, chettell, *Smythe*, *Webefer* and *Hewode*, in fulle payment of ther play of *ladye Jane*, the some of vii x^s
- "Lent unto *John Ducke*, the 27 of octobr 1602, to geve unto *Thomas Deckers*, in earneste of the 2 pt of *Ladye Jane*, the some of v^s"

Pp. 242—3, ed. *Shakespeare Soc.*

Whether the present abridgment of *Lady Jane* was made by Dekker and Webster (see its title-page), or by some other play-wright, cannot be determined; that it has suffered cruelly from the hands of the transcriber or printer, is certain.—DYCE.

This drama is much mutilated, and its text very defective. It is a very inferior production. There is no discrimination of character, no succession of events, and no artful or judicious development of conduct. There is, however, a gentle and pathetic interest in the forcible scenes and separation of Guildford and Lady Jane, and in that mild resignation to their fate, which arises from their blameless and innocent conduct. [Rev.] J. Mitford in *Gent. Mag.*, June 1833, p. 491.

PAGE 87.

GUL. *We are led with pompe to prison.*

Mr. Dyce assigns this speech to Lady Jane.

Ib.

Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall Pompe.

The text of this line is obviously corrupt. Mr. Collier (Preface to Coleridge's Lectures, p. cv.) proposes to read "several coffins," an emendation adopted by Mr. Dyce in his edition of Webster.

PAGE 90.

Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood.

Mr. Dyce reads "Britain." The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for June 1833, p. 491) would read "Brute,"—which helps the metre somewhat, but does not improve the sense.

PAGE 93.

if that their Brother dying Iffules, &c.

Mr. Dyce thinks there is manifestly a line or lines wanting here.

PAGE 94.

*That no impeachment should diuert our heartes
From the impeachment of the Lady Jane.*

In the second line Mr. Dyce has substituted "election" for *impeachment*. The following is his note on the passage :—

'The old copies have,—

'From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

word '*impeachment*' having been repeated from the preceding line by a mistake of the transcriber or printer. That the '*impeachment*'—i.e. hindrance, let, impediment,—is right, there can be no doubt; and that in the second line '*election*' is the author's word, seems equally certain; compare what Arundel said a little before,—

'Are you not griev'd that we have given consent

To *Lady Jane's election*?'

The reading of this passage proposed by Mr. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* June 1833, p. 492),—

'That no *impediment* should divert our hearts

From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

restores the right word in the first line, and leaves the wrong one in the second.)"

PAGE 95.

Lance perfado, *quarter, quarter.*

Written also *lanceprisado, lancepesado, lancepesade, or lancefata*; (Ital. *lancia spezzata*,) the lowest officer of foot, one who was under the corporal.

"He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son, Henry II., kings of France, on the one part; and the Emperor Charles V., and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse, in any skirmish, battle, or encounter, had broke his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comrade, till he was again mounted. At as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, in a short time our Monsieur Lancepesata (for so he was called) was forced to descend from being the captain's comrade, and become the corporal's companion, and assisted him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, *de corporal*. But when the corporal grew weary of the comradeship of his lancepesata, he made him officiate under him, and

for that had some allowance of pay more than the common soldier."—Turner's *Pallas Armata*, p. 219—(as quoted by Grail. *Mil. Ant.*, v. i., p. 262.)

PAGE 115.

*There came but one Dondego into England, and he made a
Paules flinke againe.*

i.e. Don Diego.—So Heywood;

"But for these Spaniards, now you Don Diegos,
You that made Paules to flinke."

Fair Maid of the West, 1631, Part 1st, p. 51

Various other writers allude to the nasty feat of this Don Diego in St. Paul's Cathedral; and it is very plainly told in a ballad among the Cottonian MSS. (*Ful. C. iii.*), which must have been written about the beginning of 1597.

PAGE 123.

*Guil. True, my faire Queene, of sorrowe truly speake,
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebbs breake,
But the thinn'st frame the prison of the weake.*

Mr. Dyce suggests the emendation "oft sorrow truly speake" in the first line. It is probable that Dekker wrote this for as the following passage occurs in one of his plays:—

"*Jovinelli.* You must hang up the lawes.

Oclavio. Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through
great flies

Breake through, the lesse being caught bi'th wing
dies."

If this be not a good play the devil is in it, 1612, (page 161). But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom:—"One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cob-webs; where small flies were caught, and the great brake through." *Basileus Apophthegms*, No. 284.

PAGE 133.

Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater.

i.e. the Fortune, in Golden or Golding Lane, St. Giles.

gate. It was built by Henflowe and Alleyn, in 1600, and was eighty feet square on the outside, and fifty square within. It was destroyed by fire in 1621.

PAGE 138.

Falling bands.

e bands, which lay flat upon the drefs from the neck, fuc-
the cumberfome ruff. There is a *jeu de mots* upon the
Dekker's *If this be not a good Play, the Diuell is in it*
15):

“Tho my collar [choler] stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.”
nd,” it fhould be obferued, was formerly fynonymous with

PAGE 145.

Well shot old Adam Bell.

outlaw, famous for his archery: fee the ballad of *Adam*
ym of the Cloughe and Wylyyam of Cloudefle, in Ritfon's
f An. Pop. Poetry.

PAGE 147.

yet do you now

Thus baffle me to my face.

ffle” meant formerly to treat with insult, mockery, or con-

It is used again in this fenfe in Dekker's *If this be not a*
ay, &c. (page 291): “No King on earth baffalls me.”
ce alfo cites paffages from Nafh and Marmyon.

PAGE 155.

a blacke fauegard.

fort of large petticoat, worn by women over their other
to protect them from foiling.

PAGE 159.

Saint Antlings-bell.

t. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in

PAGE 186.

her placket to the ancient seate of a codpiece.

"Placket" has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat: Nares, in his Glossary, insists that it meant only a petticoat, generally an under one.

PAGE 191.

these men-midwiues must bring him to bed & the counter.

So in Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (vol. II. p. 213.) "Doe not you know mistresse, what Sericants are? . . . why they are certaine men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are fore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them."

PAGE 200.

haue not many handsome legges in silke stockins villanous splay fecte for all their great roses?

Roses anciently were worn in shoes. They were made of ribbons gathered into a knot, and were sometimes of a preposterous size.

It.

an agget set in a crampe ring.

i.e. a ring, which having been solemnly consecrated on Good Friday, was supposed to have the power of preventing the cramp. (See in Waldron's *Literary Museum*, 1792, a reprint of *The Ceremonies of Blessing Cramp-Rings on Good Friday, used by the Catholic Kings of England*.)

PAGE 202.

till all split.

This expression occurs in several old plays; and denotes violence of action.

PAGE 203.

'Faith gib, are you spitting, I le cut your tayle puf-cat for this.

"Gib" is, properly, a male cat, but is sometimes applied, as

a term of reproach to a woman : "She is a tonnysh gyb" says Skelton, in *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 99.

PAGE 203.

y'are best get you a mumming.

i.e. a masquing, in which originally the performers used gesticulation only, without speaking : mistress Openwork puns on the different meanings of *mask* and *masque*.

PAGE 205.

to be made

A stale to a common whore?

i.e. a pretence or cover under which he keeps a harlot : the *stale*, or *stalking-horse*, was the real or artificial horse behind which sportsmen approached their game.

Ib.

I sweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.

Cold-Harbour, or *Cold-Harborough* was an ancient building, situated in the parish of All-hallows the Less, in Downgate Ward. A good many years before the date of this play, the then Earl of Shrewsbury took it down, and built a number of small tenements in its stead, which were let at great rents and served as a retreat for debtors, &c. ; the place being considered a sort of sanctuary, probably because Tunstall, bishop of Durham, had resided there in Henry VIII.'s reign. It appears to have been notorious as a place where marriages were solemnized hastily and without the proper forms ; such as the Fleet Prison and Keith's Chapel were for some time before the passing of the marriage-act.

Nares citing the above passage in his Glossary, says that *Cold Harbour* "seems to be used as a kind of metaphorical term for the grave."

Ib.

Push ; your Westerne puge.

"I doubt the sand-eyde asse will kicke like a *Westerne puge*,

if I rubbe him on the gall." Greene's *Theeues falling out*. "Euen the *Westerne Pugs* receiuing mony here, haue tyed it in a bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the Thames," &c. Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

PAGE 206.

Oh braue girles : worth Gold.

This expreffion feems to have been proverbial: one of Heywood's plays is entitled *The Fair Maid of the Weft, or A Girl worth gold* (1631).

Ib.

I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen head ſpeak.

See *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (firſt printed in 1594) in Dyce's edition of Greene's Dramatic Works (vol. i. p. 141), and the extract given (p. 215) from the proſe tract on which that play is founded, *The Famous Hiftorie of Friar Bacon*, "How Fryer Bacon made a Brazen Head to ſpeake, by the which hee would haue walled England about with Braſſe." The friars loſt all their labour through the folly of a ſervant named Miles, who having been ſet to watch the Head while they retired to reſt, neglected to call them when at laſt it ſpoke.

PAGE 209.

ſeeing your women are ſo hote, I muſt looſe my haire in their company I ſee.

"Alluding," ſays Reed, "to the conſequences of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in Europe, was the loſs of hair."

Ib.

I pray who plays a knacke to know an honeſt man in this company?

A Pleaſant Conceited Comedie, called, A knacke to know an honeſt Man, As it hath bene fundrie times plaied about the Citie of London, was printed in 1596. The author's name is unknown.

PAGE 210.

Get fethers from thy wings.

Mr. Dyce substitutes "gelt" for *get*; but "is by no means confident that he has restored the right reading" (Middleton's Works, ii. 527).

Ib.

Play out your game at Irish fir : Who winnes ?

MIST. OPEN, *The triall is when shée comes to bearing.*

A game which differs very slightly from backgammon. The manner of playing it is described in *The Compleat Gamester*. At page 155—6 (of ed. 1674) the following advice is given:—"Bear as fast as you can when you come to bearing, have a care," &c.

PAGE 211.

Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,

And that to tempt her modest cares, I swore, &c.

An intermediate line seems to have dropped out: probably another is wanting after "And yet to try," &c.

Ib.

was it your Megge of Westminster's courage.

Meg of Westminster, or long Meg of Westminster, was a virago of whom frequent mention is made by our early dramatists, and indeed, like the heroine of the present piece, she had the honour of figuring in a play called after her in 1594. At that period, however, she is supposed to have been dead. She is introduced in an ante-masque in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*. A quarto tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with divers ruffians about London; but also how valiantly she behaued herselfe in the warres of Bolloingne*, was printed (perhaps not for the first time) in 1635.

PAGE 212.

like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

So Dekker, in his *Whore of Babylon*:

"Let vs behold these fire-workes, that must run
Vpon short lines of life."

PAGE 212.

away flia I my man, like a shouell-board shilling.

i. e., a shilling used at the game of *shovel-board*, and which was always smooth, that it might "slide away" easily.

Ib.

these London boote-halers.

Freebooters, plunderers, *halers* of *boot* (profit), or *booty*. Cotgrave explains *picoreur* to be a "*boot-haler* (in a friend's country), a ravening or filching souldier."

PAGE 213.

Heeres such a merry ging.

i. e., gang. This substitution of *i* for *a* was common with the Elizabethan writers. The word *ging* or *gyng*, however, is of great antiquity.

PAGE 215.

you skeldering varlet.

Skeldring was a cant term for impudent begging, generally applied to vagrants, and often used by our early writers. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of soldiers, borrowing or begging money.

Ib.

The balles of these glasiens of mine (mine eyes).

See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight* (1612).

PAGE 216.

A meere whip-lacke.

In Dekker's *Belman of London* (1608), the description of "A Whipiacke" is much the same as that which Moll gives here.

"An vpright man," "a wilde rogue," "an angler," "a ruffler," "a kinchin mort," and a "wilde del" are also fully described in the same curious tract.

Ib.

hornes for the thumbe.

Pick-pockets were said to place a case, or thimble, of horn on

their thumbs, to support the edge of the knife in the act of cutting purfes.

PAGE 219.

Now I see that you are flal'd to the rogue.

"This done, the Grand Signior called for a Gage of Bowfe, which belike signified a quart of drinke, for prefently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, he made the yong Squire kneele downe, and powring the full pot on his pate, vttered thefe wordes, I doe *flall thee to the Rogue* by vertue of this foueraigne Englifh liquor, fo that henceforth it fhall be lawfull for thee to Cant (that is to fay) to be a Vagabond and beg," &c.—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608.

PAGE 221.

pacus palabros.

Pocas palabras (Spanifh) *i. e.* few words—an expreffion found under various corrupted forms in our old writers. It is ufually put into the mouths of low people, among whom it feems to have been current:—"With this learned oration the Cobler was tutord : laid his finger on his mouth, and cried *paucus palabros.*"—Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

PAGE 226.

The man talkes monthly.

i. e. madly; as if under the influence of the moon.

PAGE 235.

Troia Noua Triumphans. *London Triumphing*, 1612.

The mayoralty pageant here reprinted is one of the rareft of Dekker's works. Nichols, in his *Progreffes, &c., of King James the Firft*, vol. ii. p. 466, fays, "the only copy of this pageant that I know to exift, is one which was fold at Mr. Garrick's fale, April 23rd, 1823. It was bound up with the city pageants of 1626, 1631, 1679, and 1691, and other tracts, and the volume was purchafed for forty guineas by Mr. Thorpe, who has fince parted with it to Mr. Heber." He adds, "I have not yet obtained a tranfcript, but if I am favoured with one in time, it fhall appear in the appendix to this volume." At the fale of Heber's library, this copy formed lot 1631 of part 4, and proved

to be imperfect, which was no doubt the reason why Nichols was unable to reprint it according to promise. There are, however, copies in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, which are quite perfect, and there is another in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

"Upon this occasion the lord mayor's banquet was honoured by the presence of Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the king's only daughter." 'The Palsgrave dyned in the Guildhall,' as Howe's Chronicle informs us, 'accompanied with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, and divers earls and barons, and during the whole dinner the Palsgrave and the Lord Archbishop entertained the time with sundry discourfes in Latine. To this great feast Prince Henry was also invited, and would have bin there, but he was sicke and could not come.

"After dinner, the lord mayor and his brethren, in the behalfe of the cittie, and cittizens of London, for testimonie of hearty welcome and their love, presented the Palsgrave with a very large bason and eure of silver, richly gilded, and curiously wrought; and two great gilded livery pots.' The present is described in the city records as:—'a bason and ewer gilt, weighing 234oz. 3grs.; one paire of dansk potts, chaff and chefeld, weighing 513½oz. ½gr., having the armes of the city, and the wordes, 'Civitas London,' engraved thereon in divers places."

Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, gives us a still better account of this entertainment, and adds some very interesting particulars of the previous pageantry; his words are: "the Count Palatine and his company, after they had seen the shew in Cheapfide, went to Guildhall, and were there feasted and welcomed by Sir John Swinnerton, the new-made lord mayor, and were presented toward the end of the dinner, in the name of the city, with a fair standing cup, a curious basin and ewer, with two large livery pots, weighing together 1200 ounces, to the value of almost £500. The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine the Saturday before, to the value of 100 marks. He behaved himself very courteously, and in very good fashion at the feast, and would needs go and salute the lady mayorefs and her train where she sat. The shew was somewhat extraordinary, with four or five pageants, and other devices; and the day was fair enough on land, but great winds

on the water had like to have marred all ; for divers of the companies were in great danger and pain to run their barges on ground, and some to turn back, so that my lord mayor with much ado came almost alone to Westminster."—*Nichols's Progresses of James I.*

Sir John Swinnerton was a man of considerable note in his day. He was a merchant of great wealth, and when sheriff in 1603, went with the mayor and principal citizens to meet King James on his journey from Theobalds to London, and was knighted with the other aldermen at Whitehall, in July following. In 1612 he accused the farmers of the customs of defrauding the king of more than 70,000 a year, "but upon ripping up the matter they went away acquitted, and he commended for his good meaning to the king's service." During his mayoralty the jurisdiction over the Thames and Medway, as enjoyed by the mayor of London, was finally settled; and on Michaelmas day 1613, he attended with Sir Thomas Middleton, that day elected mayor for the ensuing year, at the opening of the New River head, "to see the great cistern, and first issuing of the strange river thereunto, which was then made free denizen of London."—*Delaune, Present State of London*, 1681.

PAGE 241.

Peale of Chambers.

In Edward Sharpham's comedy, *The Fleire*, 1610, is the following allusion to these noisy salutations:—"He has taught my lady to make fireworks, they can deal in chambers already, as well as all the gunnes that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the Mayor and Alderman land at Westminster."

PAGE 242.

Painted cloath and browne paper.

This rather contemptuous notice of preceding pageants is curious. Pasteboard was used in the construction of the giants and other figures in continental shows, and the Chester giants that were made on the restoration of Charles the Second were formed of that material; but it would appear from the charges for deal-boards and nails in their construction, that a frame work of wood was used as a superstructure. There is an entry of one shilling and fourpence "for arsenic to put into the paste, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats."

How the "living beasts" who drew this pageant were "queintly disguised like dolphins and mermaids," we are not told, but in 1298, horses disguised "like luces of the sea," are mentioned in the civic pageant, on the victory over the Scots at Falkirk.

The objection to "the trouble and pestering of Porters" urged by Dekker, seems to have been pretty generally felt by the City poets: several notices occur in their pamphlets of their attempts to rid themselves of the annoyance. Webster, in his *Monuments of Honor*, 1624, describes the principal pageant, *The Chariot of Honor*, as drawn by four horses, "for porters would haue made it moue tottering and improperly." The porters, however, stood their ground well, for they are noticed by Jordan in his pageant for 1679, and were hired still later.

PAGE 243.

troopes of Swannes.

The Thames was "much beautified" in the early times by myriads of swans, that principally belonged to the city companies; and it was the custom to go up the river annually, and mark these swans on the beak with the peculiar sign used by the company who claimed them. This ceremony was called swan-upping, because it was the duty of the official visitors to take up, and mark the birds upon the beak, whence comes the modern name of swan-hopping given to the voyage as still performed. The Vintners' and Dyers' companies are now the chief proprietors of the Thames swans, next to her Majesty. In Yarrell's *History of British Birds* are engraved the ancient swan-marks of these companies during the reign of Elizabeth (from Kempe's *Lofely Manuscripts*), and the modern marks as still used, along with many others; with some curious information on this head. Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (vol. ii. p. 958) has printed entire the *Order for Swannes*, a rare tract of 1570, which shows how highly they were then estimated, and how carefully they were protected. Leland, the antiquary, in one of his rarest works, *Cygnea Cantio, a Swan's Song*, imagines a Thames swan sailing down the river from Oxford to Greenwich, describing, as she passes along, all the towns, castles, and other places of note within her view.

PAGE 248.

Ryot ana Calumny in the shapes of Gyants.

From this passage it appears that other gigantic figures than those of Gogmagog and Corineus appeared in the shows occasionally. The giants exhibited this year were not merely constructed for imposing effect, but were emblematic characters forming an important portion of the poet's invention.

PAGE 249.

Barrathrum.

i. e., abyfs, hell, bottomless gulf. See also page 351, "rareft diuell that euer hould in *Barathrum*."

PAGE 251.

thy margent quoute.

An allusion to the general custom, at this time, of printing in the margins of books a brief note, guiding the reader to the fact written of in the body of the work, or else to the author quoted as an authority. The works of Prynne are remarkable specimens of this custom, and give much point to Milton's saying, "that he had ever his wits beside him in the margin, to be beside his wits in the text."

PAGE 255.

Stop, stony her.

Probably a misprint for "stay," which is the word given in the speech at p. 249, of which this is a repetition. "Stony" certainly mars the metre, if not the sense; though as regards the latter, it might be an abbreviated form of *astonish* (startle).

PAGE 354.

*Is there a King to be murdred, whilest he does stand
Coloffus-like, supporting a whole land,
And when by his fall that Land most feares a wracke,
Send forth this diuell; his name is Rauillac.*

The assassination of King Henry IV. of France by Rauillac took place on the 14th May, 1610, the day of the queen's coronation. It was an event therefore quite fresh in the memory of those who witnessed the performance of this play.

Ravaillac is described by Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, in his *History of France* (III. 378, 379) as "a half crazy schoolmaster of Angoulême, who left his home at one time with the wild idea of persuading the king to abandon his purposes of war and tolerance of the Protestants. Driven back by hunger and destitution, the idea of regicide took firm hold of him, and he again left Angoulême at Easter, 1610, with the determination to slay the king if he could not speak with him. The *fact*, as the coronation was called, took place with all due magnificence early in the day. Henry sought some repose on his couch after it, but was uneasy, and could not sleep, tormented by astrologic predictions of ill, and by his own mind giving unusual weight to such presentiments. To relieve the dullness of the hour he resolved to pay a visit to Sully at the arsenal. Even in this he hesitated; but at length set forth in his coach. It was a vehicle without doors or panels, the roof supported on pillars, the intervals filled by curtains, which for the moment had been tied up or removed. The Rue de la Ferronnerie being obstructed by carts, the foot attendants left the carriage, to make their way round by the market; and the guards did anything but guard it. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent Ravaillac mounting on the wheel and striking his knife into the king's breast. Henry had scarcely time to exclaim, "I am wounded," when the assassin struck another blow, which penetrated the heart. Henry the Fourth breathed his last."

PAGE 356.

Guy Fawkes.

The conspiracy of Guy Fawkes was detected, and Fawkes taken in the vaults, Nov. 5, 1605. Guy Fawkes and seven others executed, Jan. 30, 1606.

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